



DON QUIXOTE.
Zoraida, discovered by her father
in the arms of the Captive.

12602. a. 3

THE
HISTORY
AND
ADVENTURES
OF THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

BY
DR. SMOLLETT.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

Cooke's Edition.



EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row,
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.



THE
ATCHIEVEMENTS
OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT
DON QUIXOTE.

PART I. BOOK IV.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Continuation of the Captive's Adventures.

‘**B**EFORE fifteen days had elapsed, our renegado had purchased a stout vessel, capable of containing thirty persons at least; and to secure what he had done with a favourable pretext, he made a voyage to a place called Sargel, about thirty leagues from Algiers, towards the coast of Oran, where there is a great traffic of dried figs; and he made two or three trips of this kind in company with the Tagarin Moor already mentioned. The Moors of Arragon are in Barbary called Tagarians, and those of Grenada go by the name of Mudajares; though these last are in the kingdom of Fez called Elches, being the people whom the king chiefly uses in his wars. I say, then, in every passage, the renegado brought his bark to an anchor in a small creek, within two bow-shots of Agimorato's garden, and there purposely employed himself and his Moorish rowers in practising the Zala,* or attempted that in jest which he intended to execute in earnest. He went frequently to Zoraydo's garden, on pretence of asking fruit, which he always received from her father, though he did not know him; but, although, as he afterwards owned, he wanted to speak with Zorayda, and tell her that he was the person appointed by me to carry her off to the land of the Christians, that she might be satisfied, and secure of his fidelity; he never had an opportunity

A 2

of

* Zala, or Sala, is the Moorish salutation.

of executing his design; for the Moorish women avoid the sight of their own countrymen and the Turks, unless when they are commanded to appear by their parents and husbands: though they talk and converse with Christian captives even more freely than decency allows. I should have been very much concerned had he spoke with her, because it would perhaps have given her great uneasiness to see renegades intrusted with the affair; but God, who ordained all for the best, gave him an opportunity of fulfilling his well-meaning intention.

‘ Perceiving how securely he traded to and from Sargel, and anchored when, where, and how he pleased, his partner submitting to his direction in all things; and that I being ransomed, there was nothing wanted but some Christians to row; he desired me to pick out those who should accompany me, exclusive of my friends who were ransomed, and bespeak them for the Friday following, which he had appointed for the day of our departure. Seeing him thus determined, I spoke to a dozen of Spaniards, all of them able-bodied rowers, and people who could easily get out of the city; and indeed it was no small difficulty to find so many at that conjuncture; for no fewer than twenty gallees being then out upon the cruize, almost all the rowers were employed; so that I should not have found those I have mentioned, had not their master staid at home that summer to finish a vessel which he had on the stocks. All I said to them was, that next Friday, in the evening, they should silyly slip out of the city one by one, and betake themselves to Agimorato’s garden, where they should wait my coming; and I directed every one by himself, if he should meet with other Christians at the rendezvous, to say nothing, but that I had ordered him to wait for me in that place.

‘ This point being settled, another precaution still more necessary remained to be taken; this was to advertise Zorayda of the situation of our affairs, that she might be prepared and guarded against surprize at our sudden
assault,

assault, before she could think it possible that the Christian bark was arrived. Resolved therefore to see and speak with her if possible one day before our departure, I went to the garden on pretence of gathering some herbs, and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language used through all Barbary, and even at Constantinople, between the captives and the Moors: it is neither Arabick nor Castilian, nor indeed peculiar to any nation, but a mixture of different tongues, by which we may make shift to understand each other. I say, he asked in this sort of jargon who I was, and what I wanted in his garden? I answered, that I was a slave belonging to Arnaute Mami, who I knew to be an intimate friend of his, and that I wanted a few herbs for a sallad. In consequence of this answer, he enquired whether or not I was to be ransomed, and what my master demanded for my freedom? And while we were thus conversing together, the fair Zorayda came out into the garden. She had already perceived me from a window of the house; and as the Moorish women make no scruple of shewing themselves to Christians, with whom, as I have already observed, they are not at all shy, she without any hesitation walked towards the place where I was standing with her father, who no sooner saw her, than he called at a distance, desiring her to come up. It would be a difficult task for me at present to describe the exceeding beauty, the genteel mien, the gay and rich ornaments with which my beloved Zorayda then presented herself before mine eyes: I shall only observe, that the pearls about her beauteous neck and ears out-numbered the hairs of her head. On her ancles, which were bare, according to the custom of the country, she wore carcaxes (by which name the bracelets for the feet are called in the Morisco language) of the purest gold, set with such a quantity of diamonds, that she afterwards told me her father valued them at twenty thousand ducats; and those she wore upon her wrists were of equal richness. The pearls, though in such a vast number, were extremely

fine; for the greatest pride and magnificence of the Moorish women lie in pearls and embroidery; consequently there is a greater quantity of pearls and seed-pearl in Barbary than in all the other nations of the world; and Zorayda's father had the reputation of possessing the greatest number and the best in Algiers, together with a fortune of two hundred thousand Spanish crowns, of all which she who is now mine was once mistress. Whether with the assistance of all these ornaments she appeared beautiful or not, and what she must have been in her prosperity, may be conjectured by what remains after the great fatigues she has undergone; for it is well known that the beauty of some women hath its days and seasons, and is diminished or increased according to the circumstances that happen; being improved or impaired, nay, often totally destroyed, by the passions of the mind. In short, she approached in all the pomp of dress, and all the excess of beauty; at least to me she seemed the most beautiful creature I had ever seen; which circumstance, joined to the obligation I lay under, made me look upon her as an angel sent from heaven for my delight and deliverance. When she came up, her father told her, in their own language, that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnaute Mami, and had come for a fallad; upon which she took up the discourse, and, in that jumble of languages before-mentioned, asked if I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself? I answered that I was already ransomed, and that she might see in what esteem I was with my master by the sum he received for my freedom, which was no less than fifteen hundred sultanins. To this observation she replied, "Truly, if thou hadst belonged to my father, he should not have parted with thee for twice the sum; for you Christians always dissemble, and call yourselves poorer than you really are, with a view of imposing upon the Moors."—"That may be sometimes the case, Madam," said I; "but I adhered to the truth in bargaining with my master, and will deal honestly with all mankind." She then asked how

soon

soon I intended to depart: and I answered, "To-morrow, I believe: there is a French ship in the harbour to sail in the morning, and I have some thoughts of taking my passage on board of her."—"Had not you better stay till the arrival of a vessel from Spain?" said Zorayda, "than trust yourself with the French, who are no good friends of your's?"—"No, Madam," answered I; "though, as there is a Spanish ship expected, if she arrives immediately, I believe I shall wait for her; but it is more likely that I shall sail to-morrow; for the desire I have to see myself in my native country with those I love, is too strong to let me wait for any other convenience, let it be ever so good." Without doubt," said Zorayda, "thou art married in thy own country, and therefore desirous of being with thy wife?"—"I am not yet wedded," I replied; "but under promise of being married at my return." "And is the woman beautiful to whom thou hast pledged thy faith?" said she. So beautiful," answered I, "that, to compliment her, and tell thee the truth, she is the exact resemblance of thyself."

' Her father laughed heartily at this declaration, saying, "Truly, Christian, she must be very handsome indeed, if she resembles my daughter, who is the most beautiful woman in this kingdom: look at her, and thou wilt see whether or not I speak truth."

' In the greatest part of this conversation, Agimora-to served as interpreter for his daughter, he being better acquainted with this spurious language, which, though she understood a little in consequence of its being much spoke among the Moors, she explained her meaning by signs oftener than by words.

' While we were engaged in this and other such conversation, a Moor ran towards us, crying aloud, that four Turks, having got through the pales, or leaped over the garden-wall, were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. At this information the old man and Zorayda started; for the Moors are commonly, and, as it were, naturally, afraid of the Turks, especially

the soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious to their Moorish subjects, that they treat them worse than if they were slaves. Accordingly, the father said to Zorayda, " Daughter, retire to the house, and lock thyself up, while I go and talk to those dogs; and thou Christian," (turning to me,) " gather thy herbs, and depart in peace; and Ala send thee safe into thy own country!" I made my obeisance, and he went in search of the Turks, leaving me alone with Zorayda, who pretended to go homeward, according to her father's desire; but no sooner was he out of sight, among the trees of the garden, than she came back, with her eyes drowned in tears, saying, " Amexi, Christiano, amexi!" the signification of which address is, " Thou art going away, Christian, thou art going away!" " Yes, Madam," answered I, " but by no means without you: on the next Jama expect me, and be not afraid when you see us; for we certainly shall go to the land of the Christians." I made shift to express myself in such a manner, that she understood this, and every thing else that I said; and throwing her arm about my neck, began to walk towards the house, with a slow and faltering pace: but it pleased fortune, which might have proved very unlucky, had not Heaven otherwise ordained, that while we walked in this attitude, with her arm about my neck, we were observed by her father, on his return from having sent away the Turks; and we immediately perceived ourselves discovered. Nevertheless, Zorayda, prompted by her discretion and presence of mind, would not take her arm from my neck: but, on the contrary, coming closer to me, let her head drop upon my bosom; and her knees sunk under her, as if she was fainting; while I seemed to support her with a sort of strained civility.

' The father, seeing his daughter in this situation, ran towards us with great concern, and asked what was the matter: but she making no reply, " Doubtless," said he, " she hath fainted with the fright occasioned by the insolence of those dogs." Then, taking her out of my arms,

arms, he supported her in his own; while she, fetching a deep sigh, the tears still continuing in her eyes, repeated, "Amexi, Christiano, amexi!—Begone, Christian, begone."—"There is no necessity for the Christian's departure," said the father; "he hath done thee no harm: and as the Turks are gone already, be not disturbed: thou hast no cause to be uneasy; for, as I have already said, the Turks, at my entreaty, went out as they had come in." "Indeed, Sir," said I, "they have discomposed her very much, as you observe; but, since she desires me to go, I will not stay to give offence. Peace be with you! I will, with your permission, return to this garden for herbs, if they should be wanted; for my master says there are none better to be found in any other place." "Thou mayest come as often as thou wilt," answered Agimorato. "What my daughter says, is not out of resentment against thee or any other Christian; but, instead of bidding the Turks begone, she applied the words to thee, or else thought it was time for thee to go and gather thy herbs." I then took leave of them both; and she, as if her soul had been rent from her body, went away with her father; while I, on pretence of culling my sallad, went round the whole garden at my pleasure, observing all the entries and outlets, together with the strength of the house, and every convenience that might tend to facilitate our purpose.

' Having thus reconnoitered, I went and communicated my observations to the renegado and the rest of my companions, longing eagerly for the hour of seeing myself in peaceable possession of the blessing which fortune presented in the beauteous and charming Zorayda. At length the intervening time elapsed, and the long-wished-for day and period arrived, when all of us, following the order and plan which had been often canvassed, and at last settled, after the most mature deliberation, our desires were happily accomplished. On the Friday after I had spoke with Zorayda, Morrenago, which was the renegade's name, anchored his bark, at

night-fall, opposite to the place where my charming mistress resided; and the Christians, who were to row, in consequence of my directions, lay already concealed in different corners, all around the place, waiting for me with impatience, joy, and desire of attacking the vessel which was in view; for they were ignorant of our confederacy with the renegade, and believed that they must win and maintain their liberty by force of arms, in killing all the Moors who belonged to the bark; wherefore, as soon as I and my companions appeared, those who were hid came and joined us immediately, about the time when the city gates were shut, so that not a soul was to be seen in the fields. Being all met together, we were in some doubt whether we should go immediately for Zorayda; or first of all secure the Moorish rowers belonging to the bark. While we hesitated on this point, the renegado arriving, asked what we waited for; observing, that now was the time, the Moors being altogether unguarded, and the greatest part of them actually asleep. We told him the subject of our doubt; upon which he assured us, that it was of the greatest consequence to make ourselves first masters of the bark, a precaution which might be easily taken, without running the least hazard, and then we could go in quest of Zorayda with greater security. His advice was unanimously approved; and therefore, without farther delay, we followed him as guide to the vessel, into which he leaped, and drawing a scymitar, called in the Moorish language, "Let none of you stir on pain of death." The Christians were at his back in an instant; while the Moors, being naturally pusillanimous, hearing their master talk in this manner, were seized with consternation; and as there were few or no arms on board, suffered themselves, without the least resistance, to be fettered by the Christians, who performed this office with infinite dexterity and dispatch, threatening to put them all to the sword, if any one of them should raise his voice, or attempt to make the least noise.

‘ This

‘ This scheme being executed, we left one half of our number to guard them, and with the rest, using the renegado still as our guide, went to Agimorato’s garden door, which fortunately opened with as much ease as if it had not been locked; so that, without being perceived, we proceeded to the house with great silence and composure. The adorable Zorayda, who stood waiting for us at a window, no sooner perceived people at the door, than she asked, with a low voice, if we were Nazarini? which in their language signifies Christians. I replied in the affirmative, desiring her to come down. When she knew my voice, she made no delay, but, without answering one syllable, came down in a moment, opened the door, and appeared so beautiful and richly dressed, as to surpass all description. Transported at the sight, I took her hand, and kissed it most devoutly; the renegado and my two companions did the same; and the rest, though ignorant of the occasion, followed our example, thinking we expressed our thanks and acknowledgments to her as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegado asked, in the Morisco tongue, if her father was in the house: and she assuring him, that he was asleep in his own apartment; “ ‘ Then it will be necessary,” said Morrenago, “ to wake and carry him off, together with every thing of value, in this agreeable habitation.” “ Touch not my father,” said she; “ for take my word for it there is nothing valuable in this house but what I have secured, which is enough to make you all rich and happy: stay a little, and thou shalt see.”

‘ So saying, she went back into the house, protesting she would immediately return, and desiring us to make no noise. I then asked the renegade what had passed between them; and when he told me, charged him to do nothing that should be disagreeable to Zorayda, who soon returned with a coffer so full of golden crowns, that she could scarce support the weight. But our evil fortune ordained that her father should wake in the interim, and hear a noise in the garden; upon which he started

started up, and running to the window, no sooner perceived that we were all Christians, than he began to bawl in Arabic, with vast vociferation, Christians! Christians! Thieves! thieves!" and his cries threw us all into the utmost terror and confusion. However, the renegado seeing the danger we were in, and how much it imported him to achieve the enterprize without being detected, ran up to Agimorato, with infinite agility, being accompanied with some others of our company, as I could not leave Zorayda, who by this time had fainted in my arms; in short, those who entered the house managed him so well, that in a moment they brought him down with his hands tied, and an handkerchief in his mouth, to hinder him from crying, threatening all the while, that if he presumed to speak, it would cost him his life. His daughter covered her eyes, that she might not see her father in that condition; while he was astonished at sight of her, little thinking how willingly she had put herself in our power; and our feet being then more necessary than our hands, we, with great industry and dispatch, returned to the vessel, where we were expected with impatience by those we had left, who had began to fear we had met with some mischance.

‘ Before two hours of the night had elapsed, we were all safe on board, where we untied the hands of Zorayda’s father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth; though the renegado commanded him again to be silent, on pain of death. Seeing his daughter also in our power, he began to sigh most bitterly, more especially as he perceived her lie quietly in my arms, without resisting, complaining, or the least appearance of constraint; but he was fain to hold his tongue, lest the renegado should put his repeated threats into execution. Zorayda now seeing us embarked, and on the point of manning the oars, while her father and the other Moors remained fettered as prisoners among us, bade the renegado desire, in her name, that I would be so good as to dismiss the Moors, and set her father at liberty;

for

for she would rather throw herself into the sea, than behold a parent, who loved her so much, dragged into captivity on her account. Morrenago having made me acquainted with her request, I consented to the proposal; but he said it was by no means expedient, because, should we leave them there, they would instantly alarm both town and country; so that some light frigates would be sent out in pursuit of us, and then we should be so beset, both by sea and land, that it would be impossible for us to escape: he proposed, therefore, to set them at liberty on the first Christian land he should make. We were all of the same opinion, which was also embraced by Zorayda, to whom he imparted the reasons which hindered us from complying immediately with her desire: then each of our valiant rowers laid hold of his oar with joy, silence, and alacrity, and recommending ourselves to the protection of God, we took our departure, directing our course towards the island of Majorca, which was the nearest Christian land; but, the north wind beginning to blow, and the sea becoming rough, it was impossible to steer our course, and we were obliged to row along shore towards Oran, not without great apprehension of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which lies upon that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers: we were also afraid of meeting, in those parts, with some of the gallies which frequently come thither from Tetuan to trade; though each of us singly, and all of us together, presumed, that if we could fall in with a merchant-vessel not fitted out or manned for a corsair, far from losing our liberty again, we should make ourselves masters of a ship in which we might perform our voyage with more security. While we were thus coasted along, Zorayda lay with her head in my bosom, that she might not see her father in distress; and I could hear her imploring Lela Marien to assist us in our design.

‘When we had rowed about thirty miles, day breaking, discovered that we were about three gun-shots distant from the shore of a desert country, where not a
soul

soul appeared to detect us ; but, for all that, we plied hard to get a little farther off to sea, which was now somewhat calmer ; and having made about two leagues, directed the men to row by turns, that we might refresh ourselves with the provisions, of which we had plenty ; in the bark ; but the rowers said, it was then no time to be idle, and desired the rest to bring them victuals, which they would eat while at work, protesting that they would by no means quit their oars : this hint was accordingly taken, and a fresh gale springing up, we were obliged to lay aside our oars, and make sail directly for Oran ; for it was impossible to follow any other course. All this was done with great expedition ; we sailed at the rate of eight miles in an hour, without any other dread than that of falling in with some corsair. We ordered some victuals to be given to the Moors, who were consoled by the renegado's telling them, that they* were not slaves, and should have their freedom with the first opportunity : the same declaration he made to Zorayda's father, who answered, " I might expect any other favour from your generosity and courteous behaviour. O Christians ! but you must not think me so simple as to believe you will give me my freedom ; for you would never have run such risk in depriving me of it, with a view of restoring it so liberally ; especially when you know who I am, and the advantage you may reap from my ransom, which, if you will now propose, I here promise to pay your utmost demand, for myself and this unhappy daughter, or for her alone, who is the better part of my soul !"

‘ So saying, he wept with such bitterness, as moved us all to compassion, and obliged Zorayda to lift up her eyes ; when seeing the tears trickle down from his aged cheeks, she was melted, and rising from the place where I supported her, went to embrace her father ; then joining her face to his, the two uttered such a tender lamentation, as drew tears of sympathy from the eyes of almost all those who heard it : but, when Aginorato perceived her so gayly dressed, with all her
jewels

jewels about her, he said with some surprise, in their language, "What is the meaning of this finery, my child? Last night, before this terrible misfortune happened, I saw thee in thy ordinary and common dress; but now, though thou hadst neither time, nor any happy tidings to solemnize with such ornaments and finery, I see thee decked in all the richest apparel I could contrive or bestow upon thee, while fortune was much more favourable than at present! Answer me in this particular, at which I am more concerned and surprised, than at the mishap which hath befallen us?" The renegado interpreted to us all that the Moor said to his daughter, who made no answer to his question; but when he saw on one side of the bark the coffer in which she used to keep her jewels, which he knew he had left at Algiers, when he moved to his country house, he was still more confounded, and asked how that casket had fallen into our hands, and what it contained. To this question the renegado replied, without waiting for Zorayda's answer; "You need not weary yourself, Signior, in putting so many questions to your daughter; for I can satisfy you in one word: know, then, that Zorayda is a Christian; that she hath filed off our chains, and converted our captivity into freedom; that she came hither of her own accord, and is now, I believe, as well satisfied with her present condition as one delivered from darkness to light, from death to life, and from affliction to triumph." "Daughter!" cried the Moor, "is that which he affirms true?" "Yes," replied Zorayda. "That thou art actually a Christian, and the very person who hath put thy father into the hands of his enemies?" resumed the old man. "I am a Christian, 'tis true," said Zorayda; "but not the person who reduced you to this situation; for my desire never extended so far as either to leave or render you unhappy, my sole intention being to provide for my own welfare." "And how hast thou provided for it, my child?" replied the father. "Put that question to

Lela Marien," said she, "who will inform you better than I can."

' Scarce had these words reached the ears of Agimorato, than, with incredible agility, he darted himself headlong into the sea; where, without all doubt, he must have perished, had not his large entangling robes helped to keep him afloat. Zorayda shrieking, begged we would save her father; upon which we all exerted ourselves, and laying hold of his upper garment, pulled him on board, already half drowned, and deprived of all sensation; when she was so much affected with his condition, that she uttered a most tender and doleful lamentation over him, as if he had been actually dead. Having turned him upon his face, a great quantity of water ran out of his mouth, and he recovered the use of his senses in the space of two hours, during which the wind shifting, we were driven towards the shore, and by main dint of rowing kept from running a-ground; but, by good fortune, we arrived in a creek formed by a small cape or promontory, known among the Moors by the name of Cava Rumia, which signifies, the wicked Christian woman; there being a tradition among them, that Cava,* on whose account they lost their possessions in Spain, is interred in that place; for Cava, in their language, implies a wicked woman, and Rumia signifies Christian: so that they look upon it as a bad omen, when they are obliged, by necessity, to drop anchor here; and, except in cases of emergency, they never attempt it: though to us it was by no means the shelter of a wicked woman, but a secure harbour in stormy weather. Having placed centinels on shore, without quitting our oars, we made another meal of what the renegado had provided; and prayed heartily to God and the blessed Virgin, to favour and assist us,

in

* Cava, or Caba, daughter of Count Julian, Count of Ceuta, was violated by Roderic, king of Spain; and, in order to revenge this injury, the father called the Saracens into this kingdom, in the year 712.

in bringing such a fortunate beginning to a happy conclusion. We then determined, at the intreaty of Zorayda, to set her father and the Moors, whom we had fettered, on shore, because she had not resolution enough, nor could her tender disposition endure to see her parent and countrymen in the condition of captives: we accordingly promised to gratify her desire at our departure, since we ran no risk in setting them at liberty in that uninhabited place.

‘ Our prayers were not so vain as to be rejected by Heaven, that sent a favourable wind and a smooth sea, inviting us to proceed with alacrity in the voyage we had undertaken. This we no sooner perceived, than unbinding the Moors, we put them all on shore, one by one, to their no small astonishment: but, when we came to dismiss Zorayda’s father, who by this time had recovered the entire use of his senses, “ Christians,” said he, “ do you think that bad woman rejoices at my freedom through filial piety? No surely! but merely to be rid of the check which she would receive from my presence, in seeking to gratify her vicious desires. Do not imagine that she hath been induced to change her religion, because she believes that the Christian faith is preferable to ours. No; she hath apostatized, because she understood that, in your country, she might indulge her loose inclinations more freely than in her own.” Then turning to Zorayda, while I and another Christian held him fast, that he might not commit some desperate action, he said, “ O infamous wretch, and ill-advised maiden! what blindness and distraction hath prompted thee to put thyself in the power of these dogs, who are all our natural foes? Cursed be the hour in which thou wast engendered! and cursed be the gaiety and indulgence in which I brought thee up?”

‘ Perceiving that there was no likelihood of his ending his exclamations for some time, I presently set him on shore; where he proceeded with his reproaches, imprecations, and complaints, imploring the mediation of Mahomet with Ala, to confound, overwhelm, and

destroy us: and when we had failed out of hearing, we could perceive him act his despair, pulling his beard, and rolling himself upon the ground; nay, once he raised his voice in such a manner, that we could distinctly hear him pronounce, "Return, my beloved daughter! return to the shore; I forgive all that is past: leave with these men the money which they already have in their possession, and return to comfort thy disconsolate father, who, if thou forsakest him, will lie down and breathe his last upon this barren sand!" This pathetic address was heard by Zorayda, who lamented his affliction with the utmost sensibility, though she could make no other reply than this: "Ala grant, my dear father, that Lela Marien, who was the cause of my conversion, may console you in your distress! Ala knows I could not do otherwise than I have acted, and that these Christians owe nothing to any particular good-will I bore them; for if I had not assisted and accompanied them in their escape, but remained at home with you, it would have been impossible for me, in consequence of the earnest solicitations of my own soul, to execute that which, in my opinion, is as righteous as it is infamous and wicked in yours." But these words never reached the ears of her father, whom by this time we could not perceive: I therefore endeavoured to console my amiable mistress; while the rest were intent upon our voyage, which was so much favoured by a fair wind, that we laid our account with being next day on the coast of Spain.

‘ But, as good fortune seldom comes pure and single, unattended and unpursued by some troublesome and unexpected circumstance, it was ordained by Heaven, (perhaps, in consequence of the curses imprecated by the Moor upon his daughter; for such curses are to be dreaded, let the parent be what he will:) I say, Heaven ordained, that when we were a good way off at sea, with a flowing sheet, three hours of the night being already spent, the oars lashed up, because the fair wind made it unnecessary to use them, and the moon shining with

with remarkable brightness; we perceived a large round vessel, with all her sails out, steering a little upon the wind, right athwart our hause, and so near that we were obliged to shorten sail, that she might not run foul of us, while she clapped her helm a-weather that we might have time pass: those upon deck hailed us, asking who we were, whence we came, and whither bound; but, as they spoke in French, the renegado said, "Let no man answer; these are French privateers, who make prize of every thing that falls in their way."

' Thus cautioned, we made no reply, but sailed on, leaving the ship a little to windward; when all of a sudden, they discharged two pieces of cannon, loaded, in all appearance, with chain shot: for one of them cut away our mast in the middle, which, with the sail, fell overboard into the sea; and the other coming a moment after, took us amidships, and laid the side of the bark entirely open, without doing any other mischief. Seeing ourselves going to the bottom, we began to cry aloud for assistance, beseeching the people in the ship to save us from perishing: then they brought to, and hoisting out their boat or pinnace, it was instantly manned by a dozen of Frenchmen, well armed with their muskets, and lighted match, who rowing up to us, and seeing how few we were, as also that our bark was on the point of foundering, took us in; observing that this misfortune had happened, because we had been so uncivil as to refuse an answer to their hail: while the renegado, without being perceived, took up the coffer in which Zorayda's treasure was contained, and threw it into the sea. In short, we went on board with the French; who, when they had informed themselves of every thing we could impart, for their purpose; as if they had been our enemies, plundered us of all that we had, taking from Zorayda the very bracelets she wore upon her ancles. But their behaviour to her gave me the more anxiety, as I was afraid that, after having pilfered all her rich and precious jewels, they would proceed to rob her of that which was of greater value,

and which she herself esteemed infinitely more than all the rest: but the desires of those people extend no farther than to money, and with that they can never satiate their avarice, which then engrossed them so much, that they would even have robbed us of the wretched garments we wore in our captivity, if they could have applied them to any sort of use; nay, some among them proposed to wrap us all together in a sail, and throw us into the sea; because they intended to trade in the ports of Spain, under pretence of being Bretons; and if they carried us thither alive, their depredation would be discovered, and themselves chastised accordingly. But the captain, who had with his own hands rifled my beloved Zorayda, said, he was satisfied with the prize he had got, and resolved to touch at no port in Spain, but pass the Straits of Gibraltar in the night, or take the best opportunities of so doing that should occur, and return to Rochelle, from whence he had sailed on the cruize; they therefore agreed to give us their boat, with what necessaries we should want, to finish the little that remained of our voyage: this promise they actually performed the next day, at a small distance from the Spanish coast, at sight of which, all our poverty and vexation vanished from our remembrance, as if we had never endured them; such is the transport occasioned by liberty regained! It might be about noon when we were put into the boat, with two casks of water, and some biscuit; and the captain, moved to compassion at the distress of the lovely Zorayda, gave her to the amount of forty crowns in gold, and would not suffer his soldiers to strip her of the cloaths which she now wears: so that, at parting, instead of complaining of the hard usage we met with, we thanked them kindly for the benefit we had received at their hands. They steered right before the wind for the Straits, while we, without minding any other compass than that of the land that appeared a-head, plied our oars so vigorously, that at sun-set we were near enough to conclude, that we could easily reach the shore before the

the night should be far advanced; but that night being dark, without any moonshine, and every body on board ignorant of the coast, some of our company judged it unsafe to row ashore, while others insisted upon our running that hazard, even if we should land among rocks, or in some uninhabited part of the country, that we might be secured from the just apprehension of meeting with some rovers from Tetuan, who are frequently in the beginning of the night in Barbary, and in the morning on the Spanish coast, where having taken a prize, they return the same day, and sleep at home in their own houses. Of these contrary opinions, we chose that of rowing gently towards the shore, with intent, if the smoothness of the sea would permit, to land at the first convenient place. In consequence of this resolution, a little before midnight we arrived at the foot of a huge and lofty mountain, though not so rocky towards the sea but that there was a little space left for commodious landing. The boat being run ashore, and all of us disembarked, we kissed the ground, and, with tears of unutterable joy, returned sincere thanks to our gracious Lord, for his unparalleled protection vouchsafed to us in the voyage: then we took out the provision, and dragging her on shore, ascended a vast way up the mountain; not being as yet able to quiet our apprehensions, or persuade ourselves, though it actually was so, that the soil we trod was Christian ground. The day broke much later than we could have wished, and about this time we gained the summit of the mountain; purposing to look from thence for some village or shepherd-huts; but, although we viewed the whole country around, we could neither discern village, house, highway, path, nor the least trace of human footsteps. Nevertheless, we determined to penetrate farther into the country, since it could not be long before we should discover some person who would give information; but what gave me the greatest concern was, to see Zorayda travelling on foot among the flinty rocks; for though I sometimes took her on my shoulders, she was much

more fatigued with seeing me weary, than refreshed by finding herself exempted from walking, and therefore would not allow me to take any more trouble of that kind, but proceeded with infinite chearfulness and patience, while I led her by the hand all the way.

‘ In this manner we had gone about a quarter of a league, when our ears were saluted by the sound of a small sheep-bell, which was a sure sign of a flock’s being somewhere not far off; looking therefore attentively to discover it, we perceived a young shepherd, sitting with great composure at the root of a cork-tree, smoothing a stick with his knife. When we called to him he raised his head, and started nimbly up; and, as we afterwards understood, the renegade and Zorayda, who where in Moorish dress, being the first objects that presented themselves to his eyes, he thought all the corsairs of Barbary were upon him, and running with incredible swiftness into a wood that grew near the place where he was, he began to cry as loud as he could bawl, “ The Moors! The Moors are landed! The Moors! The Moors! To arms, to arms!” These exclamations threw us all into a perplexity; but reflecting that his cries would alarm the country, and that the cavalry of the coast would immediately come and see what was the matter; it was agreed, that the renegade should pull off his Turkish robes, and put on a slave’s jacket, with which one of our company accommodated him, though he himself remained in his shirt. This being done, we recommended ourselves to God, and followed the same road which we saw the shepherd take, expecting every moment to see ourselves surrounded by the cavalry of the coast. Neither were we deceived in our expectations; for in less than two hours, having crossed those thickets, and entered a plain on the other side, we descried about fifty horsemen riding briskly towards us, at a hand-gallop, upon which we halted until they should come up: but when they arrived, and instead of the Moors they came in quest of, beheld so many poor Christian captives, they were utterly confounded;

founded; and one of them asked if we were the people who had been the occasion of a shepherd's calling to arms. I answered in the affirmative; and being desirous of telling him who we were, whence we came, and what had happened to us, one of our company knew the horseman who accosted us, and, without giving me time to speak another word, said, "Thanks be to God, gentlemen, for having conducted us to such an agreeable part of the country; for, if I am not mistaken, the ground we now tread belongs to Valez Malaga; and, if the years of my captivity have not impaired my remembrance, you, Signior, who ask that question, are Pedro Bustamante, my uncle."

' Scarce had the captive pronounced these words, when the cavalier threw himself from his horse, and ran to embrace the young man; saying, "Dear nephew of my life and soul! I now recollect thee; thy supposed death has been mourned by myself, my sister, thy mother, and all thy relations, who are still alive; for Heaven hath been pleased to spare their lives, that they might enjoy the pleasure of seeing thee again. I knew thou wast at Algiers; and, from the information of thy habit, and that of all your company, I guess you have made a miraculous escape." "Your conjecture is true," replied the young man, "and we shall have time to recount the particulars." As soon as the horsemen understood we were Christian captives, they alighted, and each of them made a tender of his horse to carry us to the city of Valez Malaga, which was about a league and a half from the place where they found us. Some of them went to bring the boat round to the city, after we had told them where she lay; others took us up behind them; and Zorayda rode with the Christian's uncle. All the people came out to receive us, being apprised of our arrival by one of the troopers who had pushed on before: not that they were surprized at the sight of the captives freed, or Moors in captivity, for the inhabitants on that coast are accustomed to see great numbers of both; but they were amazed at the beauty
of

of Zorayda, which was at that instant in full perfection; the fatigue of her journey, co-operating with the joy she felt in seeing herself in a Christian country, without the fear of being lost, having produced such a bloom upon her countenance, that, unless I was then prejudiced by my affection, I will venture to say, the world never produced, at least I had never seen, a more beautiful creature.

‘ We went directly to church, to make our acknowledgments to God for his mercies; and as soon as Zorayda entered, she said, she perceived some faces that resembled Lela Marien: we told her these were the images of the blessed Virgin; and the renegado, as well as he could, informed her of their signification, that she might adore them, as if each was actually the person of Lela Marien, who had spoke to her; so that, having naturally a good understanding, with a docile and discerning disposition, she easily comprehended what he said upon the subject. From thence they conducted us to our lodgings in different families of the town; the renegado, Zorayda, and I, being invited by the Christian who escaped with us to the house of his father, who was moderately provided with the good things of this life, and treated us with the same affection he expressed for his own son. Six days we tarried at Valez, during which the renegado having informed himself of what was necessary for him to do, went to the city of Grenada, there, by means of the holy inquisition, to be re-admitted into the bosom of our most sacred church: the rest of our company departed, each for his own home; leaving Zorayda and me by ourselves, destitute of every thing but the few crowns which she received from the courtesy of the French corsair. With part of these I bought the animal on which she arrived at the inn, and hitherto have cherished her with the affection of a parent, and the service of a squire, without using the prerogative of a husband; we are now upon the road to the place of my nativity, to see if my father be still alive, and if either of my brothers has been more fortunate

fortunate than myself; though, as Heaven hath made Zorayda my companion for life, fortune could not have possibly bestowed upon me any other favour which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience with which she bears the inconveniencies attending poverty, and the zeal she manifests to become a Christian, is so great and extraordinary, as to raise my admiration, and engage me to serve her all the days of my life; but the pleasure I take in this office, and in the prospect of seeing her mine, is disturbed and perverted, by reflecting that possibly in my own country I shall not find a corner in which I can shelter the dear object of my love; and that time or death may have made such alterations in the fortune and lives of my father and his other children, that I shall scarce meet with a soul that knows me.

‘ This, gentlemen, is the substance of my story: whether or not it be agreeable and uncommon, I leave to the decision of your better judgment; assuring you, that I wish I could have related it more succinctly; though the fear of tiring you hath made me suppress a good number of circumstances.’

C H A P. XV.

Of what farther happened at the Inn, with many other Particulars worthy to be known.

HERE the captive left off speaking; and Don Fernando said to him, ‘ Really, Signior Captain, the novelty of your strange adventures is equalled by your agreeable manner of relating them. Your whole story is uncommon, surprizing, and full of incidents that keep the hearers in admiration and suspense; and such is the pleasure we have received from it, that though the narration should have continued till to-morrow morning, we should rejoice at your beginning it anew.’

When this compliment was passed, Cardenio, and all the rest of the company, offered to serve him to the utmost of their power, with such affectionate and sincere expressions of friendship, that the captain was extremely well

well satisfied of their good-will. Don Fernando, in particular, promised, that if he would go home with him, his brother the marquis should stand god-father to Zorayda; and that he, for his part, would accommodate him in such a manner, that he should return to the place of his nativity with that authority and ease to which he was intitled by his birth and merit. The captive thanked him in the most courteous manner, but declined accepting any of his generous offers.

It was now night, when a coach arrived at the inn, attended by some men on horseback, who demanded lodging; and the landlady made answer, that there was not in the whole house an handful of room unengaged. 'Be that as it will,' said one of the horsemen, who had entered the gate, 'there must be some found for my lord judge.' At mention of that name the hostess was disturbed, saying, 'Signior, the greatest difficulty is my want of beds; but if his lordship hath brought one along with him, as I suppose he hath, he is very welcome to come in: I and my husband will quit our apartment to accommodate his worship.' 'Be it so,' said the attendant. By this time a person had alighted from the coach, who, by his garb, immediately shewed the nature of his rank and office; for his long robe, with high sleeves tucked up, plainly distinguished him to be a judge, as the servant had affirmed. He led by the hand a young lady seemingly sixteen years of age, dressed in a riding suit, and so sprightly, beautiful, and genteel, as to raise the admiration of all who beheld her: so that those who had not seen Dorothea, Lucinda, and Zorayda then present, would have thought it a very difficult task to find another woman of equal beauty. Don Quixote seeing the judge and the young lady as they entered, pronounced, with great solemnity, 'Your worship may securely enter and recreate yourself in this castle, which, though narrow and inconvenient, there is no narrowness and inconvenience in this world, but what will make room for arms and letters, especially if they have for their guide and conductor such beauty as that

that which accompanies the letters of your worship, in the person of that amiable young lady, to whom, not only castles ought to be open and unfold their gates, but also rocks divide and mountains bow their heads at her approach. Enter, I say, this paradise, where you will find stars and suns to accompany that heaven which you have brought hither. Here you will find arms in perfection, and beauty in excess!

The judge marvelled greatly at this address of the knight, whom he earnestly considered, no less surprized at his figure than his words, without knowing what reply to make, so much was he confounded at both; when he was relieved by the appearance of Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zorayda; who, upon hearing the news of their arrival, and the landlady's description of the young beauty, had come out to welcome and receive her: the beauteous ladies of the inn welcomed this beauteous damsel; while Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, paid their compliments to the judge, in the most civil and polite terms. He was more and more astonished at what he saw and heard, though he could easily perceive that his fellow-lodgers were persons of rank and consequence: but the mien, visage, and figure of Don Quixote, baffled all his conjectures. Compliments having thus passed on all sides, and the conveniences of the inn being duly considered, it was agreed, as before, that all the ladies should sleep together in the fore-mentioned apartment, and the men sit in another room to guard them. The judge was very well satisfied that his daughter (for such the young maiden was) should lodge with the other ladies, she herself willingly consenting to the proposal; and what with part of the inn-keeper's narrow bed, and the half of that which the judge brought along with him, they made shift to pass the night more agreeably than they expected.

The captive, who, from the first moment he beheld the judge, felt his heart throb with a sort of intimation that this was his own brother, asked of one of the ser-

vants

vants that attended him, his master's name, with the place of his nativity. The footman replied, that his name was the licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma; and born, as he had been informed, in the mountains of Leon. This information, together with what he himself had before observed, confirmed him in the opinion, that he was his brother, who by his father's advice had followed his studies. Transported with this discovery, he called aside Don Fernando, the curate, and Cardenio, to whom he imparted the affair, and assured them that the judge was his own brother, by the servant's report, so far on his way to the West Indies, in quality of supreme judge of Mexico. He understood also by the same canal, that the young lady was his daughter, whose birth had cost the mother her life; and that he was very much enriched by his wife's fortune, which had been settled on the children of the marriage. The captive therefore consulted them about the method he should take to make himself known, or rather to be assured before-hand whether upon the discovery his brother would be ashamed of his poverty, or receive him with the bowels of affection. 'Leave that task to my conduct, Signior Captain,' said the curate; 'though there is all the reason in the world to believe that you will meet with a brotherly reception; for the virtue and prudence that appear in his courteous demeanor give no indications of his being proud and unnatural, but rather declare that he knows how to consider the accidents of fortune in the right point of view.' 'Nevertheless,' replied the captain, 'I would not willingly disclose myself of a sudden, but prepare him by some round-about insinuation.' 'I have already told you,' answered the curate, 'that I will manage the affair to your mutual satisfaction.' By this time, the cloth being laid,* and every body sat down to table, except the captive and the ladies, who supped in their own apartment, the curate addressed himself to the judge, saying

* This is the second time they have sat down to supper in one night.

‘ I had once a comrade of your lordship’s name at Constantinople, where I was a slave for many years. He was one of the bravest soldiers and best officers in the Spanish infantry, but his misfortunes were equal to his valour and ability.’ ‘ Dear Sir,’ cried the judge, ‘ what was that officer’s name?—’ ‘ He was called Ruy Perez de Viedma,’ replied the priest, and a native of some town in the mountains of Leon. He told me a circumstance that happened between his father, two brothers, and himself, which, had it not been affirmed by a person of his veracity, I should have looked upon as one of those tales which old women tell by the fire-side in winter; for he said his father divided his estate equally among his three sons, whom he at the same time enriched with advice more salutary than any that ever Cato gave. This I know, the choice he made of going into the army succeeded so well, that in a few years, by his gallant behaviour, and without any other assistance than that of his extraordinary virtue, he rose to be captain of foot, and saw himself in the straight road of becoming a field officer very soon: but there, where he had reason to expect the smiles of fortune, she proved most unkind; he having lost her, with his liberty, on that glorious day of the battle at Lepanto, in which it was found by so many Christians. I was taken in the goleta; and, after various vicissitudes, we happened to be fellow-slaves at Constantinople, from whence he was transported to Algiers, where he met with one of the strangest adventures that ever was known.*

Then the curate briefly recapitulated the story of Zorayda, to which the judge listened with more attention than ever he had yielded on the bench.* But the priest brought it no farther than the period when the French corsairs plundered the Christians who were in the bark, describing the poverty and distress to which they

VOL. III.

D

had

* A judge in Spanish is called *Oyder*, i. e. *Hearer*; and the original, literally translated, is, ‘ The hearer was never so much an hearer before.’

reduced his comrade and the beautiful Moor; and observing that he did not know what farther befel them, nor whether they had arrived in Spain, or been carried into France.

The captain stood at some distance behind, listening to what the curate said, and observing the emotions of his brother; who, seeing that the curate had made an end of his story, uttered a profound sigh, saying, while the tears gushed from his eyes, 'O, Signior! if you knew how nearly I am concerned in what you have related, you would not wonder at these tears, which, in spite of all my fortitude and discretion, trickle from mine eyes. That valiant captain whom you have mentioned is my father's eldest son, who being more brave and noble-minded than my youngest † brother and me, chose the honourable exercise of arms, which was one of the three paths proposed by our father in his advice, as you seem to have been informed by your companion in adversity. I followed that of letters, in which God hath been pleased to reward my diligence with that station which you see I now maintain: my younger brother is at present in Peru, so rich, that his remittances to my father and me have made large amends for the small sum he carried with him at first; and even enabled the old gentleman fully to indulge his liberal disposition, empowering me also to prosecute my studies with more honour and decency, until I acquired the power I now enjoy. My father is still alive, though daily pining with the desire of hearing from his eldest son, and putting up petitions to Heaven incessantly, that his own eyes may not be closed for ever until he shall have seen those of his first-born in life. What gives me a great deal of surprize is, that a person of his discretion should, in the midst of such trouble and affliction, or even in his prosperity, omit writing to his father; for if he, or either of us, had known his situation, he

should

† Cervantes seems to have forgot that the judge was the youngest of the three brothers, the second having gone to the Indies.

should have had no occasion to wait for the miracle of the cane in obtaining his liberty ; but at present the uncertainty of his fate gives me the greatest concern, as it is doubtful whether those French have set him at liberty, or taken away his life to conceal their robbery. This apprehension will convert the joy and satisfaction with which I undertook my journey into melancholy and despondence.—O my dear brother! would to Heaven I knew where thou art, that I might go and free thee from all trouble and affliction, though at the expence of my own! Who shall carry the news of thy being alive to our aged father, that, although thou art shut up in the deepest dungeon of Barbary, thou mayest be delivered by my brother's riches and my own!—O generous and lovely Zorayda! who shall requite thy benevolence to my brother, be present at the regeneration of thy soul, and assist at the nuptials which would afford such pleasure to us all!

These and many other exclamations the judge pronounced with such symptoms of sorrow at the news he had received of his brother, that all the hearers sympathized with him in the expressions of his grief. The curate, seeing every thing succeed to his own expectation, and the captain's desire, was unwilling to protract the judge's anguish, and the impatience of the whole company ; so rising from the table, and going into the other apartment, he led out Zorayda, who was followed by Lucinda, Dorothea, and the young lady lately arrived; then, taking in his other hand the captain, who stood waiting to see what he intended, he went into the room, where the judge and the rest of the gentlemen sat, and presenting them both, said, ' Dry your tears, my lord judge, and enjoy the completion of your wish ; behold your worthy brother, and virtuous sister-in-law : this is Captain Viedma, and that the beautiful Moor who behaved to him so generously in his distress : the French corsairs have reduced them to this extremity, that you may have an opportunity of displaying the liberality of your noble breast.'

The

The captain ran to embrace his brother, who kept him off with both hands fixed on his shoulders, that he might consider him the more attentively ; but no sooner did he recollect his features, than he flew into his arms, and shed a flood of tears of joy, while the greatest part of those who were present wept in concert at the affecting scene. The expressions of both the brothers, and their mutual demonstrations of affection, are, I believe, scarce to be conceived, much less described. They briefly recounted their adventures to each other, and manifested the genuine flame of fraternal affection. There the judge embraced Zorayda, making a tender of all his wealth ; there he commanded his daughter to receive her with open arms ; there the mutual caresses of the beautiful Christian and lovely Moor renewed the tears of the whole company ; there Don Quixote silently observed these surprizing accidents, which he wholly attributed to the chimeras of knight-errantry ; there it was concerted that the captain and Zorayda should return to Seville with his brother, from whence they could advertise their father of the liberty and arrival of his son ; that the old gentleman, being still able to undertake such a journey, might come and be present at the baptism and nuptials of his daughter-in-law ; as it would be impossible for the judge to go far out of his way, because he was informed, that in a month the flota would set sail from Seville for New Spain ; and it would be extremely inconvenient for him to lose his passage. In short, the whole company were exceedingly rejoiced at the captive's good fortune ; and two-thirds of the night being already exhausted, they agreed to retire and repose themselves during the remaining part of it ; while Don Quixote undertook to guard the castle from the assaults of any giant or wicked adventurer that might possibly covet the vast treasure of beauty which it contained. Those of his acquaintance thanked him for his courteous offer, and afterwards gave an account of his strange disorder to the judge, who was not a little diverted with the detail of his extravagance.

travagance. Sancho Panza alone was distracted at their sitting up so late; though, in point of lodging, he was better accommodated than all the rest; for he made his bed of the furniture of his ass, which cost him so dear, as will hereafter be seen.

The ladies having retired to their apartment, and every other person disposed of himself as tolerably as he could, Don Quixote went out to keep guard at the castle gate, according to his promise; and a little before morning, the ladies were serenaded by a voice so clear and well tuned, as to attract the attention of them all, especially of Dorothea, who was awake, and lay in the same bed with Donna Clara de Viedma, the judge's daughter. Nobody could imagine who the singer was, the voice being single, and unaccompanied by any instrument, and seeming to come sometimes from the stable, and sometimes from the court-yard. While they listened with equal surprize and attention, Cardenio came to the door, saying, 'You that are not asleep, take notice, and you will hear the voice of a mule-driver, who chaunts most enchantingly.' When Dorothea told him that they had heard it already, he went away; while she, employing her whole attention, when he began to sing again, could plainly distinguish the following words.

CHAP. IV.

The agreeable Story of the young Muleteer, with many other strange Incidents that happened in the Inn.

I.

- ' TOSS'D in a sea of doubts and fears,
- ' Love's hapless mariner I sail,
- ' Where no inviting port appears,
- ' To screen me from the stormy gale.

II.

- ' At distance view'd, a chearing star
- ' Conducts me thro' the swelling tide;
- ' A brighter luminary far
- ' Than Palinurus e'er describ'd.

III.

- ' My soul, attracted by its blaze,
- ' Still follows where it points the way,
- ' And while attentive y I gaze,
- ' Considers not how far I stray.

‘ But female pride, reserv’d and shy,
 ‘ Like clouds that deepen on the day,
 ‘ Oft shroud it from my longing eye,
 ‘ When most I need the genial ray.

‘ O lovely star, so pure and bright!
 ‘ Whose splendour feeds my vital fire;
 ‘ The moment thou deny’st thy light,
 ‘ Thy lost adorer will expire!’

Here the musician pausing, Dorothea thought it was a pity Clara should not hear such an excellent voice; therefore, by gently jogging she waked her, saying, ‘ I ask pardon, my dear Clara, for disturbing you, but ‘ my intention in so doing, was to regale you with one ‘ of the best voices that ever you heard. Clara being still half asleep, did not at first understand what she said, which, at her desire, Dorothea repeated; and the young lady listened accordingly; but scarce had she heard two lines of the song, which was now resumed, when she began to tremble as violently as if she had been seized with a severe fit of the ague, saying, while she hugged Dorothea, ‘ Ah! dear lady of my life and soul, why did you wake me? The greatest favour that fortune could at present bestow, would be to keep both my eyes and ears fast shut, that I might neither see nor hear that unfortunate musician.’—‘ What do you mean, my dear child?’ answered Dorothea; ‘ consider what you say; he that sings is a young muleteer!’—‘ Ah, no!’ replied Clara; ‘ he is a young gentleman of great fortune, and so much master of my heart, that unless he quits it of his own accord, it shall remain eternally in his possession.’ Dorothea was surprized at this passionate declaration of such a young creature, who seemed to have so much more sensibility than could be expected from her tender years; and said to her, ‘ Truly, Donna Clara, you talk in such a manner that I do not understand you. Pray explain yourself, and tell me the meaning of those expressions, about fortune and heart, and that musician whose voice hath thrown you into such disorder: but say no more at present; for I would not, by attending to your transports, lose the pleasure of hearing the singer,

who

who now seems to be tuning his voice, and preparing to give us another song.—‘With all my heart,’ said Clara, stopping her ears with her fingers, to the farther admiration of Dorothea, who, listening attentively, heard the musician proceed in these words :

I.

- ‘ASPIRING Hope, thou, unconfin’d,
- ‘Pursu’st th’ imaginary path,
- ‘Thro’ woods, and rocks, and waves combin’d,
- ‘Defying danger, toil, and death.

II.

- ‘No laurel shall adorn his brow,
- ‘No happiness the sluggard crown ;
- ‘Who tamely can to fortune bow ;
- ‘And slumber on th’ inglorious down.

III.

- ‘The joys unmatch’d, bestow’d by love,
- ‘Can never be too dearly priz’d ;
- ‘For undeny’d examples prove,
- ‘What’s cheaply bought, is soon despis’d.

IV.

- ‘Success, by the contenting fair,
- ‘Is oft to perseverance given ;
- ‘Then wheretore should my soul despair
- ‘Of mounting from this earth to heaven !’

Here the voice ended, and Clara’s sighs beginning afresh, kindled Dorothea’s curiosity to know the cause of such agreeable music and grievous lamentation ; she therefore now desired to hear what her bed-fellow had before proffered to impart. Then Clara, fearful of being overheard by Lucinda, crept close to Dorothea, and applying her mouth to her ear, so that she could securely speak without being perceived, ‘Dear Madam,’ said she, ‘that singer is the son of an Arragonian gentleman, who is lord of two towns, and when at court lives opposite to my father’s house ; and although our windows are covered with canvas in winter, and lattices in summer, I know not how this young gentleman, while he prosecuted his studies, got sight of me, either at church or somewhere else ; and, in short, being smitten, disclosed his passion from the windows of his own apartment, by so many tears and significant expressions, that I believed him sincere, and even loved him in my turn, without

without knowing the nature of my own desires. Among other signs, he made that of joining his hands, giving me to understand that he would take me to wife; and though I should have been extremely glad to comply with that proposal, as I was alone and motherless, I had nobody to consult, and therefore let it rest, without granting him any any other favour, except (when his father and mine were abroad) that of lifting up the canvas or lattice, that he might have a more perfect view of my person; and this condescension always transported him so much, that I was afraid he would have run stark mad with joy. In the midst of this commerce, the time of my father's departure drew near, of which being informed, though not by me, for I never had an opportunity of telling him, he fell sick, as I understand, of grief, so that when we set out I could not see him, as I wished, to indulge one parting look; but, having travelled two days, just as I entered the place at which we lodged last night, I perceived him standing at the gate, disguised so naturally in the habit of a muleteer, that it would have been impossible for me to know him, had not his image been deeply imprinted on my soul. The sight of him filled me with joy and surprise; and he gazed upon me by stealth, unperceived by my father, from whom he always conceals his face when he crosses the road before me, or is obliged to appear at the inns where we lodge. Knowing, therefore, who he is, and that he travels on foot, undergoing so much hardship and fatigue for love of me, I am half dead with grief and anxiety, and wheresoever he sets his feet, there I fix my pitying eyes. I know not what he intends by thus following me, nor how he could manage to escape from his father, who loves him tenderly, because he has no heir but him; and the young gentleman deserves all his affection, as you will perceive when you see him. I can moreover assure you, what he sings is the product of his own head; for I have been told that he is a great scholar, and an excellent poet: every time I behold him, or hear him sing, I start and tremble from head to foot, being

being afraid that he will be known by my father, and thus our mutual love be discovered; for, though I never spoke to him in my life, my passion is so violent, that without him, I shall not be able to live. This, dear Madam, is all I can say concerning that musician, whose voice hath given you such pleasure, and is alone sufficient to convince you that he is not a muleteer, but the lord of towns and hearts, as I have described him.'

'Enough, Donna Clara,' said Dorothea, kissing her with great affection; 'say no more, but wait with patience till the approach of a new day, when I hope in God to manage matters so well as to bring such a virtuous beginning to an happy end.'—'Ah, Madam!' replied the young lady, 'what happy end can be expected, seeing his father is a man of such rank and fortune, that he would think me unworthy to be the servant, much less the wife, of his son! and as to marrying him without my own father's consent, I would not do it for the whole universe. All I desire is, that the young gentleman would return; perhaps his absence, and the length of the journey we have undertaken, will alleviate the uneasiness I at present feel, though I must own I believe that remedy will have small effect. I cannot conceive what the deuce is the matter with me; nor how this same love got entrance into my heart, considering how young we both are; for I really believe we are of the same age; and my father says, that till Michaelmas next, I shall not be sixteen.' Dorothea could not help laughing at these innocent observations of Donna Clara; to whom she said, 'Let us sleep, my dear, during the little that I believe remains of the night; God will grant us a new day, and, if my skill fails me not, every thing will succeed to our wish.'

They accordingly went to rest, and a general silence prevailed over the whole house, in which there was not a soul awake, except the innkeeper's daughter and her maid Maritornes, who by this time being acquainted with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, and knowing that he was then without the gate, keeping guard

guard in arms and on horseback, determined to play some trick upon him, or at least divert themselves in listening to his folly.

The inn chancing to have no window nor opening towards the field, but a hole through which they took in their straw, this pair of demi ladies * there took their station, and observed Don Quixote, who sat on horseback, leaning upon his lance, and breathing from time to time such profound and doleful sighs, as seemed to tear his very soul; they likewise heard him pronounce, in a soft, complacent, and amorous tone, ‘O my dear mistress, Dulcinea del Toboso! thou perfection of beauty, scope and sum total of discretion, cabinet of good humour, depository of virtue, and lastly, the idea of all that is useful, chaste, and delectable in this life! in what art thou at present employed? Art thou reflecting upon thy captive knight, who voluntarily subjects himself to such dangers, with the sole view of serving thee? Give me some information of my love, thou three-faced luminary! who now, perhaps, with envious eyes, beholdest her walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over some balcony, revolving in her mind, how, without impairing the delicacy of her honour, she may assuage the torments that this heart endures on her account; how she may crown my sufferings with glory; my care with comfort; in fine, my death with new life, and my service with reward; and thou sun, who by this time must be busy in harnessing thy steeds to light the world, and enjoy the sight of her who is the sovereign of my soul, I entreat thee to salute her in my behalf; but, in thy salutation, beware of touching her amiable countenance, else I shall be more jealous of thee than ever thou wast of that nimble ingrate, who made thee sweat so much along the plains of Thessaly, or banks of Peneus, for I do not remember through which thou ran’st, so jealous and enamoured.’

* In the original *demi-donzellas*, equivalent to the modern term, *dominoes*.

So far had the knight proceeded in this piteous exclamation, when the inn-keeper's daughter whispered softly, 'Sir knight, will your worship be pleased to come this way?' Hearing this invitation, he lifted up his eyes, and by the light of the moon, which was then in full splendour, perceived them beckon to him from the straw-hole, which he mistook for a window adorned with gilded bars, suitable to the grandeur of such a magnificent castle as the inn appeared; then his crazy imagination instantly suggested, as before, that the beauteous damsel, daughter of the constable, being captivated by his person, intended again to solicit his love. On this supposition, that he might not seem discourteous or ungrateful, he turned Rozinante, and riding up to the hole, no sooner perceived the two lasses, than he said, 'I am extremely concerned, most beautiful lady, that you have fixed your amorous inclinations where it is impossible they should meet with that return which is due to your rank and qualifications; but you ought not to impute your disappointment to any fault in me, whom love hath rendered incapable of yielding my heart to any other but her, who at first sight took absolute possession of my soul. Pardon my refusal, honoured Madam: and retire to your apartment, without seeking to explain your sentiments more fully, that I may not appear insensible or ungrateful; and if your love can find in me the power of giving you any other sort of satisfaction, you may freely command my service; for I swear by that absent and amiable enemy of mine, to gratify your wish immediately; even if you should desire to have a lock of Medusa's hair, which was altogether composed of snakes, or the rays of the sun condensed in a phial.'

'Sir knight,' answered Maritornes, 'my lady has no occasion for either of these things.'—'What then is your lady's pleasure, discreet duenna?' resumed the knight. 'Only the favour of one of your beautiful hands,' replied Maritornes, 'with which she may, in some measure, indulge the longing desire that brought her

her to the straw-hole, so much to the danger of her reputation, that if she should be detected by her father, the first slice of his indignation would cost her an ear at least.—‘I would fain see him take that liberty,’ said Don Quixote; ‘but he will take care to refrain from any such acts of barbarity, unless he has a mind I should bring him to the most calamitous exit that ever happened to a father, for having laid violent hands upon the delicate members of his enamoured daughter.’

Maritornes concluding that he would certainly grant the request, and having already determined on what she was to do, ran down to the stable, and laid hold of the halter belonging to Sancho’s ass, with which she instantly returned, just when Don Quixote had made shift to set his feet on the saddle that he might reach the gilded window, at which he imagined the wounded damsel was standing: presenting therefore his hand, ‘Receive, Madam,’ said he, ‘that hand, or rather that chastiter of all evil-doers: receive, I say, that hand, which was never touched by any other woman, not even by her who is in possession of my whole body. I do not present it to be kissed; but that you may contemplate the con-texture of its nerves, the knittings of the muscles, the large and swelling veins, from whence you may conjecture what strength must reside in the arm to which it belongs.’—‘That we shall see presently,’ said Maritornes; who, having made a running knot on the halter, fixed it upon his wrist, and descending from the hole, made fast the other end to the bolt of the hay-loft door. The knight feeling the roughness of this bracelet, said, ‘Your ladyship seems to rasp rather than to clasp my hand; do not treat it so cruelly; for it is not to blame for what you suffer from my inclination; nor is it just that such a small part should bear the whole brunt of your indignation; consider, that one who is such a friend to love, ought not to be so attached to revenge.’

All these expostulations of Don Quixote were uttered in vain; for as soon as Maritornes had tied him up, she and her companion, ready to expire with laughter, left him

him fastened in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to get loose: thus, while he stood on Rozinante's back, with his whole arm thrust up into the straw-hole, and fast tied to the bolt of the door, he was in the utmost apprehension and dread, that if his horse should make the least motion to either side, he must lose his support, and the weight of his whole body hang by one arm, so that he durst not venture to stir; though he might have expected, from the patience and peaceful disposition of Rozinante, that he would stand motionless for a whole century. In short, finding himself thus tucked up, and the ladies vanished, he imagined that the whole had been effected by the power of enchantment, which he had experienced once before in that same castle, when he was belaboured by the enchanted Moor of a carrier; and cursed, within himself, his want of conduct and discretion, in entering a second time that fortress in which he had fared so ill at first; it being a maxim among knights-errant, that when they prove an adventure without success, they conclude it is reserved for another, and therefore think it unnecessary to make a second trial. Nevertheless, he pulled with intention to disengage his arm, but he was so well secured, that all his efforts were ineffectual: true, it is, he pulled with caution, that Rozinante might not be disturbed; and though he had a longing desire of sitting down upon the saddle again, he found that he must either continue in his present upright posture, or part with his hand: then he began to wish for the sword of Amadis, against which no enchantment could prevail; then cursed his fortune; then exaggerated the loss which the world would sustain, while he remained enchanted, as he firmly believed himself to be; then he reflected anew upon his beloved Dulcinea del Taboso; then he called to his trusty squire Sancho Panza, who, stretched upon the pannel of the ass, and buried in sleep, at that instant, retained no remembrance of the mother that bore him; then he implored the assistance of the two pages, Lirgando and Alquife; then he invoked his good

friend Urganda, for succour in his distress; and, in fine, the morning found him in that situation, so distracted and perplexed, that he roared aloud like a bull, without expecting that the day would put an end to this disaster, which he thought would be eternal, believing himself actually enchanted: and this opinion was confirmed, by his seeing that Rozinante scarce offered to stir; for he was persuaded, that in this manner, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, he and his horse would continue until the evil influence of the stars should pass over, or some other sage of superior skill disengage them from their enchantment.

But for once he was mistaken in his calculation; for day had scarce began to draw, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, well mounted, and accoutred with carbines hanging at their saddle-bows: the knight perceiving from the place, where, in spite of his misfortune, he still kept guard, that they thundered for entrance at the gate, which was still shut, called in an arrogant and haughty tone, ‘Knights or squires, or whosoever you are, you have no business to make such a noise at the gate of this castle; for it is very plain, that either the people within are asleep, or unaccustomed, at these hours, to open the fortress, which you cannot enter before the sun rise. Retire, therefore, and wait until the day be farther advanced, and then we shall see whether or not you have any title to be admitted.’

‘What the devil sort of a fortress or castle is this, that we must observe such ceremony!’ said one of the company: ‘if you are the innkeeper, order somebody to open the door; we are all travellers, and only want to bait, that we may forthwith proceed on our journey, for we are in haste.’—‘Gentlemen,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘do you think I resemble an innkeeper?’—‘I don’t know what you resemble,’ answered the other; ‘but this I know, that you talk nonsense in calling this inn a castle.’—‘A castle it is,’ cried the knight, ‘and one of the best in this province; nay, at this very instant it contains those who have wore crowns on their heads
and

and wielded sceptres in their hands.' 'Or rather the reverse,' said the traveller; 'that is, the sceptre on the head, and crown in the hand:* but perhaps there may be within some company of strollers, who frequently wear these crowns and sceptres you mention; for otherwise, in such a sorry inn, without any sort of noise or stir, I cannot believe that any persons of such note would lodge.'—'You know little of the world,' replied Don Quixote, 'since you are so ignorant of the events that happen in knight-errantry.'

The other horsemen being tired with this dialogue that passed between the knight and their companion, began again to knock and ball with such vociferation, that the landlord and all the persons in the inn waking, rose to see who called so furiously: about this time one of the horses belonging to the travellers drew near, and smelled at Rozinante, who, sad and melancholy, with his ears hanging down, stood supporting his outstretched master without stirring; but at length, being made of flesh, though he seemed to have been carved out of a block, he was sensible of the civility, and turned about to repay the compliment to the courteous stranger; and scarce had he moved one step, when both his master's feet slipping from the saddle, he would have tumbled to the ground, had he not hung by his arm, which endured such torture in the shock, that he verily believed it was cut off by the wrist, or torn away by the shoulder. He was suspended so low, that the tops of his toes almost touched the ground; a circumstance that increased his calamity: for feeling how little he wanted of being firmly sustained, he stretched and fatigued himself with endeavouring to set his feet upon the ground; like those wretches, who, in undergoing the strappado, being hoisted up a very little space, increase their own torment by their eager efforts to lengthen their bodies, misled by the vain hope of reaching the ground.

E 2

CHAP.

* Alluding to the delinquents, who were branded and marked with these figures.

C H A P. XVII.

A Continuation of the surprizing Events that happened in the Inn.

DON Quixote actually made such a hideous outcry, that the innkeeper opened the door, and ran out to see what was the matter; while the strangers that remained without were no less astonished at his bellowing. Maritornes being also waked by the same noise, conjectured what might be the case, and going straight to the hayloft, without being perceived, untied the halter that sustained him, so that the knight came to the ground in sight of the landlord and strangers, who running up, asked what was the matter with him, and wherefore he cried so violently? Without answering one word, he loosed the tether from his wrist, and rising up, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and making a pretty large circuit in the field, returned at a half gallop, pronouncing with great emphasis, ‘If any person whatever sayeth that I have justly suffered enchantment, I here, with the permission of my Lady Princess Micomicona, give him the lye, challenge and defy him to single combat.’

The travellers were amazed at his words; but their astonishment abated when the innkeeper told them who Don Quixote was, observing, that they ought not to mind what he did, because he was disordered in his brain: they then asked if he had seen a youth about fifteen years of age, dressed like a young muleteer, with such and such marks, giving an exact description of Donna Clara’s lover. The landlord answered, there were so many people in his house, that he could not possibly distinguish the person for whom they enquired; but one of them perceiving the judge’s coach, ‘He must certainly be here,’ said he; ‘for this is the coach which they say he followed: let one of us stay at the door, and the rest go in to search for him; it will also be proper that one go round the whole house, to prevent his escaping over the yard wall.’ This plan being agreed upon

upon, two of them entered the inn, another remained at the door, and the fourth rode round the house to reconnoitre; while the landlord observing every thing that passed, could not conceive the meaning of all this care and diligence, although he believed they were in search of the youth they had described. By this time it was clear day-light, and upon that account, as well as in consequence of Don Quixote's roaring, all the company were awake, and got up, especially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had slept very little that night; the first being disturbed and alarmed by reflecting that her lover was so near, and the other kept awake by the desire of seeing this pretended muleteer.

Don Quixote seeing that none of the travellers took the least notice of him, or made any answer to his defiance, was transported with rage and vexation; and if he could have recollected any law of chivalry, authorizing a knight-errant to undertake another enterprize while he was under promise and oath to abstain from any adventure until that in which he was engaged was already atchieved, he would have assaulted them all together, and forced them to reply, contrary to their inclination: but thinking it was neither expedient nor just to begin a new enterprize until he had re-established the princess Micomicona on her throne, he chose to be silent, waiting to see the effects of that diligence practised by the new comers, one of whom found the youth they came in quest of sleeping by the side of a muleteer, and little dreaming that any body was in search of him, much less that he was in any danger of being discovered. The man, however, shook him by the arm, saying, 'Truly, Signior Don Lewis, this is a very suitable dress for one of your quality, and the bed in which you now lie extremely well adapted to the tenderness and delicacy in which your mother brought you up.'

The youth rubbed his sleepy eyes, and looking steadfastly at the person who held him by the arm, no sooner perceived that he was one of his father's servants, than he was so much surprized and confounded, that for a

good while he could not speak one word ; while the domestic proceeded, saying, ‘ At present, Don Lewis, there is nothing else to be done but to exert your patience, and return home, if you are not resolved that your father and my lady shall visit the other world ; for nothing else can be expected from their anxiety at your absence.’—‘ How did my father get notice that I travelled this road, and in this habit ? said Don Lewis. ‘ A student,’ replied the servant, ‘ to whom you imparted your intention, was so much moved by the sorrow that took possession of your parents the moment you was missed, that he disclosed your scheme to your father, who instantly dispatched four of his domestics in search of you ; and we are all here, at your service, infinitely rejoiced that we have an opportunity of returning speedily, and carrying you back to the longing eyes of those by whom you are so much beloved.’—That may depend upon my own will, and the appointment of Heaven,’ said the young nobleman. ‘ What should you will, or Heaven ordain, but your immediate return, which indeed you cannot possibly avoid ?’

All this conversation was overheard by the muleteer with whom Don Lewis lay, who got up immediately, and going to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the ladies, who were already dressed, told them how the man called his fellow-servant, Don, and communicated every thing that passed between them concerning the domestic’s proposal of conducting him home again, and the youth’s refusal to comply with his desire. This information, together with the knowledge of that sweet voice with which Heaven had endowed him, excited in all the company a desire of knowing more particularly who he was, and even of assisting him, should they offer any violence to his inclination : for this purpose, therefore, they repaired to the place where he still stood talking and disputing with his father’s servant. At the same time, Dorothea coming out of her apartment, followed by Donna Clara, in the utmost confusion called Cardenio aside, and briefly related to him the story of the musician

cian and the judge's daughter; and he in his turn informed her of what passed on the arrival of his father's servants. This he spoke not so softly but that he was overheard by Clara, who was so much affected at the news, that if Dorothea had not supported her she would have fallen to the ground; but Cardenio desired them to retire into their apartment, saying, he would endeavour to set every thing to rights; and they accordingly followed his advice. Meanwhile, the four persons who had come in quest of Don Lewis stood round him in the inn, persuading him to return without loss of time, and console his melancholy father; but he assured them he could by no means comply with their request until he had finished an affair upon which his honour, life, and soul, depended. Then the domestics began to be more urgent, protesting they would in no shape return without him; and declaring that if he would not go willingly, they would be obliged to carry him off by force. 'That you shall never do,' replied Don Lewis, 'unless you carry me off dead: and indeed you may as well kill me, as carry me off in any shape.'

Most of the people in the house were now gathered together to hear the dispute, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companion, the judge, curate, barber, and Don Quixote, who thought it was no longer necessary to guard the castle. Cardenio being already acquainted with the young man's story, asked what reason the domestics had to carry off the youth contrary to his own inclination. 'Our motive,' replied one of the four, 'is to retrieve his father's life, which is in danger of being lost on account of this young gentleman's absence.' To this declaration Don Lewis answered, 'There is no reason why I should here give an account of my affairs; I am free, and will return if I please; otherwise none of you shall compel me into your measures.'—'Your honour will, I hope, hear reason,' said the servant; 'or if you should not, it will be enough for us to execute our errand, as we are in duty bound.'

Here

Here the judge desiring to know the whole affair from the bottom, the man having lived in the same neighbourhood, knew him, and replied, 'My Lord Judge, don't you know that young gentleman is your neighbour's son, who hath absented himself from his father's house, in a dress altogether unbecoming his quality, as your lordship may perceive?' Then the judge looking at him more attentively, recollected his features, and embracing him said, 'What a frolic is this, Don Lewis? or what powerful cause hath induced you to come hither in a garb so ill suited to your rank and fortune?' The tears gushing into the young man's eyes, he could not answer one word to the judge, who desired the four domestics to make themselves easy, for all would be well; then taking Don Lewis by the hand, he led him aside, and asked again the cause of his coming in that manner.

While he was employed in this and other questions, they heard a great noise at the inn door, occasioned by two men who had lodged all night in the house, and who seeing every body intent upon knowing the business of the four last comers, resolved to march off without paying their reckoning; but the innkeeper, who minded his own affairs more than those of any other person, stopped them on the threshold, demanded his money, and upbraided them with their evil intention, with such abusive language, as provoked them to answer by dint of fists, which they began to employ so dexterously, that the poor landlord found himself under the necessity of calling aloud for assistance. His wife and daughter seeing nobody so idle, consequently so proper for the purpose, as Don Quixote, the damsel addressed him in these words: 'Sir knight, I beseech your worship, by the valour which God hath given you, to go to the assistance of my poor father, whom two wicked men are now beating to a jelly.' To this request the knight replied, with great leisure, and infinite phlegm, 'Beautiful young lady, I cannot at present grant your petition, being restricted from intermeddling with any other adventure, until I shall have accomplished one in which my

my honour is already engaged; all that I can do for your service is this, run and desire your father to maintain the combat as well as he can, and by no means allow himself to be overcome, until I go and ask permission of the princess Micomicona, to succour him in his distress; and if I obtain it, be assured that I will rescue him from all danger.'—'Sinner that I am!' cried Maritornes, who was then present, before your worship can obtain that permission, my master will be in the other world.'—'Allow me, Madam,' answered Don Quixote, 'to go and solicit the licence I mention, which, if I obtain, I shall not make much account of his being in the other world, from whence I will retrieve him, though all its inhabitants should combine to oppose me; at least I shall take such vengeance on those who have sent him thither, as will give you full and ample satisfaction.'

So saying, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, begging, in the manner and stile of knight-errantry, that her highness would be pleased to give him permission to run and assist the constable of the castle, who was at that time involved in a very grievous disaster. The princess having very graciously granted his request, he braced on his target, unsheathed his sword, and ran to the gate, where the two guests still continued pummelling the landlord; but as soon as he beheld them, he stopped short, as if suddenly surprized; and when Maritornes and her mistress asked him what hindered him from giving assistance to their master and her husband, 'I am hindered,' answered the knight, 'by a law, which will not permit me to use my sword against plebeians; but I will call hither my squire Sancho, for to him it belongs, and is peculiar, to engage in such vengeance and defence.'

This transaction happened on the very field of battle, while kicks and cuffs were dealt with infinite dexterity, to the no small prejudice of the innkeeper's carcase, and the rage of his wife, daughter, and Maritornes, who were half distracted at seeing the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the distress of their lord and master. But let

let us here leave him awhile, for he shall not want one to assist him; or else, let him suffer with patience, and hold his tongue as becomes those who rashly undertake adventures which they have not strength to achieve; and let us retreat backwards, about fifty yards, to see what answer Don Lewis made to the judge, whom we left enquiring the cause of his travelling on foot in such a mean habit. The youth, squeezing both his hands with great eagerness, in token of the excessive grief that wrung his heart, and shedding a flood of tears, replied to this question, 'Dear Sir, I can give you no other reason, but that from the first moment that fortune made us neighbours, and Heaven ordained that I should see Donna Clara, your daughter and my delight, I, that instant, made her mistress of my heart; and if your inclination, my real lord and father, does not oppose my happiness, this very day she shall be my lawful wife; for her I forsook my father's house, and disguised myself in this manner, with a resolution to follow whithersoever she should go, directing my views towards her, like the arrow to its mark, and the needle to the pole; though she knows no more of my passion than what she may have understood from the tears which, at a distance, she hath often seen me shed. You yourself, my lord, know the rank and fortune of my father, whose sole heir I am. If you think that a motive sufficient for venturing to make me perfectly happy, receive me immediately as your son; and though my father, prompted perhaps by other views, should be disobliged at the blessing which I have chosen for myself, it is in the power of time to work greater changes and alterations than human prudence can foresee.'

Here the enamoured youth left off speaking, and the judge remained in the utmost suspense; not only admiring the discretion with which Don Lewis had disclosed his passion, but also finding himself perplexed about the resolution he was to take, in such a sudden and unexpected affair. He therefore made no other reply for the present, but to desire he would make himself easy, and
detain

2 JY 58

COOK'S EDITION



DON
QUIXOTE.
The Barber recognizes
Sancho, and the Pannel

White Volume III page 31.

Drawn by R. de Meuld.

Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row: June 4. 1798.

Engraved by C. Martin.

deta
time
take
kille
tear
ble,
of p
of fi
coul
your
fions
By
keep
argu
had
serva
advic
the d
the b
ber fi
helme
afs, v
vidua
Sanch
to the
the iq
caugh
all the
San
ing th
hand
bestow
bathed
would
the cor
whole
tion, c
robber
cover

detain his servants a day longer, that he might have time to consider what steps it would be most proper to take for the satisfaction of all concerned. Don Lewis kissed his hands by force, and even bathed them with his tears; a circumstance sufficient to melt a heart of marble, much more that of the judge, who, being a man of prudence, had already conceived all the advantages of such a match for his daughter; though he wished it could be effected, if possible, with the consent of the young man's father, who, he knew, had some pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time peace was re-established between the inn-keeper and his two lodgers, who being persuaded by the arguments and exhortations, more than by his threats, had paid their reckoning to the last farthing; and the servants of Don Lewis waited the result of the judge's advice, together with their master's resolution; when the devil, who is ever watchful, so ordered matters that the barber should just then enter the inn, that very barber from whom Don Quixote had retrieved Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza taken the furniture of his ass, which he had exchanged for his own. This individual shaver, as he led his beast to the stable, perceived Sancho employed in mending something that belonged to the pannel, and knowing him at first sight, assaulted the squire in a trice, crying, 'Ha! Don thief, I have caught you at last. Restore my basin and pannel, with all the furniture you have stole from me.'

Sancho seeing himself so suddenly attacked, and hearing the reproachful language of his antagonist, with one hand laid fast hold on the pannel, and with the other bestowed upon the barber such a slap in the face, as bathed his whole jaws in blood. But for all that, he would not quit the pannel which he had also seized; on the contrary, he raised his voice so high as to alarm the whole company, and bring them to the scene of contention, crying, 'Justice! help in the king's name! this robber wants to murder me, because I endeavour to recover my own property.'—'You lye,' answered the squire,

COOK'S EDITION



DON
QUIXOTE.
The Barber recognizes
Sancho, and the Pannel.

Vide Volume III page 54.

Drawn by R. G. Gould

Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, June 1. 1780.

Engraved by C. Smith

detail
time
take
kill
tears
ble,
of pr
of fu
could
youn
fions
By
keepe
argu
had
ferva
advic
the d
the b
ber f
helm
als,
valu
Sanc
to th
the i
cang
all th
Sa
ing t
hand
bello
bath
woul
the c
whol
fion,
rubb
cover

detain his servants a day longer, that he might have time to consider what steps it would be most proper to take for the satisfaction of all concerned. Don Lewis kissed his hands by force, and even bathed them with his tears; a circumstance sufficient to melt a heart of marble, much more that of the judge, who, being a man of prudence, had already conceived all the advantages of such a match for his daughter; though he wished it could be effected, if possible, with the consent of the young man's father, who, he knew, had some pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time peace was re-established between the inn-keeper and his two lodgers, who being persuaded by the arguments and exhortations, more than by his threats, had paid their reckoning to the last farthing; and the servants of Don Lewis waited the result of the judge's advice, together with their master's resolution; when the devil, who is ever watchful, so ordered matters that the barber should just then enter the inn, that very barber from whom Don Quixote had retrieved Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza taken the furniture of his ass, which he had exchanged for his own. This individual, as he led his beast to the stable, perceived Sancho employed in mending something that belonged to the pannel, and knowing him at first sight, assaulted the squire in a trice, crying, 'Ha! Don thief, I have caught you at last. Restore my basin and pannel, with all the furniture you have stole from me.'

Sancho seeing himself so suddenly attacked, and hearing the reproachful language of his antagonist, with one hand laid fast hold on the pannel, and with the other bestowed upon the barber such a slap in the face, as bathed his whole jaws in blood. But for all that, he would not quit the pannel which he had also seized; on the contrary, he raised his voice so high as to alarm the whole company, and bring them to the scene of contention, crying, 'Justice! help in the king's name! this robber wants to murder me, because I endeavour to recover my own property.'—'You lye,' answered the squire,

squire, 'I am no robber; my Lord Don Quixote won these spoils fairly in battle.' The knight coming up along with the rest, beheld with infinite satisfaction his squire so alert in offending and defending, and looking upon him from thenceforward as a man of valour, resolved in his heart, to have him dubbed with the first opportunity, confident that on him the order of knighthood would be very well bestowed. Among other things alledged by the barber in the course of the fray, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'that pannel belongs as much to me as my soul belongs to God; for I know it as well as if it had been produced by my own body; and though I had all the mind in the world, my ass, which is now in the stable, would not suffer me to tell a falsehood; since you will not take my word, pray go and try it upon his back, and if it does not fit him to a hair, I shall give you leave to call me the greatest liar upon earth. Besides, the very same day on which they took my pannel, they also robbed me of a new brass bason, never handled, which cost me a good crown.'

Don Quixote hearing this, could contain himself no longer, but interposed between the combatants, whom he parted, and depositing the pannel on the ground, to be publicly viewed until the truth should appear, addressed himself thus to the spectators: 'Gentlemen, you may now clearly and manifestly perceive how this honest squire errs in his judgment, by calling that a bason, which was, is, and shall be, Mambrino's helmet; a piece of armour which I won in fair and open battle, and now possess by the just laws of conquest. With regard to the pannel, I will not intermeddle; all that I can say of the matter is, that my squire Sancho having asked permission to take the trappings of that coward's horse, and adorn his own with them, I gave him leave, and he took them accordingly; though I can give no other reason for their being now converted into a pannel, but that such transformations frequently happen in the events of chivalry: yet, as a confirmation of what I

say, run, friend Sancho, and bring hither the helmet, which this honest man calls a bason.'

'Fore God!' answered Sancho, 'if your worship has no better proof of our honourable doings than what you mention, Mambrino's helmet will turn out a bason, as certainly as this honest man's trappings are transmographed into a pannel.' 'Do what I order,' replied the knight; 'sure I am every thing in this castle cannot be conducted by enchantment.' Sancho went accordingly, and fetched this bason, or helmet of Mambrino, as his master called it, which Don Quixote taking in his hand, said, 'behold, gentlemen, with what face this plebeian can affirm that this is a bason, and not the helmet I have mentioned: now, I swear by the order of knighthood I profess, that this is the individual helmet which I took from him, without the least addition or diminution.' 'Without all manner of doubt,' said Sancho; 'for since my master won it, to this good hour, he hath used it but in one battle, when he delivered those mischievous galley-slaves; and if it had not been for that same bason-helmet, he could not have come off so well: for there was a deadly shower of stones rained upon his pate in that storm.'

CHAP. XVIII.

The Decision of the Doubts concerning Mambrino's Helmet and the Pannel; with a full and true Account of many other Adventures.

"GENTLEMEN," said the barber, 'pray favour me with your opinion concerning what is affirmed by these gentlefolks, who so obstinately maintain that this is not a bason, but a helmet!' 'And if any one affirms to the contrary,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will make him sensible that he lies, if he be a knight; and if a plebeian, that he lies a thousand times.' His own townsman, who was present all the while, being well acquainted with the knight's humour, resolved to encourage him in his extravagance, and carry on the joke for the diversion of the company; with this view

he addressed himself to the other shaver, saying, 'Mr. Barber, or whosoever you are, you must know that I am of the same profession; I have had a certificate of my examination these twenty years; and know very well all the instruments of the art, without excepting one. I was, moreover, a soldier in my youth, consequently can distinguish an helmet, a morrion, and a calque with its beaver, together with every thing relating to military affairs; I mean the different kinds of armour wore by soldiers in the field: I say, under correction, and still with submission to better judgment, that the object now in dispute, which that worthy gentleman holds in his hand, is not only no barber's bason, but also, as far from being one as black is from white, or falshood from truth. I likewise aver, that though it is an helmet, it is not entire.' 'You are certainly in the right,' said Don Quixote, 'for it wants one half, which is the beaver.'

The curate, who by this time understood the intention of his friend, seconded his asseveration, which was also confirmed by Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions; and the judge himself would have bore a part in the jest, had he not been engrossed by the affair of Don Lewis; but that earnest business kept him in such perplexity of thought, that he could give little or no attention to the joke that was going forward.

'Good God!' cried the barber, with amazement, 'is it possible that so many honourable persons should pronounce this bason to be a helmet! an assertion sufficient to astonish a whole university, let it be never so learned. Well, if that bason be an helmet, I suppose the pannel must be a horse's trappings too, as this gentleman says.' 'To me it seems a pannel,' replied the knight; 'but, as I have already observed, I will not pretend to decide whether it be the pannel of an ass, or the furniture of a steed.' 'Don Quixote has no more to do but speak his opinion,' said the curate; 'for in affairs of chivalry, all these gentlemen, myself, and even the ladies, yield to his superior understanding.'

'By

‘By Heaven! gentlemen,’ cried the knight, ‘so many strange accidents have happened to me, twice that I have lodged in this castle, that I will not venture positively to affirm the truth of any thing that may be asked relating to it; for I imagine that every thing in this place is conducted by the power of enchantment. The first time I passed the night in this place, I was harrassed extremely by an enchanted Moor that resides in the castle, while Sancho was almost as roughly handled by some of his attendants; and this very night I was suspended by one arm for the space of two hours, without knowing how or wherefore I incurred that misfortune. For me, therefore, to give my opinion in a case of such perplexity, would be a rash decision: with regard to the helmet, which they say is a bason, I have already expressed my sentiments; but dare not give a definitive sentence, by declaring whether that be a pannel or a horse’s furniture; that I leave to the judgment of the good company, who not being knights, as I am, perhaps are not subjected to the enchantments of this place; but, enjoying their faculties clear and undisturbed, can judge of these things as they really and truly are, not as they appear to my imagination.’—

‘Doubtless,’ replied Don Fernando, ‘Signior Don Quixote manifests his own prudence, in observing that to us belongs the determination of this affair, which, that it may be the better founded, I will in private take the opinions of this good company one by one, and then openly declare the full result of my enquiry.’

To those who are acquainted with the knight’s humour, this proposal afforded matter of infinite diversion; but the rest being ignorant of the joke, looked upon it as a piece of downright madness: this was particularly the opinion of the domestics belonging to Don Lewis, which was even espoused by himself and three travellers just arrived, who seemed to be troopers of the holy brotherhood, as indeed they were; but he that almost ran distracted was the barber, whose bason was, even in his own sight, transformed into Mambrino’s helmet,

while he expected every moment that his pannel would be certainly declared the rich trappings and furniture of a horse. Every body laughed to see Don Fernando going about with great gravity collecting opinions in whispers, that each might privately declare whether that jewel, about which there had been such obstinate disputes, was the pannel of an ass, or the furniture of a steed. Having received the answers of all those who knew Don Quixote, he pronounced aloud, 'Truly, honest friend, I am quite tired with asking so many opinions: for every one to whom I put the question, affirms it is downright distraction to call this a pannel, which is certainly the furniture of a horse, and that too of an excellent breed. Therefore, you must e'en have patience: for, in spite of you, and the testimony of your ass to boot, an horse's furniture it must remain, as you have failed so egregiously in the proof of what you allege.' 'May I never taste the joys of Heaven!' cried the transported barber, 'if you are not all deceived; and so may my soul appear before God, as this appears to me, a mere pannel, and not the furniture of an horse! but thus might overcome*—I say no more; neither am I drunk, being fresh and fasting from every thing but sin.'

The company laughed as heartily at the simplicity of the barber as the extravagance of the knight, who, upon this decision, said, 'Nothing now remains, but that every one should take his own again; and may St. Peter bless what God bestows.'† One of the four servants belonging to Don Lewis now interposed, saying, 'If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot persuade myself that people of sound understanding, such as all this company are or seem to be, should venture to say and affirm that this is no bason, nor that a pannel; yet seeing this is both said and affirmed, I conceive there must be some mystery in thus insisting upon a thing so
contrary

* The original would be more literally translated, by saying, 'The law's measure is the king's pleasure.'

† A bridal benediction.

contrary to truth and experience; for, by God! (an oath he swore with great emphasis,) 'all the people on earth shall never make me believe that this is not a barber's bason, or that not the pannel of an he-ass.'— 'Why not of a she-ass?' said the curate. 'That distinction makes no difference,' said the servant; 'nor has it any concern with the dispute, which is occasioned by your saying that it is not a pannel at all.'

At the same time, one of the troopers, who had entered, and been witness to the quarrel and question, could no longer contain his choler and displeasure at what he heard; and therefore said, in a furious tone, 'If that is not a pannel, my father never begat me; and he that says, or shall say, the contrary, must be drunk.' 'You lie, like an infamous scoundrel!' replied Don Quixote; who, lifting up his lance, which he still kept in his hand, aimed such a stroke at the trooper's skull, that if he had not been very expeditious in shifting it, he would have been stretched at full length upon the ground, on which the weapon was shivered to pieces: the rest of the troop, seeing their companion so roughly handled, raised their voices, crying for help to the holy brotherhood: the innkeeper being of that fraternity, ran in for his tipstaff and sword, and espoused the cause of his brethren; the domestics surrounded Don Lewis, that he might not escape in the scuffle; the barber, seeing the house turned topsy-turvey, laid hold again of the pannel, which was at the same time seized by Sancho; Don Quixote attacked the troopers sword-in hand; Don Lewis called to his servants to leave him, and go to the assistance of Cardenio and Don Fernando, who had ranged themselves on the side of Don Quixote; the curate exhorted, the landlady screamed, the daughter wept, Maritornes blubbered, Dorothea was confounded, Lucinda perplexed, and Donna Clara fainted away. The barber pummeled Sancho, who returned the compliment; one of the servants presuming to seize Don Lewis by the arm, that he might not run away, the young gentleman gave him such a slap in the face as

bathed all his teeth in blood; the judge exerted himself in his defence. Don Fernando having brought one of the troopers to the ground, kicked his whole carcase to his heart's content: the landlord raised his voice again, roaring for help to the holy brotherhood: so that the whole inn was a scene of lamentation, cries, shrieks, confusion, dread, dismay, disaster, back strokes, cudgelling, kicks, cuffs, and effusion of blood. In the midst of this labyrinth, chaos, and composition of mischief, Don Quixote's imagination suggested that he was all of a sudden involved in the confusion of Agramonte's camp, and therefore pronounced with a voice that made the whole inn resound, 'Let every man forbear, put up his sword, be quiet and listen, unless he be weary of his life.'

On hearing this exclamation, all the combatants paused, while he proceeded thus: 'Did not I tell you, gentlemen, that this castle was enchanted, and doubtless inhabited by a whole legion of devils? as a proof of which, you may now perceive with your own eyes how the discord and mutiny in Agramonte's camp is translated hither: behold, in one place, we fight for a sword; in another, for a horse; in a third, for an eagle; and in a fourth, for a helmet; in short, we are all by the ears together, for we know not what. Advance, therefore, my lord judge, and Mr. Curate, and in the persons of Agramonte and king Sobrino, re-establish peace among us; for, by Almighty God! it were wicked and absurd, that persons of our importance should be slain in such a frivolous cause.'

The troopers, who did not understand the knight's stile, and found themselves very severely treated by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified; but it was otherwise with the barber, who, in the scuffle, had lost both his pannel and beard: Sancho, who, like a faithful servant, minded the least hint of his master, willingly obeyed, and the servants of Don Lewis were fain to be quiet, seeing how little they had got by concerning themselves in the fray; the inn-keeper

keeper alone insisted upon their chastising the insolence of that madman, who was every moment throwing the whole house into confusion; at length the disturbance was appeased, the pannel remained as a horie's furniture till the day of judgment, the bason as a helmet, and the inn as a castle, in Don Quixote's imagination.

Every thing being thus amicably composed by the persuasion of the judge and priest, the servants of Don Lewis began again to press him with great obstinacy to set out with them for his father's house immediately; and while he expostulated with them, the judge consulted with Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, about what he should do on this occasion; imparting to them the declaration Don Lewis had made: at last it was agreed that Don Fernando should tell the servants who he was, and express a desire that Don Lewis should accompany him to Andalusia, where his brother the marquis should entertain him according to his rank and merit; for he well knew the young gentleman was fixed in the determination of being cut to pieces rather than return to his father at that time. The domestics being informed of Don Fernando's quality, and understanding the resolution of Don Lewis, determined amongst themselves that three of them should return, and give the father an account of what had happened, while the fourth should attend the young gentleman, until they should either come back for him, or know his father's pleasure.

In this manner was that accumulation of quarrels appeased by the authority of Agramonte and prudence of King Sobrino; but the enemy of concord and rival of peace being thus foiled and disappointed, and seeing how little fruit he had reaped from the labyrinth of confusion in which he had involved them, determined to try his hand once more, and revive discord and disturbance anew; and these were the means he practised for this purpose: the troopers, apprized of the quality of those with whom they had been engaged, were fain to be

be quiet, and retreat from the fray, concluding that whatever might happen they would have the worst of the battle; but one of them, who had been pummelled and kicked by Don Fernando, recollected that, among other warrants for apprehending delinquents, he had one against Don Quixote, issued by the holy brotherhood, on account of his having set the galley-slaves at liberty, as Sancho had very justly feared: this coming into his head, he was resolved to assure himself whether or not the knight's person agreed with the description, and pulling out of his bosom a bundle of parchment, he soon found what he sought, and beginning to spell with great deliberation (for he was by no means an expert reader) between every word he fixed his eyes upon the knight, whose physiognomy he compared with the marks specified in the warrant, and discovered beyond all doubt that he was the very person described; no sooner was he thus convinced, than putting up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left-hand, he with his right seized Don Quixote so fast by the collar that he could scarce fetch his breath, roaring aloud, 'Help, in the name of the holy brotherhood; and that you may see my demand is just, read that warrant for apprehending this highwayman.'

The curate, upon perusing the warrant, found what the trooper said was true, and that the description exactly agreed with the person of Don Quixote, who, seeing himself so unworthily treated by such a ragamuffin, was incensed to the highest degree, so that every bone in his body trembled with rage; and he made shift to fasten on the trooper's throat with both hands so violently, that if his companions had not come to his assistance, he would have quitted his life before the knight had quitted his hold. The innkeeper being obliged to succour his brethren, ran immediately to their assistance; his wife seeing her husband re-engaged in the quarrel, exalted her voice anew; Maritornes and the daughter squallied in concert, imploring Heaven and the bystanders for help; Sancho perceiving what passed, 'By
the

the Lord!' cried he, 'what my master says about the enchantments of this castle is certainly true; for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet within its walls.'

Don Fernando parted the knight and trooper, to their mutual satisfaction; unlocking their hands, which were fast clinched in the doublet-collar of the one, and the wind-pipe of the other; but for all that, they did not cease demanding their prisoner, and the assistance of the company, in binding and delivering him to their charge, agreeable to the service of the king, and the order of the holy brotherhood, in whose behalf they repeated their demand of favour and assistance, to secure that felon, robber, and thief. Don Quixote smiled at hearing these epithets, and with much composure replied, 'Come hither, ye vile and base-born race! do you call it the province of an highwayman to loose the chains of the captive, and set the prisoner free! to succour the miserable, raise the fallen, and relieve the distressed? Ah! infamous crew! whose low and grovelling understanding renders you unworthy that Heaven should reveal to you the worth that is contained in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your sin and ignorance, in neglecting to revere the very shadow, much more the substance, of any knight. Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers; ye robbers, licensed by the holy brotherhood; and tell me what ignorant wretch he was, who signed a warrant of caption against such a knight as me? Who did not know that we are exempted from all judicial authority, and that a knight's own sword is his law, he being privileged by his valour, and restricted only by his will and pleasure? Who was the blockhead, I say, who does not know, that no gentleman's charter contains so many rights and indulgencies as adhere to a knight-errant, the very day on which he is dubbed, and devotes himself to the painful exercise of arms? What knight-errant ever paid tax, toll, custom, duty, or excise? What taylor ever brought in a bill for making his cloaths? What governor ever made him pay for lodging in his castle?

What

What king did ever neglect to seat him at his own table? What damsel ever resisted his charms, or refused to submit herself entirely to his pleasure and will? And, in fine, what knight-errant ever was, is, or will be, whose single valour is not sufficient to annihilate four hundred troopers, should they presume to oppose him?’

C H A P. XIX.

In which is concluded the notable Adventure of the Troopers; with an Account of the surprizing Ferocity of our worthy Knight Don Quixote.

WHILE Don Quixote harangued in this manner, the curate was employed in persuading the troopers, that he was a man disordered in his judgment, as they might perceive both by his words and actions, and therefore they ought not to proceed any farther in the affair; for even if they should apprehend him, he would soon be dismissed as a person *non compos*. To this observation the man who had the warrant replied, that it was not his business to judge of Don Quixote's madness, but to obey the orders of his superiors; and that if he was apprehended once, they might discharge him three hundred times over, if they would. ‘For all that,’ said the priest, ‘you must not carry him off at present; nor do I believe he will suffer himself to be so treated.’

In short, the curate talked so effectually, and the knight himself acted such extravagancies, that the troopers must have been more mad than he, if they had not plainly perceived his defect; therefore they thought proper to be satisfied, and even performed the office of mediators betwixt the barber and Sancho Panza, who still maintained the fray with great animosity; for the troopers, as limbs of justice, brought the cause to an arbitration, and decided it in such a manner as left both parties, if not fully satisfied, at least in some sort content with the determination, which was, that the pannels should be exchanged, but the girths and halters remain as they were. With regard to Mambrino's hel-

met,

met, the curate, unperceived by Don Quixote, took the barber aside, and paid him eight rials for the bason, taking a receipt in full, that cleared the knight from any suspicion of fraud from thence forward, for ever, Amen.

These two quarrels, which were of the greatest importance of any that happened, being luckily composed, it remained that three of the servants belonging to Don Lewis should return, and the fourth accompany his master to the place whither Don Fernando intended to conduct him; and as good-luck and favourable fortune had already begun to quell the spirits of discord, and smooth all difficulties, in behalf of the lovers and heroes in the inn, they were resolved to proceed in such a laudable work, and bring every thing to a happy conclusion; for the domestics were satisfied with what Don Lewis proposed; a circumstance that gave such pleasure to Donna Clara, that every body who beheld her face might have discerned the joy of her soul. Zorayda, though she did not well understand the incidents she had seen, was sorrowful and gay by turns, according as she perceived the company affected, particularly her Spaniard, upon whom her eyes and heart were always fixed. The innkeeper, who took particular notice of the full satisfaction which the barber had received from the curate, demanded payment of Don Quixote of the reckoning, as well as for the damage he had done to the bags, and the loss of his wine; swearing that neither Rozinante nor Sancho's ass should stir from the stable, until he should be satisfied to the last farthing*. The curate pacified the landlord, and Don Fernando paid the bill, although the judge very frankly offered to take that upon himself. In this manner universal concord was restored; so that the inn no longer represented the disorder

* It were to be wished, for the honour of Spanish innkeepers, that Cervantes had caused mine host to restore Sancho's wallet, which he had detained on the day of the blanketting; as such restitution would have increased the general satisfaction.

disorder in Agramonte's camp, but rather the peace and quiet that reigned in the time of Octavius Cæsar ; and this blessing was generally ascribed to the laudable intention and great eloquence of the priest, together with the incomparable generosity of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote now finding himself freed and disentangled from so many broils in which both he and his squire had been involved, thought it high time to proceed on his journey, in order to finish that great adventure to which he had been summoned and chosen : he therefore, with determined purpose, went and fell upon his knees before Dorothea, who refusing to hear him in that posture, he rose in obedience to her will, and expressed himself in this manner : ' It is a common proverb, beauteous princess, that diligence is the mother of success ; and in many important causes, experience hath shewn that the assiduity of the solicitor hath brought a very doubtful suit to a very fortunate issue. But the truth of this maxim is no where more evinced than in war, where activity and dispatch anticipate the designs of the enemy, and obtain the victory before he has time to put himself in a posture of defence. This I observe, most high and excellent princess, because, in my opinion, our stay in this castle is unprofitable and prejudicial, as we may one day perceive, when it is too late ; for who knows but, by means of secret and artful spies, your enemy, the giant, may get notice that I am coming to destroy him ; and taking the opportunity of our delay, fortify himself in some impregnable castle, against which all my diligence, and the strength of my indefatigable arm, will not avail ? Wherefore, most noble princess, let us, as I have already observed, prevent his designs by our activity, and set out immediately, in the name of good fortune, which your highness shall not long sigh for, after I shall have come within sight of your adversary.'

Here the knight left off speaking, and with great composure expected the answer of the beautiful infant who,

who, with a most princely air, and in a stile perfectly well-suited to his address, replied in this manner: 'I thank you, Sir Knight, for the desire you express to assist me in my necessity, like a true knight, whose duty and province it is, to succour the fatherless and distressed; and Heaven grant that your desire and my expectation may be fulfilled, that you may see there are grateful women upon earth. With regard to my departure, let it be as speedy as you please: my will is altogether included in yours; dispose of me, therefore, according to your own pleasure; for she who hath once invested you with the charge and defence of her person, and solely depends upon your valour for being re-established on her throne, would act preposterously in seeking to contradict what your prudence shall ordain.'—'In the name of God, then,' cried Don Quixote, 'since a princess humbles herself thus before me, I will not let slip the opportunity of raising her up, and placing her upon the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart immediately; for the desire of seeing you restored, the length of the journey, and the common reflection, that "delays are dangerous," act as spurs upon my resolution; and since Heaven hath not created, nor hell ever seen, an object that could strike me with terror and consternation—Go, Sancho, saddle Rozinante, prepare the queen's palfrey, and get ready your own ass, while we take leave of the constable and these noble personages, and set forward on our journey, without loss of time.'

Here Sancho, who was present all the time, shook his head, saying, 'Ah, master, master! there are more tricks in town than you dream of; with submission to the honourable lappets be it spoken.'—'What tricks can there be either in town or city, that can redound to my discredit, rascal?' cried the knight. 'Nay, if your worship be in a passion,' replied the squire, 'I will keep my tongue within my teeth, and not mention a syllable of what, as a trusty squire and faithful servant, I am bound to reveal to my master.'—'Say

what thou wouldst,' answered Don Quixote, 'so thy words have no tendency to make me afraid; for, in being susceptible of fear, thou shewest the baseness of thy own character, as I, in being proof against all sorts of terror, preserve the dignity of mine.'—'As I am a sinner to God,' cried Sancho, 'that is not the case; but this I know for truth and positive certainty, that this lady, who calls herself queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother; for if she were what she pretends to be, she would not be nuzzling into a corner with one of this company, at every snatch of an opportunity.'

Dorothea's face was overspread with a blush at these words of Sancho; for, sooth to say, her husband Don Fernando had several times, as he thought unperceived, made free with her lips, as earnest of that reward his affection deserved; and in so doing, he was observed by Sancho, who thought that such condescension in her looked more like the behaviour of a courtesan than that of such a mighty princess; so that she neither could nor would answer one word to this charge, but suffered him to proceed in these words: 'This, dear master, I make bold to mention; because, if, after we have travelled the Lord knows how far, and passed many weary days and bitter nights, he that is taking his recreation in this inn should gather the fruit of all our labour; we need not be in such a perilous hurry to saddle Rozinante, prepare the palfrey, and get ready the ass; but had better remain in peace where we are; and, as the saying is, While we enjoy our meal, let every harlot mind her spinning-wheel.'

Gracious Heaven! what a torrent of indignation entered the breast of Don Quixote, when he heard these indecent expressions of his squire: such, I say, was the rage that took possession of his faculties, that, with a faltering voice and stammering tongue, while his eyes flashed lightning, he exclaimed, 'O villainous, inconsiderate, indecent and ignorant peasant! thou soul-mouthed, unmannerly, insolent, and malicious fellow!

derer! darest thou utter such language against these honourable ladies in my presence? darest thou entertain such disgraceful and audacious ideas in thy confused imagination? Get out of my sight, monster of nature, depository of lies, cupboard of deceit, granary of knavery, inventor of mischief, publisher of folly, and foe to that respect which is due to royalty; go, nor presume to see my face again, on pain of my highest displeasure!’ So saying, he pulled up his eyebrows, distended his cheeks, looked round him, and with his right foot stamped violently upon the floor, in consequence of the wrath that preyed upon his entrails.

Sancho was so shrunk and terrified at these words and furious gestures, that he would have been glad, if the earth had opened that instant under his feet and swallowed him up; and not knowing what else to do, he sneaked off from the presence of his incensed master: but the discreet Dorothea, who was so well acquainted with Don Quixote’s humour, in order to appease his indignation, accosted him thus: “Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, let not your wrath be kindled by the nonsense which your good squire hath uttered, for, perhaps, he might have had some sort of reason for what he said; and as from his good understanding and Christian conscience, he cannot be suspected of a design to bear false witness against any person whatever, it is to be supposed, and indeed I firmly believe, that every thing in this castle, as you, Sir Knight, have observed, being conducted by means of enchantment, Sancho, through that diabolical medium, must have seen what he affirms, so much to the prejudice of my honour and reputation.”—“I swear by Almighty God!” cried Don Quixote, “that your highness hath hit upon the true cause! and the eyes of that poor sinner, Sancho, have been fascinated by some delusive vision, of what could not possibly be real; for, unless he had been misled by enchantment, such is the innocence and simplicity of that miserable wretch, that I know he neither could nor would invent a slander

against any living soul.'—'That certainly is, and shall be the case,' said Don Fernando; 'for which reason, Signior Don Quixote ought to pardon and restore him to the bosom of his favour, *Sicut erat in principio*, before those illusions impaired his understanding.'

The knight promised to forgive him accordingly; upon which the curate went in quest of Sancho, who came in with great humility, and falling on his knees, begged leave to kiss his master's hand: this favour was granted by Don Quixote, who also gave him his benediction, saying, 'Thou wilt now, son Sancho, be convinced of the truth of what I have so often told thee, that all things in this castle are performed by the power of enchantment.'—'I believe so too,' replied the squire, 'except in the affair of the blanketting, which really happened in the ordinary course of things.'—'Thou must not imagine any such thing,' answered the knight; 'for had that been the case, I should have revenged thy cause at the time, and even now would do thee justice; but neither at that time nor now, could I, or can I find any persons to chastise as the cause of thy disaster.'

The company being desirous of knowing the affair of the blanket, the landlord gave a very minute detail of Sancho's capering, to the no small diversion of all present, except the squire himself, who would have been very much out of countenance, had not the knight assured him anew, that the whole was effected by enchantment; though the folly of Sancho never rose to such a pitch, but that he firmly believed, without the least of doubt or delusion, that his blanketting had been performed by persons of flesh and blood, and not by phantoms, or imaginary beings, according to the opinion and affirmation of his master.

Two days had this illustrious company already passed at the inn, from whence thinking it now high time to depart, they concerted matters in such a manner, as that, without putting Dorothea to the trouble of returning with Don Quixote to the place of his habitation,

in

in order to carry on the scheme concerning the restoration of Queen Micomicona, the curate and barber were enabled to execute their design of carrying him to his own house, where endeavours might be used for the cure of his disorder. In consequence of this plan, they agreed with the master of an ox waggon, who chanced to pass that way, for transporting the knight in the following manner: having made a sort of wooden cage, capacious enough to hold Don Quixote at his ease, Don Fernando, with his companions, the servants of Don Lewis, together with the troopers and innkeeper, by order and direction of the curate, covered their faces and disguised themselves, some in one shape, some in another, so as to appear, in Don Quixote's eyes, quite different from the people he had seen in the castle. Thus equipped, they entered, with all imaginable silence, into the chamber where he lay asleep and fatigued with the toil he had undergone in the skirmishes already described; and laying fast hold on him, while he securely enjoyed his ease, without dreaming of such an accident, tied both his hands and feet so effectually, that when he waked, in surprize, he could neither move, nor do any other thing but testify his wonder and perplexity at the sight of such strange faces. He then had recourse to what his disordered imagination continually suggested, and concluded that all these figures were phantoms of that enchanted castle; and that he himself was, without all question, under the power of incantation, seeing he could not even stir in his own defence; and this conceit was exactly foreseen by the curate, who was author of the whole contrivance. The only person of the whole company who remained unaltered, both in figure and intellect, was Sancho; who, though his lack of understanding fell very little short of his master's infirmity, was not so mad but that he knew every one of the apparitions, though he durst not open his mouth, until he should see the meaning of this assault and capture of the knight, who likewise expected, in silence, the issue of his own misfortune.

Having

Having brought the cage into his apartment, they inclosed him in it, and fixed the bars so fast, that it was impossible to pull them asunder; then taking it on their shoulders, in carrying it out, they were saluted by as dreadful a voice as could be assumed by the barber, (I do not mean the owner of the pannel,) who pronounced these words; ‘O Knight of the Rueful Countenance! afflict not thyself on account of thy present confinement, which is necessary towards the more speedy accomplishment of that great adventure in which thy valour hath engaged thee; and which will be atchieved when the furious Manchegan lion is coupled with the white Tobosian dove, their lofty necks being humbled to the soft matrimonial yoke: from which unheard-of conjunction, the world shall be blessed with courageous whelps, who will imitate the tearing talons of their valiant sire; and this will happen ere the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have twice performed his visit through the resplendent constellations, in his natural and rapid course.—And O! thou the most noble and obedient squire that ever wore sword in belt, beard on chin, or smell in nostril, be not dismayed nor discontented at seeing the flower of knight-errantry thus carried off before thine eyes; for, if it please the Creator of this world, soon shalt thou be so exalted and sublimed; as that thou wilt not even know thyself; neither shalt thou be defrauded of the fruit of those promises which thy worthy lord has made in thy behalf; and I assure thee, in the name of the sage Fibberiana *, that thy salary shall be faithfully paid, as in effect thou wilt see; follow, therefore, the footsteps of the valiant and enchanted knight, for it is necessary that you should proceed together to the end of your career; and as I am not permitted to declare myself more explicitly, I bid you heartily farewell, and will return I well know whither.’ Towards the end of this prophecy, he raised his voice to the highest pitch, and then

sunk

* A word of equal signification with *mentironiana*, from *mentiroso*, a liar.

sunk it gradually to such a faint and distant tone, that even those who were privy to the joke, were tempted to believe what they had heard.

Don Quixote remained very much comforted by this prophecy, the meaning of which he no sooner heard than comprehended; interpreting the whole into a promise, that he should one day see himself joined in the just and holy bands of matrimony with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose fortunate womb would proceed those whelps (meaning his sons) which would perpetuate the glory of La Mancha. In this persuasion, therefore, and firm belief, he raised his voice, and heaving a profound sigh, replied, 'O thou! whosoever thou art, whose prognostication sounds so favourably in mine ears, I beg thou wilt, in my name, beseech the sage inchanter, who takes charge of my affairs, that he will not leave me to perish in the confinement which I now suffer, until I shall have seen the accomplishment of those joyful and incomparable promises which thou hast uttered in my behalf. So shall I glory in the hardships of this prison, and bear with pleasure these chains with which my limbs are fettered; and instead of comparing the boards on which I lie, to the rough, uncomfortable field of battle, consider them as the soothing down of the most happy and luxurious marriage-bed. With respect to the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I confide in his virtue and affection, which will not allow him to forsake me either in prosperity or adversity; for should his evil fortune, or my unhappy fate, hinder me from bestowing upon him the island, or some equivalent, according to my promise, at least, he shall not lose his wages, specified and bequeathed to him in my will, that is already made; a recompence which, though proportioned to my own slender ability, comes far short of his great and faithful services.'

Here the squire bowed in the most respectful manner, and kissed both his hands, as he could not make his compliments to one of them apart, they being fast bound

bound together. Then the apparitions taking the cage upon their shoulders, carried it to the waggon, in which it was immediately fixed.

C H A P. XX.

An Account of the strange Manner in which Don Quixote was Enchanted; with other remarkable Events.

DON Quixote seeing himself thus encaged, and placed upon a cart, could not help saying, ‘ Many very grave histories have I read concerning knights-errant; but never did I read, see, or hear, that enchanted knights were transported in this manner, at such a pace as these lazy, slow-footed animals, seem to promise; for they used always to be carried through the air with surprizing swiftness, wrapped up in some dark and dusky cloud, or in a fiery chariot, or mounted on a hypogriff, or some such creature; so that, before God! I am utterly confounded at my own fate, in being thus transported on a waggon drawn by oxen. But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of this age follow a different path from that which was pursued of old; and as I am a new knight on the face of the earth, and the first who revived the long-forgotten order of errantry, perhaps they may have also newly invented other kinds of incantation, and other methods of conveying those whom they enchant.—What is thy opinion of the matter, son Sancho?’—‘ I know not what my opinion is,’ replied the squire, ‘ because I am not so well read in the scriptures of errantry as your worship; but, for all that, I will venture to affirm, aye and swear to it, that these apparitions who stroll about us, are not altogether catholic.’—‘ Catholic! my stars!’ answered the knight; ‘ how can they be catholic, when they are all devils, who have assumed fantastical shapes, and come hither on purpose to perform this deed,

* In the original *mi padre!* my father! which I have changed for an exclamation more frequently used in our language.

deed, and leave me in my present situation? But that thou mayest be convinced of the truth of what I allege †, endeavour to touch and feel them, and thou wilt perceive that they have no other bodies but forms of condensed air, consisting of nothing but mere semblance.—‘Fore God, Sir!’ cried Sancho, ‘I have made that trial already, and that same devil who goes about so busy, is well provided with good substantial flesh; and has another property, widely different from what is reported of evil spirits, all of whom, they say, stink of brimstone and other bad smells; whereas he is so well scented with amber, that you may perceive it at the distance of half a league.’ Sancho made this remark on Don Fernando, who, being a man of fashion, probably wore scented linen. ‘Marvel not at that circumstance, friend Sancho,’ replied the knight, ‘for thou must know that devils are a set of very sagacious beings; and although they bring smells along with them, they themselves, being spirits, can produce no smell; or if any odour proceeds from them, it cannot be agreeable, but rather stinking and unwholesome, because they carry their hell about them wheresoever they are, and their torments admit of no kind of alleviation; now, sweet smells being agreeable and delicious, cannot possibly proceed from beings which are productive of nought but evil; therefore, if in thy opinion that devil smells of amber, either thy senses are perverted, or he wants to impose upon thy understanding, by making thee believe that he is not an inhabitant of hell.’

Don Fernando and Cardenio overhearing this dialogue between the master and the squire, were afraid of Sancho’s stumbling upon the discovery of their whole plot, in which he seemed already to have made great progress, therefore determined to hasten their departure, and calling the landlord aside, ordered him to saddle

Rozinante,

† In the text, the knight is guilty of a palpable solecism, in desiring Sancho to touch and feel that which he himself expressly observes was subject neither to touch or feeling.

Rozinante, and put the pannel on Sancho's ass. This task he performed with great dispatch, while the curate agreed to give the troopers so much a day for attending Don Quixote to the town where he lived. Cardenio having fastened the target to one side of the pommel of Rozinante's saddle, and the bason to the other, made signs for Sancho to mount his ass, and lead his master's steed by the bridle, and then stationed two of the troopers with their carbines on each side of the waggon. But before it began to move, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, came out to take leave of Don Quixote, feigning themselves extremely affected with his misfortune; upon which he said to them, "Weep not, worthy ladies; all these disasters are incident to those who chuse my profession; and if I were not subject to such calamities, I should not deem myself a renowned knight-errant; for these things never happen to knights of little fame and reputation, who are never regarded, scarce even remembered on the face of the earth. It is quite otherwise with the valiant, whose virtue and valour are envied by many princes and rivals, who endeavour by the most perfidious means to destroy them; but, nevertheless, virtue is so powerful, that of herself she will, in spite of all the necromancy possessed by the first inventor, Zoroaster, come off conqueror in every severe trial, and shine refulgent in the world, as the sun shines in the heavens. Pardon me, beauteous ladies, if I have given you any disgust, through neglect or omission; for willingly and knowingly I never offended a living soul; and pray to God to deliver me from this prison, in which I am confined by some malicious enchanter; for, if I regain my liberty, the favours I have received from your courtesy in this castle, shall never escape my remembrance, but always be acknowledged with gratitude, service, and respect."

While the knight made these professions to the ladies of the castle, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, the captain and his

his brother, and all the happy ladies, especially Dorothea and Lucinda ; they embraced each other, and agreed to maintain a correspondence by letters ; Don Fernando giving the curate a direction by which he might write to him an account of the knight's future behaviour and fate, than which, he protested, nothing could yield him more pleasure ; and promising, for his own part, to inform the priest of every thing which he thought would conduce to his satisfaction, relating to his own marriage, the baptism of Zorayda, the success of Don Lewis, and the return of Lucinda to her father's house. The priest having assured him that he would obey his commands with the utmost punctuality, they embraced again, and repeated their mutual proffers of service. The innkeeper coming to the curate, put into his hand a bundle of papers, which he said he had found in the lining of the portmanteau, along with the novel of the Impertinent Curiosity ; and since the owner had not returned that way, he desired the priest to accept of them ; for as he himself could not read, he had no occasion for such useless furniture : the curate thanked him for his present, which he immediately opened, and found written in the title-page, ' Rinconete and Cortadilla, a novel * ;' from hence he concluded, that since the Impertinent Curiosity was an entertaining story, this might also have some merit, as being probably a work of the same author ; and on this supposition put it carefully up, intending to peruse it with the first convenient opportunity ; then he and his friend the barber mounting their beasts, with their faces still disguised, that they might not be known by Don Quixote, jogged on behind the way-gon. And the order of their march was this : first of all proceeded the cart, conducted by the driver, and guarded on each side by the troopers with their carbines, as we have already observed ; then followed Sancho Panza upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle ; and in the rear of all came the curate and the barber, masked, and mounted on their trusty mules, with

a grave

* Written by Cervantes himself.

a grave and solemn air, marching no faster than the slow pace of the oxen would allow; while the knight sat within the cage, his hands fettered, and his legs outstretched, leaning against the bars, with such silence and resignation, that he looked more like a statue of stone than a man of flesh and blood. In this slow and silent manner had they travelled about a couple of leagues, when they arrived in a valley, which the waggoner thinking a convenient spot for his purpose, proposed to the curate that they should halt to refresh themselves, and let the oxen feed; but the barber was of opinion that they should proceed a little farther, to the other side of a rising ground, which appeared at a small distance, where he knew there was another valley better stored with grass, and much more agreeable than this in which the waggoner proposed to halt. The advice of Mr. Nicholas was approved, and they jogged on accordingly.

About this time the curate chancing to look back, perceived behind them six or seven men well mounted, who soon overtook them, as they did not travel at the phlegmatic pace of the oxen, but like people who rode on ecclesiastic mules, and were desirous of spending the heat of the day at an inn that appeared within less than a league of the waggon. These expeditious strangers coming up with our slow travellers, saluted them courteously; and one among them, who was actually a canon of Toledo, and master of those who accompanied him, observing the regular procession of the waggon, troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, the curate, and barber, and in particular Don Quixote encaged and secured as he was, could not help asking why and whither they were conveying that man in such a manner? though he had already conjectured, from the badges of the troopers, that he must be some atrocious robber or delinquent, the punishment of whom belonged to the holy brotherhood. One of the troopers, to whom the question was put, answered, 'Signior, the gentleman himself will tell you the meaning of his travelling in this manner; for our parts we know nothing at all of the matter.' The knight,

knight, overhearing what passed, said to the strangers, 'Gentlemen, if you are skilled and conversant in matters of knight-errantry, I will communicate my misfortune; otherwise there is no reason why I should fatigue myself with the relation.'

By this time the curate and barber, having perceived the travellers in conversation with the knight, came up in order to prevent their plot from being discovered, just as the canon had begun to answer Don Quixote in these words: 'Truly, brother, I am better acquainted with books of chivalry than with the Summaries of Villalpando; so that if there be nothing else requisite, you may freely impart to me as much as you please.'— 'A God's name, then,' said Don Quixote, 'if that be the case, you must know, Signior cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage, through the envy and fraud of mischievous necromancers; for virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous. A knight-errant I am, though none of those whose names Fame ever enrolled in her eternal records; but of that number, whom maugre, and in despite of Envy herself, and all the magi whom Persia ever produced, with the brachmans of India, and gymnosophitts of Ethiopia, will leave their names engraved on the temple of immortality, as examples and patterns to succeeding ages, by which all knights errant may see what steps they must follow, if they wish to attain the height and honourable summit of arms.'

Here the curate interposing, said, 'Signior Don Quixote speaks no more than the truth: he is enchanted in that waggon, not on account of his own crimes or misdemeanors, but through the malice of those who are disgusted at virtue, and offended at valour. This, Signior, is the Knight of the Ruelul Countenance, whose name perhaps you have heard, and whose valiant exploits and mighty achievements will be engraved on durable brass, and carved in eternal marble.'

‘ble, in spite of the unwearied efforts of malice to cancel, and of envy to obscure them.’

The canon hearing such a stile proceed not only from the prisoner’s mouth, but also from the lips of him who was free, had well-nigh crossed himself with astonishment, and could not conceive what had befallen him, while his whole company were seized with the same degree of amazement: but Sancho Panza, who was near enough to hear what passed, being willing to undeceive the strangers, said to them, ‘Gentlemen, whether what I am going to say be ill or well taken, I must tell you the case is this: my master Don Quixote is no more enchanted than the mother that bore me; he enjoys his right wits, eats, drinks, and does his occasions like other men, and as he himself was wont to do before he was engaged: now, if this be the truth in the matter, how can any man persuade me that he is enchanted? since I have heard divers persons observe that those who were enchanted neither eat, sleep, nor speak; whereas my master, if he is not hindered, will talk like thirty barristers.’ Then turning to the curate, he proceeded thus: ‘Ah, Mr. Curate, Mr. Curate! you think I don’t know you, and imagine that I cannot dive into the meaning of these new enchantments, but you are mistaken; I know you very well for all your masking, and can smell out your plots, disguise them as you will: in short, as the saying is, Just are Virtue’s fears, where Envy domineers, and Bounty will not stay, where Niggards bear the sway. Damn the devil! if it had not been for your reverence, my master by this time would have been married to the Princess Micomicona, and should have been an earl at least; for less I could expect, either from the generosity of my Lord of the Rueful Countenance, or from the greatness of my own services: but now I see the truth of what is commonly said, That fortune turns faster than a mill-wheel, and that those who were yesterday at top, may find themselves at bottom to-day. It grieves me on a

count of my poor wife and children, who, instead of seeing their father come home in the post of governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, as they had great reason to expect, will behold him returning in the station of a common groom: all this I have observed, Mr. Curate, for no other reason but to prevail upon your fathership to make a conscience of the ill-treatment my master receives at your hands, and consider that God may call you to account in the next world for this captivity of my Lord Don Quixote, and for all the succours and benefits that are prevented by his being thus confined.'

'Snuff me these candles!' cried the barber, hearing the squire's declaration; 'why sure, Sancho, you belong to your master's fraternity: by the Lord! I find you ought to keep him company in his cage, and undergo the same sort of enchantment, so much are you infected with the humour of his chivalry: in an unhappy moment were you got with child by his promises, and in an evil hour did that island you harp so much upon take possession of your skull.'—'I am not with child by any person whatever,' answered Sancho; 'nor will I suffer any king in Christendom to beget a child upon my body; for though I be a poor man, I'm an old Christian, and owe no man a farthing: if I long for an island, others long for things that are worse, every one being the son of his own works; the lowest mortal may come to be pope, much more governor of an island, especially as my master may gain more than he knows well what to do with. Mr. Barber, you had better think before you speak: there is something else to do than shaving of beards, and one Pedro may differ from another*; this I say because we know one another, and you must not think to palm false dice upon me: with regard to the enchantment of my master, God knows the truth, and here let it lie; for, as the saying is, The more you

H 2

stir

* Equivalent to our saying, 'Every Jack is not a good fellow.'

stir it, the more it will—you know what.' The barber durst not make any reply, lest Sancho's simplicity should discover what he and the curate were so desirous of concealing; and the priest being under the same apprehension, desired the canon to ride on with him a little before the waggon, promising to disclose the mystery of the engaged knight, with other particulars that would yield him some diversion: the canon put on accordingly with his servants, listening attentively to every thing the curate was pleased to communicate concerning the rank, employment, madness, and manners, of Don Quixote; for he briefly recounted the cause and beginning of his disorder, with the whole progress of his adventures, until he was secured in the cage by their contrivance, that they might carry him home to his own house, and endeavour to find some cure for his distemper.

The canon and his servants were astonished anew at hearing the strange story of Don Quixote; which being finished, the Toledan replied, 'Truly, Mr. Curate, I am firmly persuaded that those books of chivalry are very prejudicial in the commonwealth; for though I have been induced, by a false taste and idle curiosity, to read the beginning of almost every one that hath been printed, I never could prevail upon myself to read any one of them from the first to the last page; because, in my opinion, they are all of the same stamp, without any essential difference. And, indeed, that kind of composition seems to fall under that species of writing called the Milesian Fables, which are no other than extravagant tales, calculated for mere amusement, without any tendency to instruction; on the contrary, the scope of your apologues is to convey instruction and delight together. Now, though the principal intention of those books is to delight and entertain the reader, I do not see how they can answer that end, being, as they are, stuffed with such improbable nonsense; for the pleasure that the soul conceives, is from the beauty and harmony of those

those things which are contemplated by the view, or suggested by the imagination; so that we can receive no pleasure from objects that are unnatural and deformed. And what beauty, symmetry, or proportion, can be observed in a book containing the history of a youth of seventeen, who with one back stroke cuts through the middle a giant like a tower, with as much ease as if he had been made of paste? and in the description of a battle, after having observed that there are no less than a million of combatants on the side opposite to that which the hero of the piece espouses, we must, in despite of common sense, believe, that such a knight obtained the victory by the single valour of his invincible arm? Then how shall we account for the confidence with which some queen, empress, or orphan heiress, throws herself into the protection of an unknown knight-errant? What mind, if not wholly barbarous and uncultivated, can be pleased with an account of a huge tower, full of knights, sailing upon the sea like a ship before the wind; being overnight upon the coast of Lombardy, and next morning arrived in the dominions of Prester John in the Indies, or in some other country which Ptolemy never discovered, nor Marcus Polus ever saw? If to this observation it be answered, that the authors of those books do not pretend that the stories they contain are true, and therefore they are under no necessity of adhering to such niceties of composition; I reply, that fiction is always the better the nearer it resembles truth, and agreeable in proportion to the probability it bears, and the doubtful credit which it inspires. Wherefore, all such fables ought to be suited to the understanding of those who read them, and written so as that, by softening impossibilities, smoothing what is rough, and keeping the mind in suspense, they may surprize, agreeably perplex, and entertain, creating equal admiration and delight; and these never can be excited by authors who forsake probability and imitation, in which the perfection of

writing consists. I have never as yet seen in any book of chivalry an entire body of a fable, with all its members so proportioned, as that the middle corresponds with the beginning, and the end is suitable to both; on the contrary, one would think the author's intention is commonly to form a chimera or monster, instead of a figure well proportioned in all its parts. Besides, their style is usually harsh, their achievements incredible, their amours lascivious, their courtesy impertinent, their battles tedious, their dialogues insipid, their voyages extravagant, and, in short, the whole void of all ingenuity of invention; so that they deserve to be banished as useless members from every Christian commonwealth.

The curate, who had listened with great attention, hearing the canon talk so sensibly, looked upon him as a man of excellent understanding, and assented to every thing he said; observing, that, in consequence of his being of the same opinion, and of the grudge he bore to such books of chivalry, he had burned a great number of those that belonged to Don Quixote. He then gave him a detail of the scrutiny which had been made, distinguishing such as he spared from those that he condemned to the flames.

The traveller laughed heartily at this account of such an extraordinary trial, saying, that, notwithstanding what he had advanced to the disadvantage of such books, there was one thing in them which he could not but approve; namely, the subject they presented for a good genius to display itself, opening a large and ample field, in which the pen might at leisure expatiate in the description of shipwrecks, tempests, battles, and encounters; painting a valiant general with all his necessary accomplishments, sage, and penetrating into the enemy's designs, eloquent and effectual either in persuading or dissuading his soldiers, ripe in council, prompt in execution, and equally brave in standing or in giving an assault. One while recounting a piteous tragical story, at another time describing a joyful and unexpected

ed event; here, a most beautiful lady, endued with virtue, discretion, and reserve; there, a Christian knight, possessed of courtesy and valour; in the third place, an outrageous boasting barbarian; and in a fourth, a polite, considerate, gallant prince; not forgetting to describe the faith and loyalty of vassals, together with the grandeur and generosity of great men. The author may also shew himself an astrologer, geographer, musician, and well skilled in state affairs; nay, if he be so minded, he will sometimes have an opportunity of manifesting his skill in necromancy and magic; he may represent the cunning of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the valour of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the perfidy of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the ability of Cæsar, the clemency and candour of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and finally, all those qualifications which constitute the perfection of an illustrious hero; sometimes uniting them in one, sometimes dividing them into several characters: and the whole being expressed in an agreeable stile and ingenious invention, that borders as near as possible upon the truth, will doubtless produce a web of such various and beautiful texture, as, when finished, to display that perfection which will attain the chief end and scope of such writings; which, as I have already observed, is to convey instruction mingled with delight. Besides, the unlimited composition of such books gives the author opportunities of shewing his talents in epics, lyrics, tragedy, and comedy, and all the different branches of the delicious and agreeable arts of poetry and rhetoric; for epics may be written in prose as well as verse.

C H A P. XXI.

In which the Canon prosecutes the Subject of Knight-Errantry, and makes other Observations worthy of his Genius.

MR. Canon, said the curate, 'what you have observed is extremely just, and therefore those authors deserve the greater reprehension, who have composed

poised such books, without the least regard to good sense or the rules of art, by which they might have conducted their plans, and rendered themselves as famous in prose as the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry are now in verse.' 'I myself,' replied the canon, 'have been tempted to write a book of chivalry, observing all the maxims and precautions I have now laid down; nay, to tell you the truth, no less than a hundred sheets of it are already written; and, in order to try if my own opinion of it was well founded, I have communicated my performance to a great many people who are passionately fond of that kind of reading; not only men of learning and taste, but also ignorant persons, who chiefly delight in extravagant adventures; and I have been favoured with the agreeable approbation of them all: nevertheless, I have not proceeded in the work; because, I not only thought it foreign to my profession, but likewise concluded, that the world abounds much more with fools than people of sense; and though an author had better be applauded by the few that are wise, than laughed at by the many that are foolish, I was unwilling to expose myself to the uninformed judgment of the arrogant vulgar, whose province it principally is to read books of this kind. But what contributed most to my laying aside the pen, and indeed all thoughts of bringing the work to a conclusion, was a reflection I made upon the comedies of the present age. "If," said I to myself, "our modern plays, not only those which are formed upon fiction, but likewise such as are founded on the truth of history, are all, or for the greatest part, universally known to be monstrous productions, without either head or tail, and yet received with pleasure by the multitude, who approve and esteem them as excellent performances, though they are far from deserving that title; and if the authors who compose, and the actors who represent them, affirm, that this and no other method is to be practised, because the multitude must be pleased; that those which bear the marks of contrivance, and produce

a fable

a fa
for
dile
all t
ther
star
said
scor
to p
ed,
who
thre
the
and
and
gula
I al
own
alter
said
colle
comp
that
all w
ignor
to th
pear
mean
same
they
every
fault
ties,
there
venge
voura
comp

* A S

a fable digested according to the rules of art, serve only for entertainment to four or five people of taste, who discern the beauties of the plan, which utterly escape all the rest of the audience; and that it is better for them to gain a comfortable livelihood by the many, than starve upon reputation with the few."—"At this rate," said I, "if I should finish my book, after having scorched every hair in my whiskers, in poring over it, to preserve those rules and precepts already mentioned, I might fare at last, like the sagacious botcher, who sewed for nothing, and found his customers in thread*. I have sometimes endeavoured to persuade the players, that they were mistaken in their maxims; and that they would bring more company to their house, and acquire much more reputation, by representing regular comedies, than such absurd performances; but I always found them so obstinately bigotted to their own fancies, that no evidence or demonstration could alter their opinion in the least. I remember, I once said to one of those pragmatic fellows, "Don't you recollect, that a few years ago, three tragedies were acted, composed by a celebrated poet of this kingdom; and that they raised admiration, pleasure, and surprize, in all who saw them exhibited, gentle as well as simple, ignorant as well as learned, and brought more money to the actors than thirty of the best that have since appeared?"—"Doubtless" answered the player, "you mean Isabella, Phillis, and Alexandria."—"The very same," said I; "and pray take notice, whether or not they are composed according to rule, or failed to please every body, because they were regular? Wherefore, the fault does not lie in the multitude's demanding absurdities, but in those who can represent nothing else; for there is nothing absurd in the play of Ingratitude Revenged, nor in Numantia, the Merchant Lover, the Favourable Female Foe, nor in some others which are composed by poets of genius, to their own reputation, and

* A Spanish proverb, applicable to a great many modern projectors and reformers.

and the advantage of those who represented them." I made use of many more arguments, by which he seemed to be confuted, though not so much satisfied or convinced as to retract his erroneous opinions.'

'Mr. Canon,' said the curate, interrupting him in this place, 'the subject you have touched upon awakes in me an old grudge I have bore to our modern plays, even equal to that I entertain against books of chivalry. Comedy, according to Tully, ought to be the mirror of life, the exemplar of manners, and picture of truth; whereas those that are represented in this age, are mirrors of absurdity, exemplars of folly, and pictures of lewdness; for sure nothing can be more absurd in a dramatic performance, than to see the person, who, in the first scene of the first act, was produced a child in swaddling cloaths, appear a full grown man with a beard in the second; or to represent an old man active and valiant, a young soldier cowardly, a footman eloquent, a page a counsellor, a king a porter, and a princess a scullion. Then what shall we say concerning their management of the time and place, in which the actions have, or may be supposed to have happened? I have seen a comedy, the first act of which was laid in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third was finished in Africa; nay, had there been a fourth, the scene would have shifted to America; so that the fable would have travelled through all the four divisions of the globe. If imitation be the chief aim of comedy, how can any ordinary understanding be satisfied with seeing an action that passed in the time of King Pepin and Charlemagne, ascribed to the Emperor Heraclius, who, being the principal personage, is represented, like Godfrey of Bulloigne, carrying the cross into Jerusalem, and making himself master of the holy sepulchre; an infinite number of years having passed between the one and the other? Or, when a comedy is founded upon fiction, to see scraps of real history introduced, and facts misrepresented both with regard to persons and times; not
with

with any ingenuity of contrivance, but with the most manifest and inexcusable errors and stupidity; and what is worst of all, there is a set of ignorant pretenders, who call this the perfection of writing; and that every attempt to succeed by a contrary method is no other than a wild-goose chase *. Again, if we consider those plays that are written on divine subjects, how many false miracles do they contain? how many apocryphal events, misunderstood by the author, who frequently confounds the operations of one saint with those of another? Nay, in prophane subjects, they have the assurance to work miracles, for no other respect or consideration, but because they think such a miracle will make a very decent appearance in such a place; and, as they term it, attract the admiration of the vulgar, and bring them in crowds to the play: but all this redounds to the prejudice of truth, the contempt of history, and scandal of our Spanish wits; so that the authors of other nations, who punctually observe the unities of the drama, conclude that we are barbarous and ignorant, from our absurd and preposterous productions. Neither is it a sufficient excuse to say, that the intent of all well-governed commonwealths, in permitting public plays to be acted, is to entertain the common people with some honest recreation, in order to divert those bad humours which idleness usually engenders; and that, since this end is answered by any play whatever, either good or bad, there is no occasion to cramp and limit the authors or actors to the just laws of composition; the purpose of the legislature being, as I have said, accomplished without any such restriction. To this suggestion I answer, that the same end, without any sort of comparison, will be much better answered by good than bad comedies; for, after having seen an artful and well-digested play represented, the hearer will go away delighted with the comic parts, instructed by the serious, and agreeably surprised with the incidents; collecting information from the dialogue, precaution from the

* *Buscar galirias*, signifies to seek dainties.

the deceits of the fable, experience from the examples exhibited, affection for virtue, and indignation for vice. All these sensations, I say, will a good comedy excite in the spectator's mind, let it be never so stupid and uncultivated; for of all impossibilities, it is the most impossible, that a comedy, thus perfect in all its parts, should not yield more entertainment, satisfaction, and delight, than one that is defective in each particular, as the greatest part of our modern pieces are. Neither is this want of correctness always to be laid to the author's charge; for there are some poets among us who are perfectly well acquainted with the rules of writing, and could easily avoid any such errors of composition; but as their pieces are made for sale, they say, and it is very true, that the players would not purchase them, if they were of any other stamp: so that the author is fain to accommodate himself to the demand of the actor, who pays him for his work. The truth of this observation evidently appears in a great number of comedies which have been composed by a most happy genius of these kingdoms *, with so much wit, pleasantry, elegance of versification, genteel dialogue, sententious gravity, and finally, with such elocution and sublimity of stile, that the whole world resounds with his fame; yet, in suiting himself to the false taste of the actors, he hath not been able to bring them all to the requisite point of perfection. Others again are so inconsiderate in their productions, that, after representation, the players have been frequently obliged to fly and abscond for fear of chastisement, on account of having exhibited something to the prejudice of royal heads, or dishonour of noble families: now all these inconveniencies, with many more that I do not chuse to mention, might be prevented, if there was at court some person of taste and learning appointed to examine every dramatic performance before it's appearance on the stage; and this precaution should affect not only the plays composed in Madrid, but all pieces whatever to be represented with-

in

* Lopez de Vega Carpio.

in the monarchy of Spain; for, without the approbation of this licencer, signed and sealed, no magistrate should allow any production to be acted within the bounds of his jurisdiction. In consequence of this expedient, the actors would take care to submit every play to the censure of the examiner, that they might afterwards represent them with safety; and the authors would employ more caution and study in their compositions, knowing that they must pass the rigorous examination of an intelligent judge: in this manner, good comedies would be produced, and the aim of such writings happily accomplished, to the entertainment of the people, and the credit of Spanish wits; while the actors would represent them with security and advantage, and the state be exempted from the trouble of chastising such delinquents. And if the same licencer, or any other person, were invested with the charge of examining books of chivalry, before they see the light, some performances of that sort would certainly appear in all the perfection you have described, enriching our language with the delightful and precious treasure of eloquence; while the old romances would be entirely eclipsed by the light of the new, that would furnish rational amusement, not only for the idle, but also for those who are most industrious; seeing it is impossible for the bow to continue always bent, or that feeble nature can subsist without some innocent recreation.'

Thus far had the canon and curate proceeded in their conversation, when the barber coming up to them, said to his townsman, 'Mr. Licentiate, this is the place in which I proposed to halt, that the oxen might have fresh pasture in abundance.' The curate approved of the hint, and communicated their intention to the canon, who resolved to stay with them, being invited by the situation of a delicious valley that presented itself to his view: that he might therefore enjoy the agreeable spot, together with the conversation of the curate, for whom he had already conceived an affection, and he more particularly informed of Don Quixote's exploits, he ordered

dered his domestics to proceed to an inn, which was not far off, and bring from thence victuals sufficient for the whole company; for he was resolved to spend the afternoon where he was. One of the servants told him that the sumpter-mule, which by that time had reached the inn, carried provision enough, and that they should want nothing but barley for the beasts. 'If that be the case,' said the canon, 'carry the rest to the inn, and bring the sumpter-mule hither.'

Meanwhile Sancho, perceiving that he might now speak to his master without being overheard by the curate and barber, of whom he was suspicious, approached the cage, and thus addressed himself to the knight: 'Truly, Sir, in order to disburthen my conscience, I must tell you something concerning this same enchantment. These people, with masks on their faces, are no other than the curate and barber of our town, who, I verily believe, have contrived to carry you off in this manner, out of pure envy and spite, because your worship has got the heels of them in your famous achievements: now, this being supposed, it follows as plain as the nose upon my face, that you are not enchanted, but rather fooled and bamboozled. As a proof of which, I desire to ask you one question, which, if you answer, as I do believe you will, your worship may clap your ten fingers on the trick, and perceive that you are not enchanted, but that your whole brain is turned topsy-turvy.'—'Ask what you will, son Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will freely answer, and satisfy your doubts to the best of my power. With regard to your saying that those who attend us are our friends and townsmen, the curate and barber, so indeed they may appear to your eye; but that they are really and effectually so, you must by no means believe: on the contrary, you are to conclude, that if they resemble our friends, the enchanters, who can assume what form they please, have taken that appearance and resemblance, to mislead your credit, and bewilder your imagination in such a labyrinth of perplexity, that even the

clue of Theseus would not extricate your thoughts. Besides, they may have done it with a view of confounding my judgment, that I might not be able to guess from what quarter my misfortune proceeds; for, if, on the one hand, you affirm that I am attended by the barber and curate of our town; and, on the other hand, I find myself encaged; though I am sensible that nothing but supernatural force could suffice to confine me thus; what would you have me say or think, but that the manner of my enchantment exceeds every thing I have read in all the histories that treat of enchanted knights? Wherefore set your heart at rest, and take it for granted, that these are as far from being the persons you have mentioned, as I am from being a Turk. With respect to thy desire of asking me questions, I repeat my promise of answering, even if thy interrogations should last till to-morrow morning.' 'God's blessed mother!' cried the squire, with great vociferation, 'is it possible that your worship can be so thick-skulled and brainless, as not to perceive the truth of what I alledge, and see that this imprisonment and misfortune is more owing to malice than enchantment? But seeing it is so, I will venture to prove, beyond all contradiction, that you are no more enchanted than my ass. Tell me, therefore, as God shall deliver you from this mischance, and as you hope to see yourself in the arms of my Lady Dulcinea, when you least expect any such good luck—' 'Truce with thy conjuration,' said the knight, 'and ask what thou wilt. I have already promised to answer with the utmost punctuality.' 'That is my request,' answered Sancho; 'and what I want to know is, that your worship will tell me, without eking or curtailing God's precious truth, but in honest simplicity of heart, as it ought to be, and always is told by those who, like your worship, profess the occupation of arms, under the title of knight-errants.' 'I tell thee,' cried the knight, interrupting him, 'I will not in the least prevaricate. Dispatch then, Sancho, for truly I am quite tired with so many salvos, solicitations,

licitations, and preambles.' 'I make so bold,' replied the squire, 'because I am well aware of my master's goodness and sincerity, which being as it were to the purpose, I ask (with reverence be it spoken) whether or not, since you have been confined, and, as you suppose, enchanted in this cage, your worship hath felt any motion or desire to undam either way, as the saying is? 'I do not know what you mean by undamming,' answered Don Quixote; 'you must be more explicit, Sancho, if you expect an answer to the purpose.' 'Is it possible,' said the squire, 'that your worship should be ignorant of the meaning of the word undamming, which is the first thing the boys learn at school? Well, then, you must know, I wanted to ask if you never had any inclination to do that which no body else can do for you?' 'Now I understand thee, Sancho,' said the knight: 'verily I have had divers calls of that nature, one of which is at present very importunate: pray fall upon some method to disembarra's me, for I believe all is not so sweet and clean as it ought to be.'

C H A P. XXII.

The sage Conversation that passed between Sancho Panza and his Master Don Quixote.

'**H**A!' cried Sancho, 'have I caught you at last? This is what I wanted to know with all my heart and soul: come on, Sir, there is no denying of what is commonly said, when any person is in the dumps, I know not what is the matter with such an one; he neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose, when he is spoke to; sure the man must be enchanted: from whence we are to conclude, that those who are enchanted neither eat, drink, sleep, nor do their natural occasions, as I have observed. But this is not the case with such as are disturbed with the inclination that your worship at present feels, drinking when they can get liquor, eating when they can lay hold on food, and giving plain answers to every question that is asked.' 'Thou art in the right,' replied Don Quixote; 'but I have

have already told thee, that there are different kinds of enchantment; and time may have so entirely altered the fashion, that those who are under the power of enchantment in this age, may, like me, retain the use of their faculties, though it was quite otherwise of old; so that there is no arguing or drawing consequences against the different practice of different times. I am sensible and certain of my being enchanted, and this is sufficient for the quiet of my conscience, which would give me great uneasiness if I had the least doubt about my fate, and allowed myself to be in this cage like an idle coward, deceitfully withholding my succour from a great number of the needy and oppressed, who at this very hour must be in the most absolute and extreme necessity, from the want of my aid and protection.' 'Nevertheless,' answered the squire, 'for your more abundant satisfaction, your worship, methinks, might try to escape from this prison: for my own part, I'll be bound not only to give my assistance, but even to work your deliverance, and then you may endeavour to remount your trusty Rozinante, who trudges along as melancholy and sad as if he was enchanted also. This being performed, let us try our fate once more in quest of adventures; and if they do not turn out to our expectation, it will be time enough to return to the cage, in which I promise, on the faith of a true and loyal squire, to shut myself up with your worship, if perchance, through your ill fortune or my folly, this that I mention should not succeed.' 'I am content to follow thy counsel, brother Sancho,' replied the knight; 'and whenever thou shalt perceive a proper conjuncture for effecting my deliverance, I will implicitly obey thee in every thing; but thou wilt soon find thyself deceived in thy opinion of my mishap.'

This conversation between the knight-errant and the erring squire lasted until they arrived at the place in which the curate, canon, and barber, who had already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner immediately unyoking his oxen, turned them loose in that verdant and delicious spot, the coolness of which was extremely

inviting, not only to enchanted people like Don Quixote, but also to persons of intelligence and discretion like his squire, who besought the curate to let his master come out of the cage for a few minutes; because, without such permission, the prison would not be quite so clean as the decency of such a knight required. The curate, understanding what he meant, told him that he would willingly grant his request, were he not under some apprehension that his master, finding himself at liberty, would play one of his old pranks, and be gone where men should never see his face again. 'I will be bound for his good behaviour,' answered Sancho; 'and I also,' said the canon, 'especially if he will promise, on the word of a knight, not to stir from our presence until he shall have obtained our consent.'

'I will,' cried the knight, (who overheard all that passed;) 'the more so, as one, who, like me, is enchanted, cannot be at liberty to make use of his own person; for the enchanter can so utterly deprive him of all motion, that he shall not be able to stir from the place for three whole ages; and if he should make his escape, would whisk him back through the air in a twinkling.' This being the case, he said, they might very safely uncage him, especially as such indulgence would redound to the benefit of the whole company; for he protested that if they did not comply with his present necessities, he should be obliged to incommode their sense of smelling, unless they removed to a greater distance from the place of his confinement.

The canon, confiding in his word and honour, took him by the hands, tied as they were, and helped him to descend from his cage: then the knight, being infinitely rejoiced at his momentary deliverance, stretched every joint in his body, and going up to Rozinante, gave him a slap on the buttocks, saying, 'I still hope in God and his blessed mother, thou flower and mirror of steeds! that in a short time we shall both obtain our heart's desire; thou prancing under the agreeable pressure of thy lord, and I mounted upon thy trusty back, exercising the employment

employment for which Heaven sent me into the world.* Having pronounced this apostrophe, he retired with Sancho to a remote place, from whence he returned much eased and comforted, and more desirous than ever of executing the project of his squire. The canon could not help gazing upon him, being struck with admiration at the strange unaccountable symptoms of his disorder; for in all his conversation and replies, he gave evident proofs of an excellent understanding, and never lost himself * except on the subject of chivalry, as we have formerly observed: he was therefore touched with compassion for his infirmity, and when the whole company were seated on the grails, waiting for the return of the sumpter-mule, addressed himself to the knight in this manner:

‘ Is it possible, good Sir, that the idle and unlucky reading of books of chivalry can have so far impaired your judgment, as that you should now believe yourself enchanted, and give credit to other illusions of the same kind, which are as far from being true as truth is distant from falsehood? Is it possible that the human understanding can suppose that ever this world produced that infinite number of Amadisès, with the whole crowd of famous knights, so many emperors of Trebifond, Fleximartes of Hyrcania, palfreys, damsels, serpents, dragons, and giants; so many incredible adventures, enchantments of different kinds, battles, dreadful encounters, magnificence of apparel, enamoured princesses, squires, created earls, witty dwarfs, billets, amorous expressions, valiant ladies, and finally, such extravagant events as are contained in books of knight errantry? For my own part, when I read a performance of that sort, without reflecting that it is a legend of vanity and lies, my imagination is a little amused; but as soon as I begin to consider it in the right point of view, I dash the volume against the wall, and would even commit it to the flames, (if I should chance to be near a fire,) as
a criminal

* Literally, ‘ Never lost the stirrup.’

a criminal richly deserving such punishment on account of it's falshood and imposture, so contrary to nature, and bewildered from the track of common sense, and as an inventor of new sects and preposterous ways of life, misleading and inducing the ignorant vulgar to believe the absurdities which it contains: nay, so presumptuous are such productions, as to disturb the minds of gentlemen of birth and education, as may be too plainly perceived by their effects upon you, Signior, whom they have reduced to such a pass, as to make it necessary that you should be cooped up in a cage, and transported from place to place on a waggon, like a lion or tyger exhibited as a shew for money. Go to, Signior Don Quixote! have pity upon yourself, return into the bosom of discretion, and put these happy talents which Heaven hath been pleased to bestow upon you to a better use, employing your genius in other studies, which may redound to the increase of your honour, as well as to the good of your soul: or, if swayed by your natural inclination, you are still desirous of reading the histories of exploits and atchievements, you may have recourse to the book of Judges in the Holy Scriptures, and there you will find real miracles of might, and actions equally valiant and true. Portugal produced a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage an Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fernan Gonçales, Valencia a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Fernandex, Estramadura a Diego Garcia de Peredez, Xerez a Garcia Perex de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilasso, Seville a Don Manuel de Leon; the history of their valiant exploits will afford entertainment, instruction, surprize, and delight, to readers of the most sublime conception. Such study as this would be worthy of the good sense of Signior Don Quixote, who would thus become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, improved in worth, bettered in morals, brave without rashness, cautious without cowardice; while the whole would redound to the honour of God, his own particular emolument

lument, and the renown of La Mancha, from whence I understand his family and origin is derived.'

Don Quixote listened with infinite attention to this harangue; and even after he perceived it was finished, looked stedfastly at the canon for some time, before he answered in these words: 'Signior Hidalgo, if I am not mistaken, the scope of your discourse was to convince me that there never were knights-errant in this world; that all the books of chivalry are false, deceitful, unprofitable, nay, mischievous, in a commonwealth; that I have been much to blame in reading, more so in believing, and most of all in imitating, the characters they describe, by following the most painful profession of knight errantry; and lastly, you deny that ever there was an Amadis, either of Gaul or Greece, or that any one of that vast number of knights recorded in those writings had any real existence.'—'You have exactly summed up my allegations,' said the canon. 'You were likewise pleased to add,' resumed the knight, 'that such books had done me infinite prejudice, impaired my judgment, and reduced me to the necessity of being confined in a cage; and that I would do well to amend and alter my course of studies, and to peruse performances which contain more truth, instruction, and delight.'—'That,' said the canon, 'was my precise meaning.'—'Why, then,' cried Don Quixote, 'in my opinion the person impaired in his judgment, and enchanted, is no other than your worship, who have presumed to utter such blasphemies against an order so well received in the world, and established as truth, that he who, like you, denies it, deserves the same punishment you inflicted upon those books that gave you disgust; for, to say that there never was such a person as Amadis, or any other of those adventurous knights with whom history abounds, is like an endeavour to persuade people that frost is not cold, that the sun yields no light, and the earth no substance. Will any earthly eloquence make a man believe, that the story of the infanta Floripes, and Guy of Burgundy, is false; or that of Fierabras, with the bridge

bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charlemagne, and I vow to God is as true as that the sun shines at noonday? If this be a lie, you may also affirm that there never was such an event as the Trojan war, nor such persons as Hector and Achilles, or the Twelve Peers of France, or Arthur King of England, who to this day survives in the likeness of a raven, and is every moment expected to re-ascend his throne. People may as well venture to say, that the history of Guarino Mesquino, and the suit of St. Grial, are pure fiction; and look upon the amours of Don Tristan and Queen Iseo, with those of Ginebra and Lancelot, as altogether apocryphal; though there are people who almost remember to have seen the Duenna Quintanona, who was the best wine-skinker in Great Britain: this is so true, that I myself have heard my grandmother by the father's side often say, when she happened to see a Duenna with a reverend biggen *, "Grandson, there is a person very like the Duenna Quintanona." From whence I conclude, that she must either have known her personally, or at least seen some picture of that venerable matron. Then, who can deny the history of Peter of Provence and the fair Magalona, since, to this day, may be seen in the royal armoury the very peg that turned the woollen horse upon which the valiant Peter travelled through the air; by the same token that it is something larger than the pole of a coach, and it stands near the saddle of Babieca. Nay, at Roncevalles you may see Orlando's horn, as big as a weaver's beam. From all which circumstances we may justly infer, that the Twelve Peers, the Peters, the Cids, with all the who were called knights-errant, actually existed, according to the records of their fame; otherwise they may as well deny that the valiant Portuguese, Juan de Merlo, was a knight errant; though it is well known that he went to Burgundy, and fought in the city of Ras, with the famous lord of Charne, called Montefiel.

* *Toca*, which is the original word, signifies a woman's coif, veil, or handkerchief.

neur Pierre ; and afterwards in the city of Basil, with Monseigneur Henrique de Remestan ; gaining the victory in each of these combats, with abundance of honourable fame. Neither, I suppose, will they credit the defiance and adventures that were also atchieved in Burgundy, by those valiant Spaniards, Pedro Barba and Guttierra Quixada, (from whom I am lineally descended on the father's side,) who conquered the sons of the Count de St. Paul : nay, let them likewise refuse to own that Don Fernando de Guevara went in quest of adventures into Germany, where he fought with Messire George, a knight of the household to the Duke of Austria ; and say that the jousts and tournaments at Suero de Quinones, and the pass, were mere illusion, as well as the enterprizes of Monseigneur Lewis de Falfes, against Don Gonçalo de Guzman, a Castilian knight, together with many other exploits performed by Christian warriors, belonging to these and other foreign realms, so authentic and true, that (I repeat my asseveration) he who denies them is void of all reason and common sense.'

The canon was struck with admiration when he heard Don Quixote utter such a medley of fiction and truth ; and perceiving that he was intimately acquainted with every circumstance regarding and concerning the atchievements of knight-errantry, answered him in these words : ' Signior Don Quixote, I cannot deny but what you have said is partly true, particularly that which regards the Spanish knights ; I grant also that there was an order called the Twelve Peers of France, but cannot believe that they performed all those exploits recounted by archbishop Turpin ; for the truth is, they were a set of knights chosen by the kings of France, under the title of the Twelve Peers, because they were all equal in point of virtue, rank, and valour ; at least, if they were not, they ought to have been possessed of this parity of qualifications ; for it was an association resembling the modern orders of St Jago and Calatrava, which supposes, that every member is valiant, virtuous, and

and noble ; and as we now say a knight of St. Juan of Alcantara, in those days they said a knight of the Twelve Peers ; because those who professed that military order were equal in all respects, and twelve in number. That there were such persons as the Cid and Bernardo del Carpio, I make no question ; but whether or not they performed all those exploits which are ascribed to them, is, I believe, extremely doubtful. With respect to the peg of Count Peter, which you say stands by the saddle of Babieca in the royal armoury, to my shame be it spoken, I am either so ignorant or short-sighted, that, although I have seen the saddle, I could never observe the peg, large as you have been pleased to describe it.— ‘ But there certainly is,’ replied the knight ; ‘ and what makes it the more remarkable, it is said to be kept in a case of calve’s leather, that it may not rust.’— ‘ It may be so,’ said the canon ; ‘ but, by my holy orders ! I do not remember to have seen any such thing ; yet, granting it to be in that place, I am not therefore bound to believe the stories that are recounted of so many Amadis’s, and such a rabble of knights ; nor is it reasonable, that a person of honour, like you, endowed with so many happy talents, should give credit to such extravagant rhodomontades as are related in the lying legends of knight-errantry.’

C H A P. XXIII.

Of the sage Contest between Don Quixote and the Canon with other Events.

‘ A GOOD jest, truly,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘ the books, printed with the licence of kings, and approved by the approbation of those who are appointed to examine them, are read with universal delight, celebrated by great and small, rich and poor, knights and plebeians, the learned and illiterate ; finally, by persons of all ranks and degrees whatever ; should contain nothing but lies ; notwithstanding the appearance of truth which they maintain, in mentioning the father, mother, country, relations, condition, birth-place ; and in giving an exact journal

Journal of the exploits peculiar to every individual knight. Cease, therefore, good Sir, to vent such blasphemy, and believe that in this particular, I advise you to act according to the dictates of good sense: read them again, and you will see what pleasure you will reap for your pains; for what can be more entertaining than to see, as it were, before our eyes, a vast lake of boiling pitch, through which an infinite number of serpents, snakes, and alligators, with many other kinds of fierce and terrible creatures, are continually winding and writhing along; then to hear a most dismal voice, that seems to issue from the middle of this pitchy pool, pronounce, "O knight, whosoever thou art, that now standest gazing at the dreadful lake, if thou wouldst enjoy the bliss that is concealed beneath these fable waves, display the valour of thy dauntless breast, and dart thyself amidst these black and burning billows; otherwise, thou art not worthy to behold the mighty wonders deposited and contained within the seven castles of the seven nymphs, that dwell below this sullen flood." "Scarce hath the sound of this dismal voice ceased to vibrate on his ear, when the knight, without the least hesitation, or reflecting upon the danger he incurs, nay, without putting off his heavy armour, but recommending himself to God and his mistress, plunges at once into the burning lake; and when he neither cares nor knows what will be his fate, finds himself in the midst of a delightful plain, by which the Elysian fields are infinitely excelled: there the heaven seems more transparent, and the sun shines with new lustre; the eye is entertained with an agreeable forest of tall and leafy trees, whose verdure delights the view; while the ear is regaled with the sweet and artless notes of an infinite number of little painted warblers, that hop from bough to bough; here he perceives a brook, whose refreshing waters, clear as liquid chrystal, run murmuring on the yellow sand, and glistening pebbles, that emulate the purest pearls, and heaps of sited gold.

‘ In one place springs an artificial fountain, adorned with variegated jasper and polished marble; in another rises a rustic grôtto, in which the small shells of the mussel, and the white and yellow twisted domes of the snail, placed in beauteous disorder, and mixed with bits of shining chrystal and counterfeit emeralds, compose such an agreeable variety, that nature seems to be excelled by imitative art. In a third place, all of a sudden, appears a strong castle, or magnificent palace, the walls of massy gold, the battlements of diamonds, the gates of hyacinth, and, finally, the workmanship so admirable, as infinitely to excel the materials, which are no less than adamant, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, emeralds, and gold. Nay, after having thus feasted his eyes, there still remains for him to see a fair bevy of damsels coming out at the castle gate, dressed in such gay and splendid attire, that were I to describe it minutely, as it is represented in the history, I should never have done. Then she who appears the principal, takes by the hand the undaunted knight, who threw himself into the boiling-lake, and silently leading him into the rich castle or palace, strips him as naked as he was when his mother bore him, and bathes him in water of an agreeable temperature, then anoints his whole body with aromatic essences, and puts upon him a shirt of the finest lawn, all scented and perfumed; then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a mantle, which at least is usually valued at the price of a whole city, or more. After all this ceremony, what a sight it is, when as they relate, he is conducted into another hall, in which a table is furnished with such elegance as to excite his admiration and suspense! when they sprinkle upon his hands water distilled from amber and odoriferous flowers! when he is seated upon a chair of ivory, and attended by all those damsels, who serve him in amazing silence! when he is allured by such a variety of dishes, and so savourily cooked, that the appetite is confounded in its choice! Then to hear music during his repast, without seeing the minstrel, or knowing from whence

whence the sound proceeds; and after he has refreshed himself, and the table is uncovered, while he lolls at ease upon his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, according to custom, he is surprized with the sight of another young lady, much more beautiful than any of the former, who enters the hall, and sitting down by the knight, begins to tell him whole castle that is, and how she is enchanted within it, relating other circumstances, which create wonder in him, and raise the admiration of those who read the story. I need not farther expatiate on this subject, since, from what hath been said, it plainly appears, that any part whatever of the history of any knight-errant whatever, must yield pleasure and surprize to any reader whatsoever. Believe me, therefore, good Sir, and as I have already hinted, take the trouble of reading those books, and you will see what effectual antidotes they are against melancholy, and how they improve the disposition when it is bad. For my own part, I can safely aver, that since I professed the order of knight errantry, I have been valiant, courteous, liberal, well-bred, generous, civil, daring, good-humoured, and a patient endurer of toils, captivities, and enchantment; and though I so lately found myself shut up in a cage like a madman, I hope, by the valour of this my arm, provided Heaven shall favour, and fortune cease to oppose me, in a few days to see myself sovereign of some kingdom, when I shall be enabled to demonstrate the gratitude and generosity which reside within my breast; for, truly, Signior, a poor man is incapable of exerting the virtue of liberality, let him possess it in never so eminent a degree; and that gratitude which is restrained to good-will alone, is like faith without works, no more than the ghost of virtue. Wherefore I wish fortune would speedily furnish me with an opportunity of making myself an emperor, that I may exercise the virtues of my heart, in bestowing benefits on my friends, especially on my poor squire Sancho Panza, one of the best men in the world, whom I intend to create an earl, in consequence of a promise

which he obtained from me long ago, though I fear he wants capacity to manage his estate.'

These last words being overheard by Sancho, he said to his master, 'Signior Don Quixote, I wish you would take the trouble to give me that same earldom, which is as firmly promised by your worship as expected by me, and I will undertake to find ability to manage it; or, if I should find myself at a loss, I have heard it often said, that there are certain persons who farm the estates of great noblemen at so much a year, and take charge of the whole, while the owner lolls at his ease, enjoying his income, without troubling his noddle about any other affairs. Now, I would live in the very same manner, minding the cares of this world as little as possible; but, leaving off all sorts of business, enjoy my rents like any duke, and let the world wag.'—

'Brother Sancho,' said the canon, 'that is to be understood only of the spending your income; but the lord of a great estate must have regard to the administration of justice, which requires ability, sound judgment, and principally an upright intention; for if this be wanting in the beginning, the middle and end will always be involved in error; and therefore Heaven usually assists the righteous intent of the simple, while it confounds the wicked aims of the cunning.'—'I know nothing of these philosophies,' answered the squire; 'but this I know, that I wish to God I had this earldom, as soon as I should find understanding to manage it; for I have as big a soul as my neighbours, and as much body as he that hath more; and would be as much a king in my own estate, as any he that wears a head: and so being, I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should please myself; and pleasing myself, I should be satisfied; and in being satisfied, I should have nothing more to desire; and having nothing more to desire, there would be an end; so let the earldom come a God's name! I wish we could see it, as one blind man said to another.'—'These are no bad philosophies, as you call them, Sancho,' said the canon;

canon; 'but, for all that, there is much to be said on the subject of earldoms.' 'I know not what more can be said,' replied Don Quixote, for my own part, I do no more than follow the example transmitted to me by the great Amadis de Gaul, who created his squire earl of the Firm Island; and therefore I may, without scruple of conscience, bestow the same honour on Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires that ever served knight-errant.'

The canon was amazed at the methodical madness of Don Quixote, manifested in his description of the Knight of the Lake; and in the impression which the false adventures of chivalry had made upon his imagination; neither was his wonder diminished, when he considered the folly of Sancho, who so ardently desired the possession of that island which his master had promised to give him as the reward of his services.

By this time the canon's servants had returned from the inn, with the sumpter-mule; and, instead of a table, spread a carpet on the green grass, under the shade of some trees, where the company seating themselves all round, went to dinner, that the waggoner might not lose the opportunity of such a convenient situation as we have already observed. While they thus enjoyed themselves, their ears were struck with a sudden noise, and the sound of a bell, issuing from the midst of some briars and thickets that surrounded the place where they sat; and immediately appeared a beautiful she-goat, her skin speckled with spots of white, black, and grey, followed by the goatherd; who, in his rustic dialect, called to her to stop, and return to the fold. The fugitive goat, trembling with affright, came towards the company, and there stopped, as if to implore their protection; while her keeper, seizing her by the horns, accosted her in these words, as if she had been possessed of sense and understanding: 'Ah! you spotted wanton, what a rambler you have become of late! the wolves will feast upon you one day; what is the matter with you, my pretty child? Yet what else can it be but

that you are a female, and consequently inconstant ! A plague upon your disposition, and all those you resemble: Return, return, my darling ; and if you are not so happy, at least you will be more secure, in the fold among your companions ! for if you, who ought to watch over and guide the rest, stray about in this imprudent manner, what must become of them ?

These words of the goatherd diverted those who heard them, especially the canon, who said to him, ‘ I beseech you, brother, to pacify yourself, and be not in such a hurry to drive back your goat, which, being a female, as you observe, will follow her natural disposition, in spite of all you can do to oppose it. Take this morsel, and assuage your choler with a cup of wine, and in the mean time the goat will repose herself.’

So saying, he presented to him, on the point of a fork, the hind quarter of a cold rabbit, which was thankfully accepted by the goatherd ; who, having taken a long draught, and composed himself, said to the company, ‘ Gentlemen, you must not take me for a simpleton, because I talk of this animal as if it were a rational creature ; for really there is a mystery concealed beneath the words I have uttered. I am a peasant, it is true, yet not so rustick but that I know how to converse with men as well as beasts.’ ‘ I firmly believe what you say,’ replied the curate ; ‘ for I myself have experienced that the mountains produce learned men, and that philosophers are to be found within the shepherd’s cot.’ ‘ At least,’ resumed the goatherd, ‘ the cottage may contain those who are warned by woeful experience ; and to convince you feelingly, that what I alledge is true, I, though undesired, and self-invited, saving the good pleasure of this good company, entreat a moment’s hearing, while I recount a true story, which will confirm what the gentleman,’ pointing to the curate, ‘ and myself have observed.’

To this proposal Don Quixote replied, ‘ As this affair seems to bear something of the shadow of an adventure, I for my part will gladly give you the hearing, brother,

brother, and so will all those gentlemen, who are persons of taste, and lovers of curious novels, that surprize, delight, and entertain the sensible hearer; for I hope your story will certainly produce these agreeable effects: begin then, friend; we are all attention.' 'By your leave,' cried Sancho, 'I will e'en betake myself with this piece of pasty to yonder brook, and lay in store for three days; for I have heard my master Don Quixote observe, that the squire of a knight-errant ought to eat as often and as much as he can; because they are frequently so bewildered in woods and forests, that it will take them six whole days to disengage themselves; and if a man's belly or his bags be not well lined with provision, there he may stay, as he often does, till he withers into perfect mummy.' 'You are in the right, Sancho,' said the knight: 'go where you will, and eat as much as you please: for my own part, my grosser appetite is satisfied, and now I want refreshment for the mind, which I shall enjoy in listening to this honest countryman's story.' 'We shall all share in the repast,' replied the canon, who entreated the peasant to perform his promise.

Then the goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two slaps on the buttocks, saying, 'Lie down by my side, you speckled Nanny; we shall have time enough to return to the fold. The creature seemed to understand his meaning; for he was no sooner set than she lay down very quietly, and looking in his face, gave him to understand, that she was attentive to what he was going to say; upon which he began his story in these words.

The Story which the Goatherd recounted to the Conductors of Don Quixote.

'THREE leagues from this valley stands a village, which, tho' small, is one of the richest in all this country; and therein dwelt a farmer in great repute: and albeit respect follows worldly wealth, he was more beloved for his virtue than respected for his riches; but
 4 what

what he regarded as the best part of his good fortune, (as he himself was wont to say) was a daughter he had, of such exceeding beauty, rare discretion, modesty, and grace, that every one who saw and knew her, marvelled at the happy talents with which Heaven and nature had enriched her body and her soul. In the cradle she was handsome, and continually increased in beauty, till at the age of sixteen she was a most enchanting creature: the fame of her charms began to spread over all the neighbouring villages; but why need I say the neighbouring villages! it extended to distant cities, and even made it's way into the king's court, filling the ears of all sorts of people, who came from all parts to see her, as if she had been some great curiosity, or miracle-working image. Her father watched over her with great care, and she took great care of herself; for, truly, a maiden's own prudent reserve is a better guard upon her conduct than all the bolts, and spies, and padlocks upon earth. The father's wealth, and the daughter's beauty, moved a great many people, both of town and country, to demand her in marriage; but he, like one who has the disposal of a rich jewel, was perplexed in his mind, and could not determine in favour of any one of the infinite number that solicited his consent. Among the crowd of her suitors, I was one who conceived great and flattering hopes of success, because her father knew me to be his townsman, of an honest family, in the flower of my age, rich in wealth, and in point of understanding not very poor. She was also courted by another young man of our town, who was in every respect my equal; so that her father was perplexed, and wavered in his choice, because he thought his daughter would be well bestowed upon either of us; wherefore, in order to deliver himself from this suspense, he resolved to communicate our demands to Leandra, (for that is the name of this wealthy maiden, who hath made me miserable,) and since we were equal in all qualifications, to refer the whole affair to the choice and decision of his beloved daughter. An example worthy

to be followed by every father in the settlement of his children: not that I would have parents leave them to their own choice, in things that are manifestly wicked and base; but first propose a number of prudent schemes, out of which they may be allowed to fix upon that which is most to their liking. I know not to which of us Leandra gave the preference; this only I know, that her father put us off, on pretence of his daughter's tender years, in general terms, which neither laid him under any obligation, nor gave us any cause of complaint. I think proper to tell you, that I am called Eugenio, and my rival Anselmo, that you may be acquainted with the names of the persons principally concerned in this tragedy, which is still depending; though one may easily foresee, that it must have a melancholy end.

‘But, to return to my story: just about that time, there came to our town one Vincent de La Rosa, the son of a poor labouring man that lived in the village: this Vincent, who was just returned from being a foldier in Italy, and other foreign parts, had been carried away, when he was a boy about twelve years of age, by a captain that chanced to march through the town with his company; and now, after an absence of another dozen of years, he returned, in the garb of a soldier, pinked up in a thousand colours, and bedecked with a power of glass toys and slender chains of steel. To-day he dressed himself out in one gay suit, to-morrow in another: but all his finery and gewgaws were of little weight or value. The labouring people, who are naturally malicious, nay, when idleness gives them opportunity, downright malice itself, observed and took an exact account of all his ornaments and fine apparel, and found that he had no more than three suits of different colours, with garters and hose; but he found means to disguise them by such inventions, that one who had not been at the pains to detect him, would have sworn that he had appeared in more than ten different dresses, and upwards of twenty plumes of feathers; and

and you must not think it impertinent or foolish in me to give you this account of his cloaths, because they bear a considerable share in the story. He used to seat himself upon a stone, under a tall poplar that grew in our market-place, and there keep us all gaping around him at the exploits which he recounted: if you would take his word for it, there was not a country on the face of the earth which he had not seen, nor a battle in which he had not served: he had killed a greater number of Moors than ever Tunis or Morocco produced; and, by his own account, fought more single combats than were ever maintained by Gante, Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredes, and a thousand more whom he named, gaining the victory in each, without losing one single drop of his blood; then he would shew the marks of wounds, which, though not to be distinguished, he gave us to understand were the effects of musket shot he had received in different actions and encounters; finally, with incredible arrogance, he used to *thou* his own equals, even those who knew his extraction, and say that his own arm was his father, his family the work of his own hands, and being a soldier, he owed nothing even to the king himself: with all his boasting, he knew something of music, and could thrum upon the guittar, so as that some people said he made it speak. But his talents did not end here; for he was also a piece of a poet, and wrote ballads a league and a half long, upon every silly trifle that happened in the village. Well, then, this soldier whom I have described, this Vincent de La Rosa, this braggadocio, this gallant, this musician, and poet, was often seen and observed by Leandra from the window of her apartment, that looked towards the market-place. She was captivated by the tinsel of his gaudy cloaths, and enchanted by his ballads; for he gave away twenty copies of each that he composed; the feats he related of himself, reached her ears: in short, (as the devil himself must certainly have ordained,) she fell in love with him, even before he had the presumption to make any attempt upon her heart; and,

and, as in the affairs of love every thing is easily accomplished by the man who is already in possession of the woman's affection, Leandra and Vincent soon came to a right understanding; and before any one of her numerous admirers had the least inkling of her inclination, she had already gratified it, by leaving the house of her loving and indulgent father, (mother she had none,) and running away with the soldier, who triumphed in that enterprize, and more effectually than in any one he had ever undertaken.

' This event filled not only the whole village, but likewise all who heard of it, with admiration: I, for my part, was amazed, Anselmo astonished, the father overwhelmed with sorrow, and the relations with shame. Justice, however, being solicited, the troopers immediately took the road, examined every copse and thicket thereabouts, and, after a search of three days, found the giddy Leandra in the cave of a mountain, naked to the smock, and stripped of a great quantity of money and precious jewels, which she had carried off when she made her escape. When she was brought back to the presence of her afflicted father, and questioned about her misfortune, she frankly owned that Vincent de La Rosa had imposed upon her; that, under promise of marriage, he had persuaded her to forsake her father's house, promising to conduct her to Naples, which, he said, was the most beautiful and flourishing city in the whole world; that she inadvertently and fondly believed his false professions, and robbing her father, put herself under his protection that same night she was missed, when he carried her to a rocky mountain, and confined her in the cave where she was found: she likewise affirmed that the soldier, without making any attempt upon her virtue, had stripped her of all she had, and left her in that forlorn condition; a circumstance that surprized all who heard it, the soldier's continence being so incredible; but she insisted upon it with such earnest asseverations, that the disconsolate father was in some sort comforted, making little account of the

money he had lost, since his daughter was allowed to keep the jewel which, when once lost, there is no hope of retrieving.

‘ The same day that Leandra appeared, her father removed her from our eyes, and shut her up in a monastery of a neighbouring town, hoping that time would efface some part of the bad opinion his daughter had incurred. The tender years of Leandra served as an excuse for her misconduct, especially with those who are not concerned in the affair; but those who know her discretion and good sense, do not ascribe her fault to ignorance, but to mere levity, and the natural disposition of women, which is always injudicious and imperfect. Leandra being thus secured, Anselmo’s eyes were blind to every thing that could yield him pleasure; and mine remained in darkness, without the least glimpse of light to direct them to any agreeable object: the absence of Leandra increased our affliction, and exhausted our patience; we cursed the soldier’s finery, and exclaimed against her father’s want of care. At length we agreed to quit the village, and repair to this valley, where, he feeding a vast flock of sheep, which are his own property, and I tending a numerous fold of goats, which are also mine, we spend our lives under the cool shade of lofty trees, and give vent to our passion, either by singing, in concert, the praise or dispraise of the beautiful Leandra, or each by himself sighing in the lonely grove, and ejaculating his complaint to Heaven. In imitation of us, many more of Leandra’s lovers have betaken themselves to these rugged mountains, and the exercise of the same employment; so that this spot seems to be transformed into a pastoral Arcadia, every field being crouded with shepherds and folds, and every corner resounding with the name of the fair Leandra. One curses and calls her fickle, inconsistent, and immodest; a second condemns her credulity and lightness of behaviour; a third acquits and forgives her, while she is arraigned and reproached by a fourth; some celebrate her beauty; others find fault with

with her disposition: in short, she is censured and adored by them all; nay, to such a pitch hath their extravagance risen, that some of them complain of her disdain, though they never spoke to her; and others, in their lamentations, pretend to feel the rage of jealousy, which is a passion she never inspired; for, as I have already mentioned, her fault was known before her inclination was suspected: there is not the hollow of a rock, the margin of a rill, nor the shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, recounting his misfortune to the winds; wherever an echo can be formed, it repeats the name of Leandra; the hills resound with Leandra; the rivulets murmur Leandra; in short, Leandra keeps us all enchanted and perplexed, hoping we know not how, and dreading we know not what. Among the wrong-headed society, he that shews the least, though he has the greatest share of judgment, is my rival Amielmo; who, notwithstanding all the cause he has to be dissatisfied, complains of absence only, turning his lamentation to the sound of the rebeck, which he touches with admirable skill, in verses that shew the excellence of his genius. I follow a more easy, and, in my opinion, a wiser course, namely, to inveigh against the levity of the female sex; their fickleness, their double dealing, their rotten promises, their broken faith; and, finally, their want of judgment in bestowing their affections. These, gentlemen, are my reasons for the discourse you heard me address to my goat, whom (because she is a female) I despise, altho' she be the best of the fold. This is the story I promised to recount, and if I have been prolix in the narration, I shall not be brief in what service you shall please to command. Hard by is my cottage, in which I have plenty of new milk, and most savoury cheese, with abundance of the fruit in season, no less agreeable to the taste than to the view.'

C H A P. XXV.

Of the Quarrel that happened between Don Quixote and the Goatherd, with the curious Adventure of the Disciplinants, which the Knight happily atchieved with the Sweat of his Brow.

THIS story of the goatherd gave infinite pleasure to all that heard it, especially to the canon, who observed, with admiration, his manner of relating it, as distant from the rustic phrase of a peasant as near approaching to the polite stile of a courtier; and therefore he said, the curate had justly observed, that the mountains sometimes produced learned men. Every body made proffers of service to Eugenio; but he that shewed himself most liberal in compliment was Don Quixote, who said to him, ‘Truly, brother goatherd, were it possible for me to undertake any new adventure, I would forthwith set forward in your behalf, and deliver Leandra from that monastery, in which she is, doubtless, detained against her will, in spite of the abbess and all that should oppose my design; and would put her into your hands to be treated according to your good will and pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, by which all damsels are protected from wrongs: though I hope in God, that a malicious enchanter shall not so far prevail, but that he may be excelled in power, by another of a more righteous disposition; and then you may depend upon my favour and assistance, according to the duty of my profession, which is no other than to succour the wretched and the weak.’

The goatherd stared at Don Quixote, and being struck with admiration at his rueful aspect and dishevelled locks, said to the barber, who sat near him, ‘Signior, pray, who is that man who looks and talks so wildly?’ ‘Who should it be,’ answered the barber, ‘but the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha! the redresser of grievances, the righter of wrongs, the protector of damsels,

damfels, the terror of giants, and thunder bolt of war?' 'That difcourse,' replied the peasant, 'puts me in mind of thofe books which treat of knights errant, who were commonly diftinguifhed by fuch titles as you beftow on that man: but, I fuppofe, you are pleafed to be merry, or elfe the apartments of this poor gentleman's fkuil are but indifferently furnifhed.'

'You are a moft impudent rafcal!' (cried the knight, over hearing what he faid :) 'it is your fkuil that is unfurnifhed and unfound; but mine is more pregnant than the abominable whore that brought you forth.' So faying, he fnatched up a loaf, and flung it at the goatherd with fuch fury, that he levelled his nofe with his face.

Eugenio, who did not underftand raillery, finding himfelf maltreated in earneft, without any refpect for the carpet, table-cloth, or company, leaped upon the knight, and laying hold of his collar, with both hands, would certainly have ftrangled him, if Sancho Panza had not at that instant fprung to his mafter's affiftance, and pulling his antagonist backwards, tumbled him over upon the table, where plates, cups, victuals, wine, and all went to wreck. Don Quixote finding himfelf difengaged, arofe, and, in his turn, got upon the goatherd, who being battered by the mafter, and kicked by the man, was creeping about on all fours in queft of a table knife, with which he intended to take fome bloody revenge; but was prevented by the canon and curate: the goatherd, however, managed matters fo as that he got the knight under him, when he rained fuch a fhower of kicks and cuffs upon his carcafe, that our hero's countenance was as much overflowed with blood as his own; the curate and canon were ready to burft with laughing, the troopers capered about with joy, and the whole company hallooed, according to the practice of the fpectators when two dogs are engaged: Sancho Panza alone was diftracted, becaufe he could not get out of the clutches of one of the canon's fervants, who hindered him from affifting his mafter. In fine,

when every body was thus regaled and rejoiced, except the combatants, who worried each other, they heard a trumpet utter such a melancholy note, that they could not help turning their heads, and looking towards the place from whence the sound seemed to come: but he on whom it made the greatest impression was Don Quixote; who, though lying under his antagonist, very much against his inclination, and more than sufficiently pummelled, said to the goatherd, 'Brother devil, (for sure thou canst be nothing else, who hast strength and valour sufficient to overcome my efforts,) I beg a truce for one hour only; because the doleful sound of that trumpet, which salutes our ears, seems to summon me to some new adventure.'

The goatherd being by this time heartily tired of drubbing as well as of being drubbed, immediately complied with his request; and Don Quixote starting up, directed his view towards the place whence the sound seemed to issue, where he described a great number of people dressed in white like disciplinants, coming down the side of a neighbouring hill. That year the heavens had withheld refreshing showers from the earth; and through all the villages of that district the people instituted processions, disciplines, and prayers, beseeching God to open the fountains of his mercy, and favour them with rain: for this purpose, the inhabitants of a neighbouring village were then going in procession to a holy hermitage built on an eminence that skirted the valley; and Don Quixote seeing the strange dress of the disciplinants,* without recollecting that he had frequently seen such habits before, concluded the whole to be an adventure, which it was the province of him as a knight-errant to achieve: what served to confirm him in this notion, was an image cloathed in black which was carried before them, and which he supposed to be some princess whom those discourteous robbers were carrying off by force.

* Persons hired to whip themselves on such occasions.

This whim no sooner entered his brain, than he ran with great agility to Rozinante, who was feeding very quietly, and taking the bridle and shield, which hung upon the pommel of the saddle, clapped the bit in his mouth in a twinkling, and demanding his sword from Sancho, mounted his steed, and braced his target, calling aloud to the company, 'Now, honourable gentlemen, ye shall perceive the importance of those who profess the order of knight-errantry! Now, I say, ye shall, in the deliverance of that excellent lady, who is at present a captive, behold how much knight-errants ought to be esteemed.'

So saying, he clapped his heels to Rozinante, (spurs he had none,) and at a hand-gallop (for we do not find in this true history that ever Rozinante went full-speed) rode up to attack the disciplinants. Though the canon, curate and barber, made efforts to detain him, they found it impracticable: he was even deaf to the cries of Sancho, who bawled, with great vociferation, 'Where are you going, Signior Don Quixote? what devil possesses and provokes you to act against our Catholick faith! Take notice—a plague upon me!—take notice that this is no other than a procession of disciplinants; and that lady, carried on the bier, the blessed image of the immaculate Virgin! Consider, Signior, what you are about, for sure I am you do not know!'

In vain did Sancho strain his lungs: his master was so intent upon overtaking the apparitions, and setting the lady in black at liberty, that he heard not one syllable; nor if he had, would he have returned, even if the king had commanded him so to do. When he approached the procession, he stopped Rozinante, who was already out of breath, and, with a hoarse disordered voice, pronounced, 'You there, who perhaps disguise yourselves for no good, stop, and give ear to what I am going to say.'

Those who carried the image were the first that halted; and one of the four priests who sung the litanies, observing the strange aspect of Don Quixote, the lean-

ness of Rozinante, with other ridiculous circumstances belonging to both, answered in these words: 'Friend, if you have any thing to say, speak quickly; for these our brethren are all this while scourging their own flesh; and we cannot, nor is it reasonable we should, tarry to hear any thing that cannot be comprehended in two words.' 'I will comprehend what I have to say in one,' replied the knight; 'and it is this: I command you instantly to set free that beautiful lady, whose tears and melancholy deportment clearly demonstrate that you are carrying her off, contrary to her inclination, after having done her some notorious wrong; and I, who was born to redress such grievances, will not suffer you to proceed one step farther, until she shall have obtained that liberty she deserves.'

From these words, concluding that he must be some madman, all of them began to laugh very heartily; and their mirth acting as a train of gunpowder to the knight's choler, he drew his sword, and, without uttering another word, attacked the bearers; one of whom, leaving his share of the load to his companions, opposed himself to this aggressor, brandishing a fork or pole, on which (when they were wearied) they supported the bier. Don Quixote, with a furious back-stroke, cut this implement in two; but with the piece which remained in the hand of the defendant, received such a thwack upon the shoulder above his sword arm, that his buckler was unable to sustain the shock of such a rude assault, and down came the poor knight, in a most lamentable condition.

Sancho Panza, who came puffing after his master, seeing him fall, called aloud to his antagonist to forbear; for he was a poor enchanted knight, who had never done the least harm to man, woman, or child; but the peasant's forbearance was not owing to this exclamation of the squire, so much as to the situation of Don Quixote, who neither moved hand nor foot; so that believing he had done his business, he hastily gathered up his frock, and fled through the field as nimble as a buck. By this

time

time the whole company were come up to the place where Don Quixote lay; and those belonging to the procession seeing so many people running towards them, accompanied by the troopers with their cross bows, began to be in dread of some mischievous event, and formed themselves into a circle around the image: then the disciplinants, lifting up their hoods, and wielding their scourges, and the priests their long tapers, waited the assault with full determination to defend themselves, and, if possible, act offensively against all who should attack them. But fortune disposed of things more favourable than they expected; for all that Sancho did, was to throw himself upon the body of his master, who he believed was actually dead, and utter the most doleful and ludicrous lamentation that ever was heard. The curate was immediately known by a brother of the cloth, who belonged to the procession, and this acquaintance dispelled the apprehension which both squadrons had begun to conceive. Our licentiate told his friend in a few words who Don Quixote was, upon which he and the whole crowd of disciplinants went to see whether or not the poor knight was dead, and heard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, lamenting in these words: 'O flower of chivalry, who, by the single stroke of a cudgel, hast finished the career of thy well-spent life! O thou honour of thy family, thou glory of La Mancha! aye, and of the whole world, which, being deprived of thee, will soon be filled with evil doers, who will prosper without fear of chastisement for their wicked deeds! Oh, thou wast more liberal than all the Alexanders that ever lived! for thou gavest me, for eight month's service only, the best island that ever the sea surrounded. Oh! thou wast humble with the haughty, and haughty with the humble, tempting dangers, enduring disgraces, in love without cause, imitating the good, scourging the wicked, a professed enemy to every thing that was base; in short, a knight-errant, and that is every thing in one word!'

The

The cries and groans of Sancho revived his master and the first words he pronounced were these: 'He who is condemned to live absent from thee, most amiable Dulcinea! is subjected to much greater hardships than these. Friend Sancho, help to lay me on the enchanted car; for I am incapable of pressing Rozinante's saddle, this whole shoulder being crushed to pieces.'—'That I'll do very willingly, dear master,' replied the squire; 'and let us return to our own habitation, in company of these gentlemen, who wish you well; and there we will lay a scheme for another sally, which, I hope, will be more fortunate and creditable.'—'You are in the right, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'and it will be very prudent in us to let the malign influence of the stars pass over.'

The canon, curate, and barber, approved of his intention, and being extremely diverted with the squire's simplicity, conveyed the knight to his former situation in the waggon. The procession was formed anew, and set forwards accordingly: the goatherd took his leave of the company; the troopers, being unwilling to go farther, were paid by the curate for their trouble; the canon having intreated the priest to inform him by letter of Don Quixote's fate, with regard to the continuation or cure of his extravagance, bade him farewell, and proceeded on his journey; in short, there was a general separation, till at length the curate, barber, Don Quixote, and Panza, were left by themselves, with the trusty Rozinante, who, with the patience of his master, bore and beheld every thing that passed.

The waggoner yoking his oxen, accommodated the knight with a truss of hay, and with his usual phlegm jogged on according to the priest's directions, till, at the end of six days, they arrived at their own village, which they entered about noon; and it chancing to be Sunday, the market-place, through which they were obliged to pass, was crowded with people, who running to see what was in the cage, recognized their townsman, and were struck with astonishment. A boy ran immediately to
his

his housekeeper and niece, whom, when he informed of his master's arrival, in a most meagre, withered condition, stretched upon a truss of hay, in a waggon; it was a piteous thing to hear the cries that were uttered by these worthy ladies, who buffeted themselves through vexation, and vented bitter curses against the wicked books of chivalry; which lamentations, buffetings, and curses, were repeated with greater violence than ever, when they saw the knight enter his own gate.

Sancho Panza's wife, who had got intimation that he was gone with Don Quixote in quality of his squire, hearing of his return, ran straight to her husband, and the first question she asked was, whether or not the ass was in good health? when the squire answered, that the ass was in better health than his master. 'Thanks be to God,' cried she, 'for that and all his other mercies. But, now tell me, friend, what good you have got by your squireship? Have you brought home a new petticoat for me, or shoes for your children?'—'I have brought no such matters, my dear,' replied Sancho, 'but things of greater consideration and importance.'—'I am glad of that, with all my heart!' said the wife; 'pray shew me these things of greater consideration and importance, that the sight of them may rejoice my heart, which hath been so sad and discontented all the weary time of your being away.'—'You shall see them at home,' answered Sancho; 'and heark'ee, wife, make yourself easy for the present; for, as it please God that we set out again in quest of adventures, you shall speedily behold your husband an earl, or governor of an island; I don't mean your common islands, but one of the best that ever was seen.'—'The Lord in heaven grant it, husband; for I am sure we have need enough of such windfalls: but tell me, what is an island; for, truly, I know not the meaning of the word?'—'Honey was not made for the mouth of an ass,' said the squire; 'you shall see what it is, all in good time, my dear; aye, and admire to hear all your vassals call you, my lady.'—'What is that you say, Sancho, of ladies, islands,

islands, and vassals?' cried Joan Panza; for that was the name of the squire's wife, though she was not related to Sancho before marriage; but it is the custom in La Mancha for the women to take the names of their husbands. 'Don't be in such a hurry to know every thing, Joan,' replied the squire; 'it is sufficient that I tell thee nothing but truth; let this, therefore, stop that mouth of thine. Mean time, however, I care not if I tell thee, that it is one of the most pleasant occupations in the world for an honourable person, like me, to be squire to a knight-errant, when he is in quest of adventures. True it is, the greatest part of them do not fall out quite so much to one's liking as one could wish; for, out of a hundred in which we are engaged, ninety-nine are generally cross and unfortunate. That I know by experience, having been sometimes threshed, and sometimes blanketed; but, howsoever, it is a curious pastime to be always in expectation of adventures, crossing huge mountains, searching woods, climbing rocks, visiting castles, lodging at inns, where we live at rack and manger, and the devil a farthing to pay.'

While this conversation passed between Sancho and his wife, the housekeeper and niece received Don Quixote, whom they undressed and put to bed in his old chamber, while he eyed them askance, without being able to comprehend where he was. The curate laid his injunctions on the niece to cherish her uncle with great tenderness, and charged them both to take especial care that he might not escape again, giving them an account of the trouble he had been at in bringing him back to his own house. Here they raised their voices again in concert, renewing their curses upon the books of chivalry, and beseeching Heaven to confound the authors of such madness and lies to the lowest pit of hell; in short, they were half-distracted with the apprehension of losing him again, as soon as his health should be re-established; and this was actually the case.

But

But the author of this history, although he enquired, with the utmost curiosity and diligence, concerning the actions of Don Quixote in his third sally, could never find any satisfactory and authentic account of them; only, fame hath preserved some memoirs in La Mancha, by which it appears that Don Quixote, when he set out the third time, went to Saragossa, where he was present at a most celebrated tournament, in which many things happened to him worthy of his genius and valour: but with regard to his death and burial, he could obtain no information; and must have remained entirely ignorant of that event, had he not luckily met with an old physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, which he said he found under the foundation of an ancient hermitage that was repairing. This box contained some skins of parchment, on which were written, in Gothic characters and Castilian verse, many of our knight's exploits, with a description of Dulcinea's beauty, Rozinante's figure, Sancho's fidelity, and Don Quixote's own funeral, celebrated by divers epitaphs, and panegyrics on his life and morals. All that could be read, and fairly copied, are those which are here inserted by the faithful author of this new and surprising history, who, in recompence for the immense trouble he has undergone in his enquiries, and in examining the archives of La Mancha, that he might publish it with more certainty, desires the reader to favour him with the same credit which intelligent persons give to those books of chivalry that pass so currently in the world; and herewith he will rest fully satisfied; and perhaps be animated to search after, and find out, other histories, if not as authentic, at least as full of invention and entertainment.

The verses which were written in the first skin of parchment found in the leaden box were these—

The

The Academicians of Argamasilla, a Town of La Mancha, on the Life and Death of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, hoc scripserunt.

Monicongo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulture of Don Quixote.

E P I T A P H.

THE bully that La Mancha deck'd
 With spoils that shame the Cretan Jason,
 Whose judgment ripe, and wit uncheck'd,
 The trumpeter of renown shall blazon;
 That arm, whose valour did extend
 To Gæta, from remote Cathay;
 That muse, which did the welkin rend
 With verse which brazen plates display;
 Who Amadis left far behind,
 And deem'd Galaor a mere baby,
 Whose valour with such lustre shin'd,
 As shew'd ev'n Belianis shabby;
 He that on Rozinante rode,
 Now mingles with this clay-cold clod!

Paniguado, Academician of Argamasilla, in Praise of Dulcinea del Toboso.

S O N G.

THE maid, you see, with cheeks so blouzy,
 High-chested, vigorous, and frouzy,
 Dulcinea, fam'd Toboso's princess,
 Don Quixote's gen'rous flame evinces:
 For her, on foot, he did explore
 The sable mountain o'er and o'er,
 Through many a weary field did halt,
 And all through Rozinante's fault.
 Hard fate! that such a dame should die
 In spite of him and chivalry;
 That he, whose deeds e'en stones proclaim,
 Should mourn a disappointed flame!

Capriccio

*Caprichoso, a most ingenious Academician of Argamafilla,
in praise of Rozinante, the renowned Steed of
Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

ON a proud trunk of adamant,
Whose bloody branches smell'd of war,
La Mancha's frantic wight did plant
His standard glitt'ring from afar.
There hung his arms ; there gleam'd his sword,
That wont to level, hack, and hew ;
Yet shall the wond'ring muse afford,
For new exploits, a stile that's new.
Let Gaul of Amadis be proud,
Greece boast the champions she hath bore ;
Don Quixote triumphs o'er the crowd
Of all the warlike knights of yore :
For neither Gaul or Greece can vie
With fam'd La Mancha's chivalry.
Ev'n Rozinante wears the bay ;
Let Brilladore and Bayard bray *.

*Burlador, an Argamafillan Academician, on
Sancho Panza*

S O N G.

HERE Sancho view of body small,
But great in worth, in action clear,
The best and simplest squire of all
The world e'er saw, I vow and swear.
And earl he surely might have been,
Had not this knavish age of brags,
With insolence and knavish spleen,
Conspir'd against him and his as ;
That as, on which he gently trotted
At gentle Rozinante's tail !
Vain man, with flatt'ring hope besotted,
How, in a dream, thy prospects fail !

* The horse of Orlando Furioso was called Brigliaduro ; as Bayardo
is the name of the steed belonging to Ruggiero, the second, if not the
first, hero in Ariosto's incomparable poem.

*Cachidiablo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the
Sepulture of Don Quixote.*

E P I T A P H.

ON Rozinante's back
The knight that whilome travell'd,
Thro' highway, path, and track,
Is here bemir'd and gravell'd :
And eke as stiff as he,
The block of Sancho Panza,
A trusty squire, perdie !
As ever mortal man saw.

*Tiquitock, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulture
of Dulcinea del Toboso.*

HERE lies Dulcinea, once so plump,
But now her fat all melts away ;
For death, with an inhuman thump,
Has turn'd her into dust and clay.
Of a true breed she surely sprung,
And wanted not external grace ;
Don Quixote's heart with love she stung,
And shone the glory of her race.

These were all the verses which could be read ; the rest being worm-eaten, were delivered to an academician, that he might attempt to unravel their meaning by conjecture. This task, we understand, he has performed with infinite pains and study, intending to publish them to the world, in expectation of the third sally of Don Quixote.

‘ Forse altri canterà con miglior plettro.’



PREFACE

TO PART II.

HEAVENS! with what eagerness must thou be waiting for this prologue, courteous reader, whosoever thou art, gentle or simple, in hopes of finding it replete with resentment, reproaches, and revenge, against the author of the second *Don Quixote*; him I mean, who, it is reported, was engendered at *Tordeillas*, and brought forth in *Tarragona*. But, truly, I have no intention to give thee that satisfaction: for, although injuries may awaken indignation in vulgar breasts; mine, I hope, will always be an exception to that rule. Thou wouldst be glad, perhaps, to find me bestowing upon him the epithets of ass, blockhead, and insolent coxcomb; but such low revenge never once entered my imagination: his own conscience will sufficiently chastise him; let him therefore chew the cud of remorse, and digest it if he can. I own, I cannot help feeling the unjust reproach, when he taxes me with lameness and old age, as if it had been in my power to retard the lapse of time; or that I had been maimed in some tavern-brawl, and not on the most glorious occasion that ever the past or present age beheld, or posterity can ever hope to see. If my wounds do not brighten in the eyes of every spectator, they are at least esteemed by those who know where they were acquired*; and who thinks that a soldier who falls in battle makes a much more noble appearance than he who saves himself by flight. This opinion is so-rooted within my own breast, that, were such an impossibility proposed and effected, I would rather be lame, as I am, with the share I had in that stupendous action, than sound of body, without the honour of having been there. The wounds that appear in a soldier's countenance and bosom, are so many stars to guide the rest of mankind to the haven of

M 2

* The battle of Lepanto.

honour
considered

honour, and the desire of honest praise : and it ought to be observed, that an author does not write with his grey hairs, but according to the dictates of his understanding, which is usually improved by years and experience. I perceive also, that he calls me envious ; and, as if I were utterly ignorant, is at the pains to describe the nature of envy ; though I protest, of the two kinds, I only harbour that which is pure, virtuous, and noble. This being the case, as it undoubtedly is, I have not the least inclination to inveigh against any priest, especially one who bears the office of familiar to the holy inquisition : as if what he says be advanced in behalf of him whose cause he seems to espouse, he is altogether mistaken, in my opinion, of that person, whose genius I adore : I admire his works, together with his continual occupation in the practice of virtues ; but I am actually obliged to this honourable author, for saying that my novels * are more satirical than exemplary, though he owns they are good of their kind ; for, without being exemplary, they cannot possibly be good.

I suppose, gentle reader, thou art by this time of opinion, that I walk with great circumspection, and scrupulously confine myself within the bounds of modesty, conscious that it is inhuman to heap affliction on the afflicted ; and that this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in the open field, and in the face of Heaven, but conceals his name, and dissembles his country, as if he had been guilty of high treason : tell him, therefore, in my name, if ever thou shouldst chance to find him out, that I do not at all think myself injured by what he has done, for well do I know, what temptations the devil spreads before us ; and that one of his most effectual snares, is to make a man believe that he has capacity to write a book, by which he shall obtain an equal share of money and reputation. In confirmation of what I say, I will beg the favour of you to tell him a short story.

There

* *Novelas Exemplares.*

There was in Seville a certain madman seized with the most diverting whim that ever entered the brain of a lunatic. He used to walk with a hollow cane, pointed at one end; and whenever he met with a dog in the street, or in any other place, he clapped his foot on one of the creature's hind legs, pulled up the other with his hand, and applying, as well as he could, the pipe to his posteriors, instantly blew him up as round as a ball. This operation being performed, he clapped him twice on the belly, and dismissed the patient, saying, very gravely, to the mob, that never failed to gather round him, 'Gentlemen, I suppose, now, you think it is an easy matter to blow up a dog!' In like manner I say, 'I suppose your worship thinks it an easy matter to write a book.' If this story should not be to his liking, be so good, friendly reader, as to tell this other, which also relates to a dog and a madman.

There was another idiot in Cordova, who had a trick in carrying upon his head a piece of marble, or heavy stone; and, as often as he perceived any dog off his guard, he would approach him slyly, and let it fall plump upon his head. This was no joke to the poor dog, who used to run barking and howling the length of three whole streets, before he ventured to look behind. But, among others, he one day happened to discharge his burden on a cap-maker's favourite dog; down went the stone upon his head, and the injured beast set up the howl: the master seeing what passed, was filled with indignation, snatched up his measure, and falling out upon the lunatic, did not leave a whole bone in his skin; saying, at every blow he bestowed, 'Dog! rascal! use my spaniel in this manner! Did not you see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel!' Thus repeating the word spaniel a great many times, he beat the aggressor into jelly.

The madman being documented, sneaked off, and kept his chamber a whole month; at the end of which he returned to his former pastime, with a greater stone than ever, and coming up to a dog that lay asleep, con-

dered him with great attention, but was afraid of discharging the stone, saying, 'Ware spaniel!' In short, all the dogs he afterwards met with, whether curs or mastiffs, were in his opinion spaniels; so that he never ventured to repeat his experiment. Now this may be the fate of our historian, who will not chuse to open the flood-gates of his wit again, in composing books, which, if bad, are harder than stone.

Tell him, likewise, that I value not his threats a farthing, when he says that his performance will deprive me of bread; but answer him with a quotation from the famous interlude of the Perendenga: 'To four and twenty live, my lord, and Christ be with us all.' Long live the great Count de Lemos, whose well-known Christian generosity supports me against all the strokes of adverse fortune; and long life to the transcendent charity of the most illustrious archbishop of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas; if there was not one printing-press in the whole world, or if more books were published against me than there are letters in the couplets of Mingo Rebulgo; these two princes, unsolicited by any adulation, or other kind of praise, on my part, but purely out of their own benevolence, have been pleased to honour me with their countenance and favour, in which I think myself infinitely more happy and rich, than if I had been conducted to the highest pinnacle of fortune, in the ordinary way. Honour may be enjoyed by a poor but never by a vicious man; nobility may be clouded by indigence, but never altogether obscured; for virtue, shining by its own internal light, even through the inconveniencies and crannies of poverty, will recommend itself to the esteem of high and princely minds, and of consequence obtain their favour and protection. Thou needest say no more to him; nor will I give thee any farther trouble, except to observe, that thou art to consider this second part of Don Quixote as a work of the same artificer, and composed of the same materials with the first, in which I present the knight at full length; and, in short,

short, exhibit him dead and buried; that no man, for the future, may presume to raise fresh evidence against him; those already examined being sufficient for the purpose. The more so, as a man of honour has already given an account of his ingenious follies, without any intention to resume the subject; for there may be too much even of a good thing; and the scarcity of those things which are in themselves indifferent, often brings them into some degree of estimation. I had almost forgot to tell thee, that thou mayest expect the *Perfiles*, which I am now finishing, together with the second part of *Galatea*.



APPROBATION.

BY order of Signior Doctor Gutierrez de Cetina, vicar-general of the city of Madrid, where his majesty keeps his court, I have perused the second part of the sage knight, Don Quixote de La Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; in which I can find nothing unworthy of a zealous Christian, or deviating from that respect which is justly due to good example and moral virtue. On the contrary, the performance contains much erudition and profitable amusement; not only the well-supported sequel of his design, to extirpate those vain and lying books of chivalry, which had already too far spread their infection; but also in the purity of his Castilian language, unadulterated with insipid affectation, which every man of sense abhors; and in his manner of correcting the vicious, who generally feel the point of his satire. Yet he so wisely observes the laws of Christian rebuke, that the patient, labouring under the infirmity which he intends to cure, may, in such sweet and palatable medicine, even without his own knowledge, or the least hindrance and loathing, swallow down an effectual detestation for vice; so that he will find himself at once delighted and reformed, in consequence of an art which is known to few. There are many authors, who, not knowing how to blend and mix instruction with delight, have seen all their tedious labours miscarry; because, not being able to imitate Diogenes, as a learned philosopher, they have presumed licentiously, not to say obscurely, to mimic him as a cynic, giving ear to slander, and inventing things that never happened, by which means they enlarge the vicious capacity of those whom their harsh reproofs stigmatize; and, perhaps, strike out new paths of lewdness hitherto unknown; so that instead of reformers, they become teachers and abettors of vice. In this manner they grow hateful to men of sense, and lose all their credit, if they had any, with the people, who refuse to encourage their writings; while the vicious are rather hardened

dened than amended by the rash and imprudent corruption ; for the knife and caustic are not proper for all kinds of tumours, some of which are more successfully treated by soft and gentle remedies, by the application of which, the experienced and learned physician often attains his end of discussing them ; a period much more eligible than that which is obtained by the barbarity of steel.

The writings of Miguel de Cervantes have met with a very different reception, not only from our nation, but likewise from strangers ; who, as if he was something miraculous, are inflamed with the desire of seeing the author of those books which have met with such general applause, on account of the decency and decorum, as well as the agreeable sweetness of his style, in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders. This I can with great truth affirm, that on the twentieth and fifth day of February, in this year of God, one thousand six hundred and fifteen, I attended my master, his grace Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, cardinal archbishop of Toledo, when he returned the visit of the French ambassador, who came to treat about a double match betwixt the princes and princesses of France and Spain ; and several gentlemen of that country, belonging to the embassy, who were equally sensible and well-bred, as well as lovers of the Belles Lettres, in their conversation with me and the other chaplains of the cardinal, desired to know what books of genius were in highest esteem among us ; I chanced to mention this performance, which was then under my examination : but no sooner did they hear the name of Miguel de Cervantes, than they began to expatiate upon the high esteem in which France and the neighbouring kingdoms held his productions ; namely, the *Galatea*, which one of them could almost repeat, with the novels, and the first part of *Don Quixote*. Such were the commendations they bestowed upon them, that I offered to introduce them to the author, whom they honoured with thousand demonstrations of regard. They were curious

rious to know his age, profession, quality, and fortune; and when I found myself obliged to tell them he was a soldier, and a gentleman, oppressed with poverty and old age; one of them replied in these very words: ‘What! does not Spain load such a man with riches, and maintain him out of the public treasury?’ Another of those gentlemen, hearing this observation, interposed, saying, with great vivacity, ‘If necessity compels him to write, God grant that he may never enjoy affluence; but, in being poor, enrich the world with his works.’

I believe this will be thought rather too much for a certificate; and some will say, that I have even encroached upon the bounds of flattery; but the truth of my allegation disproves that suspicion, and acquits me of the charge; besides, in this age, adulation is bestowed upon none but those who are in a capacity of greasing the fist of the flatterer; who, though he praises in fullsome fiction, expects to be rewarded in substantial truth.

The Licentiate Marques Torres.

Madrid, Feb. 27, 1615.

THE ORDINARY LICENCE.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have caused to be examined, the book specified in this petition: which book contains nothing to the prejudice of religion or morals; but, on the contrary, is fraught with much lawful amusement, blended with moral philosophy; wherefore it may be allowed to be printed.

Doñor Gutierrez de Cetina.

Madrid, Nov. 5, 1615.

APPROBATION.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have perused the second part of *Don Quixote de La Mancha*, written by Miguel de Cervantes; a book that contains nothing to the prejudice of our holy catholic faith, or sound morals; on the contrary, much

honest

honest recreation, and agreeable amusement, such as the ancients judged not only allowable, but convenient for the commonwealth: even the severe Lacedemonians erected a statue to the goddess of laughter; and the Thessalians instituted festivals to the same power, according to Pausanias, quoted by Vossius, lib. ii. *De signis eccles.* cap. 10. for exhilarating the melancholy, and raising the dejected spirits; as observed by Tully in his first book, *De Legibus*; and by the poet, who says, '*Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.*' Which maxim hath been the guide of this author, who has mingled fiction with truth, delight with instruction, and morals with pleasantry; disguising the hook of reproof with the bait of sprightly entertainment, and fulfilling the sequel of his well-executed scheme, to depreciate and expel the books of chivalry, from the mischievous contagion of which he hath purged these kingdoms, with admirable diligence and dexterity. In short, it is a work worthy of that great genius, which is the honour and ornament of our nation, and the envy and admiration of strangers. This is my opinion, with submission, &c.

Joseph de Valdivielso.

Madrid, March 17, 1615.



C H A P. I.

Of the Behaviour of the Curate and Barber, with regard to Don Quixote's Infirmary.

CID Hamet Benengeli, in the second part of this history, containing the third sally of Don Quixote, relates that the curate and barber forbore to visit him for a whole month, that they might not revive and recall to his imagination the remembrance of things past; but, during all that time, they frequently went to see the housekeeper and niece, on whom they laid strong injunctions to cherish the knight with great care and tenderness, and treat him with such comfortable food as should be most agreeable to his stomach and brain, in which they reasonably supposed that his whole disorder lay. The ladies assured them it was their chief study, which they would prosecute with all imaginable care and satisfaction; for they began to perceive that their master, at certain intervals, gave tokens of being in his right wits. This information afforded great pleasure to the two friends, who now concluded they had acted wisely in bringing him home on the enchanted waggon, as hath been recounted in the last chapter of the first part of this sublime and punctual history; and determined to pay him a visit, that they might be convinced of his amendment, which they deemed almost impossible; though they agreed to avoid, with great care, the subject of chivalry, that they might run no risk of ripping up the wound so lately closed.

In short, they entered his chamber, and found him sitting upon his bed, in a waistcoat of green baize, and a red Toledan night-cap, so meagre, shrunk, and withered, that he looked like an Egyptian mummy: he received them very courteously; and when they enquired into the state of his health, spoke of his indisposition and himself with great judgment and elocution. The conversation happening to turn on what is called reasons of state, and modes of administration, they amended certain abuses, and condemned others, re-

forming one custom, and banishing another; as if each of the three had been a new legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or regenerated Solon; and in such a manner did they furnish up the common-wealth, that one would have imagined they had committed it to a forge, and brought out another quite different from that which they put in. Don Quixote spoke on every subject that was handled, with such discretion, as actually convinced the two examiners, that he was quite sound, and had recovered the right exercise of his judgment; while the niece and housekeeper, who were present all the time, thought they could never be thankful enough to God, when they heard their master talk so sensibly. But the curate altering his first resolution, which was to avoid the subject of chivalry, now determined to make an experiment, by which he should be thoroughly satisfied, whether the knight's cure was real or imaginary; with this view, he from one thing to another came to mention some news from court; and among other pieces of intelligence, said he was certainly informed that the Turk had taken the sea with a powerful armament, though his design was not known, nor could it be guessed where the expected storm would burst; but that these preparations, which keep us almost constantly in arms, had alarmed all Christendom; and that his majesty had ordered the coasts of Naples and Sicily, with the island of Malta, to be provided against all attempts. To this intimation Don Quixote replied, 'His majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior, in providing for the safety of his dominions, that the enemy may not find them unprepared; but, if he would take my advice, I would furnish him with an expedient, which I believe our sovereign at present little thinks of.'

The curate no sooner heard these words, than he said within himself, 'Lord have mercy upon thee, poor Don Quixote; if I am not mistaken, thou art just going to cast thyself headlong from the highest pinnacle of madness, into the profound abyss of thy folly.' But

the barber, who immediately adopted the same suspicion, asked the knight what that expedient was, which he thought should be put in practice by way of prevention; observing, that it was, perhaps, such a scheme as deserved to be inserted in the list of those impertinent advices usually offered to crowned heads. 'Mine, Mr. Shaver,' said Don Quixote, 'will be pertinent, not impertinent.' 'I don't say otherwise,' replied the barber; 'I only made that observation, because experience hath shewn that all, or the greatest part, of those projects which have been offered to his majesty, are either impossible, extravagant, or prejudicial to the state.' 'My scheme,' answered the knight, 'is neither impossible nor extravagant; but, on the contrary, the most easy, just, brief, and expeditious, that ever projector conceived.' 'Methinks your worship is very slow in delivering it, Signior Don Quixote,' said the priest. 'I should not chuse,' answered the knight, 'to have what I say here carried by to-morrow morning to the ears of the lords of the council; by which means another may reap the credit and reward of my labour.' For my own part,' cried the barber, 'I here give my word, before God! never to disclose what your worship shall impart, either to king or knave, or any mortal man; an oath I learned in the romance of the Curate, who, in the preface, gives the king notice of the robber that stole his hundred ducats, and ambling mule.' 'I am not acquainted with the story,' said Don Quixote; 'but the oath is a good oath, because I am convinced that Mr. Nicholas is an honest man.' 'Be that as it will,' replied the curate, 'I will be bound for him, and undertake, that with regard to this affair, he shall speak no more than if he was actually dumb, on pain of whatever penalty you shall think proper to inflict.' 'And who will be security for you, Mr. Curate?' said the knight. 'My profession,' answered the priest, 'by which I am bound to keep secrets.' 'Body of me!' cried Don Quixote, 'his majesty has nothing to do, but to issue a proclamation

mation, commanding all the knights-errant in Spain to assemble at his court by such a day; and although not more than half a dozen should come, among these one may be found, who is alone sufficient to overthrow the whole Turkish power. Pray, gentlemen, give attention, and take me along with you; is it such a new thing, for a single knight to cut in pieces a whole army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had but one common throat, or were made of gingerbread? How many histories are there, think you, filled with such marvellous exploits? Unfortunate it is for me (I will not say, for any other) that the renowned Don Belianis is not now alive, or some knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul; for if any one of them was now living to confront the Turks, in good sooth, I should not chuse to farm their conquests; but God will provide for his own people, and produce some champion, who, if not equal in valour to former knights-errant, at least will be inferior to none of them in point of courage.* Heaven knows my meaning; I will say no more.' 'Lack-a-day!' cried the niece, when she heard this insinuation, I'll be hanged, if my uncle is not resolved to turn knight-errant again.' 'A knight-errant,'

N 2

errant,'

* Ridiculous as this scheme may seem to be, such an expedient has actually succeeded in practice. During the captivity of John, King of France, his dominions were ravaged by above one hundred thousand peasants, who, under the name of Jacqueiers, assembled in arms to exterminate the noblesse; and, among other horrid outrages, murdered every gentleman that fell in their way. The Duchess of Normandy and Orleans, together with three hundred ladies of rank, retired for protection to Meaux, where they were surrounded, and would have actually perished by the swords of these banditti, had they not been rescued by the Count de Foix, and the capital of Buch; who, hearing of their distress, hastened to their relief with no more than sixty knights; and, without hesitation, attacked that furious multitude with such bravery and vigour, that they were soon routed and dispersed.

errant,' replied Don Quixote, ' I will live and die ; and the Turks may make their descents or ascents, when they will, with all the power they are masters of. I say again, Heaven knows my meaning.' Here the barber interposing, ' Gentlemen,' said he, ' I beg you will give me leave to tell a short story of what happened at Seville ; it comes so pat to the purpose, that I have a strong inclination to relate it.' Don Quixote and the curate granted his request, and the rest yielded him attention, when he began in these words.

' There was in the mad-house at Seville, a certain lunatick, whom his relations had sent thither on account of the defect in his judgment : he had taken his degrees in the canon law, at Ossuna ; and many were of opinion, that if he had acquired them at Salamanca, he would not have been a bit the wiser : this graduate, having been confined some years, took it in his head, that he was quite well, and restored to his right wits ; and in this imagination, wrote to the archbishop, earnestly entreating him, with many sensible arguments, to give order that he should be extricated from the misery in which he lived ; since, through the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost judgment, though his relations kept him still in confinement, that they might enjoy his estate, and, in despite of truth, were resolved that he should be mad to the day of his death. The archbishop, persuaded by the many sensible and pathetic letters he received, ordered one of his chaplains to go to the rector of the mad-house, and enquire into the truth of what the licentiate alledged, and even to talk with him himself, that, if he should find him quite recovered, he might bring him away, and set him at liberty. The chaplain obeyed the command of his grace, and the rector assured him that the man was still mad ; for although he would very often talk like a person of excellent understanding, at the long run he commonly broke out into folly and nonsense, as absurd as the first part of his discourse was rational and discreet : however he himself might make the experiment, by conversing

with

with the licentiate. The chaplain accordingly went to his apartment, and talked with him a whole hour and more, during which time the lunatick did not utter one vague or incoherent sentence; but, on the contrary, spoke so judiciously, that the chaplain could not help believing him quite sound of intellect: among other things, he told him the rector was his enemy, and pronounced him still distracted, though with lucid intervals, that he might not lose the presents which he received from his relations; so that the greatest cause of his misfortune was no other than his own affluent estate, which to enjoy, his adversaries craftily pretended to doubt of the mercy which the Lord had vouchsafed him, in re-converting him from a beast into a man: in short, he talked so effectually as to render the rector suspected, to prove his relations covetous and unnatural, and himself so discreet, that the chaplain determined to carry him forthwith to the archbishop, that his grace might be personally satisfied of the truth. With this laudable intention, he desired the rector to order the licentiate to be dressed with the cloaths in which he entered the house: the rector again advised him to consider what he was about; for the licentiate was, without all question, still distracted. But these cautions and counsels had no effect in dissuading the chaplain from carrying him off; and the rector seeing the archbishop's order, was obliged to obey; so that the licentiate received his own cloaths, which were decent and new. Seeing himself thus divested of the badge of his disorder, and habited again like a person of sound intellects, he besought the chaplain, that he would be so charitable as to allow him to go and take leave of his companions in affliction: the other granted his request, and said he would accompany him, in order to see the patients; upon which they went up stairs, followed by several persons who chanced to be then present. The licentiate, going to the gate of the cell in which there was a furious madman, though at that time he was calm and quiet, said to him, "Brother, have you any commands

for me? I am going to my own house; for God, of his infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, hath been pleased to restore unto me the use of my reason, and I am now perfectly recovered; so that there is nothing impossible to the power of the Almighty: put, therefore, your hope and trust in him, who, as he hath restored me to my former state, will grant the same indulgence to you, if you confide in his protection. I will take care to send you some cordial food; and be sure, at all events, to eat it; for, you must know, I conclude from experience, that all our disorder proceeds from an empty stomach, and the brain's being filled with wind. Take heart, brother, take heart; for despondence under misfortune consumes the constitution, and hastens the stroke of death." "This discourse being overheard by another lunatick, who was confined in a cell opposite to that of the furious patient, he started up stark naked from an old mat on which he lay, and roared aloud, "Who is that going away so sober and so sound?" The licentiate replied, "'Tis I, brother, who am going home, being under no necessity of tarrying longer in this place; thanks be to Heaven for the signal favour I have received!" "Take care what you say, Mr. Licentiate, and let not the devil deceive you," answered the madman: "halt a little, stay where you are, and spare yourself the trouble of being brought back." "I know that I am perfectly recovered," said the licentiate, "and shall have no farther occasion to visit the Stations."* "You recovered!" cried the other, "good! we shall see—adieu—but, I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that, for the transgression this day committed in Seville, by discharging you from the house, as a person of sound judgment, I will take such vengeance as shall be a monument of wrath for ever and ever, amen. Do'st thou not know, pitiful licentiate, that all this is in my power, being, as I have already observed, Jove the thunderer,

* A certain number of churches through which they made their circuits, uttering an appointed prayer at each.

thunderer, who wield the flaming bolts, with which I use to threaten, and can destroy the universe? But with one evil only will I chastise this ignorant people; I will not suffer one drop of rain to fall upon the city, nor its confines, nor indeed in any part of this district, for the space of three whole years, reckoning from the day and minute in which this dreadful menace is made. Thou free! thou sound! thou recovered! and I mad! I distracted and confined! I will sooner hang myself than rain one spoonful." The by-standers were very attentive to the vociferous exclamations of this madman, when our licentiate turning to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand, said, "Dear Sir, give yourself no uneasiness or concern about what he says; for if he, who is Jupiter, withholds refreshing showers from the earth, I, who am Neptune, the father and god of waters, will rain as often as I please, should there be occasion for it, in consequence of the privilege I possess." To this promise the chaplain replied, "Nevertheless, Signior Neptune, it will not be politic to incense Signior Jupiter; therefore, your worship will be so good as to stay where you are, till some other day, when we may have more leisure and convenience to remove you." The rector and the rest of the company could not help laughing, the chaplain was out of countenance, the licentiate was stripped, and sent back to his cell; and so ends my story.

'And this is the story, Mr. Barber,' said Don Quixote, 'which came so pat to the purpose, that you could not help relating it? Ah, Mr. Shaver! Mr. Shaver! he must be blind indeed, who cannot see thro' the bottom of a sieve. Is it possible your worship does not know that comparisons in point of genius, virtue, beauty, and descent, are always odious and ill received? I, Mr. Barber, am not Neptune, god of waters; neither do I set up for being thought a wise man, knowing that I am not so: the sole end of my labours is to convince the world of its error, in not seeking to renew those most happy times when the order of knight-errantry

try exerted itself in full perfection; but this depraved age of ours is unworthy of tasting that felicity which was enjoyed by those ages, when knights-errant undertook the charge, and burdened their shoulders with the defence, of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the relief of wards and orphans, the chastisement of the proud, and the promotion of the humble. The greatest part of your modern knights rustle in damasks, brocades, and other rich and splendid attire, instead of rattling in coats of mail; no knight now sleeps in the open field, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, armed at all points cap-a-pee; no warrior, in this degenerate age, sits on horseback, and without disengaging his feet from the stirrups, but leaning upon his lance, endeavours to take as it were a snatch of sleep, after the example of former knights-errant; no champion, now-a-days, coming out of some dreary wood, immediately enters another rocky wilderness, through which he reaches the barren and deserted coast of the rough and stormy sea, where, finding in some creek, a crazy boat, without oars, sails, mast, or tackle, he intrepidly throws himself into it, and launches out upon the implacable billows, that whirl him aloft to heaven, and then sink him to the profound abyss, while his unshaken soul defies the storm; then, when he dreams of no such matter, he finds himself three thousand leagues and more from the place where he embarked, and leaping ashore on some remote and unknown country, achieves adventures worthy to be written, not on parchment, but on brass. But now sloth triumphs over activity, idleness over toil, vice over virtue, arrogance over valour, and the theory over the practice of arms, which obtained and shone resplendent in those golden ages that produced knights-errant. Pray, tell me, who could be more honourable and valiant than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more insinuating and pliant than Tirante the White? who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? who more hacked and hacking
than



DON QUIXOTE.
The visit of the Barber and Curate to
Don Quixote during his confinement

vide vol. III p. 111.

try exerted itself in full perfection; but this depraved age of ours is unworthy of tasting that felicity which was enjoyed by those ages, when knights-errant undertook the charge, and burdened their shoulders with the defence, of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the relief of wards and orphans, the chastisement of the proud, and the promotion of the humble. The greatest part of your modern knights rustle in damasks, brocades, and other rich and splendid attire, instead of rattling in coats of mail; no knight now sleeps in the open field, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, armed at all points cap-a-pee; no warrior, in this degenerate age, sits on horseback, and without disengaging his feet from the stirrups, but leaning upon his lance, endeavours to take as it were a snatch of sleep, after the example of former knights-errant; no champion, now-a-days, coming out of some dreary wood, immediately enters another rocky wilderness, through which he reaches the barren and deserted coast of the rough and stormy sea, where, finding in some creek, a crazy boat, without oars, sails, mast, or tackle, he intrepidly throws himself into it, and launches out upon the implacable billows, that whirl him aloft to heaven, and then sink him to the profound abyss, while his unshaken soul defies the storm; then, when he dreams of no such matter, he finds himself three thousand leagues and more from the place where he embarked, and leaping ashore on some remote and unknown country, achieves adventures worthy to be written, not on parchment, but on brass. But now sloth triumphs over activity, idleness over toil, vice over virtue, arrogance over valour, and the theory over the practice of arms, which obtained and shone resplendent in those golden ages that produced knights-errant. Pray, tell me, who could be more honourable and valiant than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more insinuating and pliant than Tirante the White? who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? who more hacked and hacking than



DON QUIXOTE.

The effect of the Barber and Curate on
Don Quixote during his confinement.

Vol. III. p. 71

2 JY 58

than
Ga
nia
per
than
no?
ble
than
his
defe
nam
ligh
are
shou
pur
ever
tarn
fit t
wou
this
und
ote,
Go
ship
plea
best
F
hitl
und
and
just
ma
you
unc
mis
mea
err
and
con

than Don Belianis? who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? or who more daring than Felixmarte of Hircania? who more fierce than Esplandian? who more desperate than Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamont? who more prudent than King Sobriño? who more bold than Reynaldo? who more invincible than Roldan? and who more gallant and courteous than Rugero? from whom (according to Turpin, in his *Cosmographia*) the present Dukes of Ferrara are descended. All these, with many more which I could name, Mr. Curate, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry; these, or such as these, are the champions proposed by my scheme, which, should it take place, would effectually serve his majesty's purpose, spare an infinite expence, and the Turk would even tear his own beard in despair; in that case I would tarry where I am, since the chaplain would not think fit to enlarge me; and if Jupiter, as the Barber said, would not rain, here am I ready to frustrate his intent: this I mention, that Mr. Bafon, there, may know I understand his meaning.' 'Verily, Signior Don Quixote,' said Mr. Nicholas, 'I meant no harm, so help me God! my intention was good, and therefore your worship ought not to be displeased.' 'Whether I am displeased or not,' replied the knight, 'I myself know best.'

Here the curate interposing, said, 'Though I have hitherto scarce opened my mouth, I cannot be easy under a scruple which tears and gnaws my conscience, and which arose from what Signior Don Quixote hath just now asserted.' 'In greater matters, Mr. Curate may command me,' answered the knight; 'out with your scruple, then; for scruples of conscience are very uncomfortable companions.' 'With your good permission,' replied the priest, 'this it is: I can by no means persuade myself that the whole tribe of knights-errant, whom your worship have named, were really and truly earthly persons of flesh and blood; on the contrary, I imagine all these things are fictions, fables, and

and lying dreams, recounted by men who are awake, or rather by those who are half asleep.' 'That,' said Don Quixote, 'is another error incident to many people, who do not believe that any such knights ever existed; and I have, on divers and fundry occasions, endeavoured to dissipate that almost general mistake by the light of truth. Sometimes, indeed, I have not succeeded in my attempts; however, I have frequently gained my point, by supporting it on the shoulders of demonstration; and truly the case is so clear, that I could almost affirm I have with my own eyes beheld Amadis de Gaul, who was a tall man, of a fair complexion, well furnished with a black beard, his aspect something between mild and severe, concise of speech, slow to anger, and soon appeased. In the same manner, methinks, I could delineate and paint all the knights-errant that ever were recorded in history; for, according to the ideas formed by reading these histories, and by comparing their exploits and dispositions, sound philosophy may discover their lineaments, statures, and complexions.' 'Signior Don Quixote,' said the barber, 'how large do you think the giant Morgante must have been?' 'As to the affair of giants,' answered the knight, 'there are different opinions; some affirming, and others denying, the existence of any such beings: but the Holy Scriptures, which surely cannot fail one atom in point of truth, put that affair beyond all dispute, in relating the story of that Philistine Goliath, who was seven cubits and an half in height; a most amazing stature! Besides, in the island of Sicily, several thigh and shoulder bones have been dug up, so large as to manifest, that the persons to whom they belonged must have been huge giants, as tall as high towers; and this can be proved by mathematical demonstration; but, nevertheless, I will not pretend to ascertain the size of Morgante; though I believe he was not very tall; because I find in the history which gives a particular account of his exploits, that he often slept under a roof: now, if there was any house capacious enough

enough to receive him, his magnitude could not be very extraordinary.' 'No, surely,' said the curate: who, being diverted with his extravagant assertions, asked his opinion concerning the looks and persons of Reynaldo de Montalban, Don Orlando, and the rest of the Twelve Peers of France, who were all knights-errant. 'With regard to Reynaldo,' answered Don Quixote, 'I will venture to say, he was broad-visaged, and of a ruddy complexion, with large rolling eyes, full of punctilio, excessively choleric, and a friend to robbers and vagabonds. As for Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando, (for he is mentioned in history by all these names,) it is my opinion, and I affirm, that he was of a middling stature, broad-shouldered, somewhat bandy-legged, of a dark complexion and caroty beard, hairy all over, with a frowning aspect, sparing of speech, though very affable and well bred.' 'If Roldan was not more comely than you have represented him,' replied the curate, 'I do not wonder that Angelica the Fair disdained and deserted him, for the gallantry, mirth, and pleasantry of the little smock-faced Moor, to whose embraces she yielded; and, surely, she was in the right, to prefer the smoothness of Medoro to the roughness of Roldan.' 'That same Angelica, Mr. Curate,' said the knight, 'was an unsettled rambling young woman, that longed after novelties, and left the world as full of her impertinent actions as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thousand noblemen, a thousand valiant and discreet admirers, and contented herself with a yellow haired page, who had neither fortune nor reputation, but that of being grateful to his friend. The renowned Ariosto, who sung the praises of her beauty, either not daring or not designing to rehearse what happened to her after her base intrigue, because he deemed it a theme not extremely honourable for his muse, dropped her at these lines:

"Another bard may sing, in loftier lay,

"How he obtain'd the sceptre of Cathay."

• And

And, truly, this was a sort of prophecy; for the poets are also called *vates*, which in Latin signifies *diviners*, and it was plainly verified in the event, an Andalusian bard having since that time sung in verse her tears and lamentation, as the most famous and sublime genius of Castile hath celebrated her beauty.'

'Pray tell me, Signior Don Quixote,' said the barber, 'among all those authors who have written in her praise, hath not some one or other composed a satire against my Lady Angelica?'—'I firmly believe,' replied the knight, 'that if Sacripante or Roldan had been bards, they would have made the damsel smart severely, it being natural and peculiar to poets, who are disdained and rejected by their false mistresses, whether real or imaginary, to revenge themselves by satires and lampoons; a resentment altogether unworthy of generous breasts; but hitherto I have not met with any such defamatory verses against the Lady Angelica, though she made strange confusion in the world.'—'That is a wonder, indeed!' said the curate.—When hearing the housekeeper and niece, who had some time before quitted the company, bawling aloud in the yard, they ran out to see what was the occasion of such noise.

CHAP. II.

The notable Fray that happened between Sancho and Don Quixote's Niece and Housekeeper; with other diverting Incidents.

THE history relates, that the noise which Don Quixote, the curate, and barber, heard, was occasioned by the niece and housekeeper scolding at Sancho, who struggled to get in and see his master, while they defended the door. 'What does the swag-bellied lurcher want in this house?' said the housekeeper: 'get you home, brother; it was you, and none but you, that turned my poor master's brain, enticing him from his own home, to stroll about the highways.' To this apostrophe Sancho replied, 'Housekeeper of Saragossa, 'tis my brain that's turned; 'twas I that was enticed to stroll

stroll about the highways, and not thy master, for he carried me a rambling; so that you have reckoned without your host. 'Twas he that wheedled me from my own house, with the promise of an island, which I expect to this good hour.'—'Devil choak thee with islands, thou cursed cormorant!' cried the niece: 'and pray what is an island; is it any thing to eat, thou gorbellied glutton, ha?'—'No, not to eat, but to govern,' answered Sancho; 'and a fat government it is: better than four cities, or the places of any four of the king's alcades.'—'Be that as it will,' said the housekeeper, 'thou shalt not set foot in this house, thou bag of mischief, and bundle of malice! go and look after thy own family, fatten thy hogs, and let us hear no more of these islands or oil-lands.'

The curate and barber were highly entertained with this dialogue; but Don Quixote fearing that Sancho would open his budget, and disburden himself of some mischievous load of folly, by blabbing things not much to his credit, called him in, bidding the women hold their tongues, and give him entrance. Sancho being accordingly admitted, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Quixote, whose recovery they despaired of, seeing him so unalterably fixed in his folly, and so wholly possessed with the frantic spirit of knight-errantry. 'You shall see neighbour,' said the curate to the barber, 'that, when we least think of it, this poor gentleman will make another folly.'—'That I make no doubt of,' answered the barber; but I don't wonder so much at the madness of the knight, as at the simplicity of the squire, who believes so devoutly in this island, that I think all the invention of man could not extract it from his skull.'—'God mend them!' replied the curate: 'meanwhile, let us keep a strict eye over their behaviour, and observe the operation of their joint extravagance; for the madness of the master seems to have been cast in the same mould with the foolishness of the man; and, in my opinion, the one without the other would not be worth a farthing.'—'True,' said the bar-

ber; 'and I should be glad to know what they are now talking of.'—'I dare say,' replied the curate, 'the niece and housekeeper will give us a good account of their conversation; for they are none of those who can resist the opportunity of listening.'

In the mean time Don Quixote, having shut himself up in his apartment with Sancho, said, 'It gives me much concern, Sancho, to hear thee say, as thou dost, that I enticed thee from thy cottage, when thou knowest that I, at the same time, quitted my own house: together we set out, lived and travelled together; sharing the same fortune and the same fate. If thou hast been once tossed in a blanket, I have been bruised an hundred times; and this is the only pre-eminence I enjoyed.'—'And that's but reasonable,' replied Sancho, 'according to your worship's own remark, that misfortune belongs more to knights-errant than to their squires.'—'There you are mistaken, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'for the Latin adage says, *Quando caput dolet, &c.*'—'Nay,' quoth Sancho, 'I understand no lingo but my mother-tongue.'—'The meaning,' said the master, 'is, When the head aches, all the members are affected. I, therefore, as thy lord and master, ain thy head; and thou, as my servant, art a part of me; so that whatever mischief has happened, or may happen to me, ought to extend to thee likewise, in the same manner as I bear a share in all thy sufferings.'—'So it ought to be,' said Sancho; 'but when I, as a member, was tossed in a blanket, my head sat peaceably on the other side of the wall, and beheld me vaulting in the air, without feeling the least uneasiness; and since the members are obliged to ache with the head, I think it is but just that the head should ache with the members.'—'How canst thou affirm, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that I felt no pain while thou was tossed in the blanket? Say, or think so no more; for I was at that time, more afflicted in mind than thou in body. But let us wave this subject for the present, and at some time will, no doubt, offer an opportunity of consider-

ing it more maturely, and of setting every thing to rights: and tell me, friend Sancho, how am I spoke of in this place? What say the vulgar? What character do I bear among the gentry? and how am I treated by the knights? What is their opinion of my valour, exploits, and courteous behaviour? and how do they relish the design I have undertaken of raising and restoring to the world the long-forgotten order of knight-errantry? In short, Sancho, I desire that thou wilt inform me of every thing thou hast heard on this subject, without adding to the good, or subtracting from the evil; it being the duty of faithful servants to represent the truth to their masters in its own native form, neither exaggerated by adulation, nor diminished by any other vain respect: and let me tell thee, Sancho, if the naked truth was always conveyed to the ears of princes undisguised by flattery, we should see better days, and other æras would deserve the name of the iron age more than the present, which would be justly looked upon as the age of gold. Remember this advice, Sancho, and inform me, with honesty and discretion, of all that thou knowest in regard to what I have asked.—‘That I will with all my heart, Sir,’ answered Sancho, ‘on condition that your worship won’t be offended with the truth, since you desire to see it in its nakedness, just as it came to my knowledge.’—‘I shall not be offended in the least,’ replied Don Quixote: ‘speak therefore freely, without going about the bush.’

‘Well, then,’ said the squire, in the first place, you must know that the common people think your worship a stark staring madman, and me a most notorious fool: the better sort say, that, scorning the rank of a private gentleman, you have put Don before your name, and dubbed yourself knight, with a small garden, a few acres of land, and a doublet clouted on both sides. The knights, forsooth, are affronted that your small gentry should pretend to vie with them, especially those needy squires who sole their own shoes, and darn their black hose with green silk.’ ‘That observation,’

said Don Quixote, 'cannot affect me; for I always wear good cloaths, and never appear patched. My doublet may, indeed, be torn, but then it is by my armour, not by time.' 'Touching the valour, courtesy, adventures, and design of your worship,' said Sancho, 'there are different opinions. Some say, he is mad, but a diverting madman; others allow that he is valiant, but unlucky; a third sort observe that he is courteous, but impertinent; and in this manner we are handled so severely, that neither your worship nor I have a whole bone left.' 'You see, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that whenever virtue shines in an eminent degree, she always meets with persecution. Few or none of the celebrated heroes of antiquity could escape the calumnies of malice: Julius Cæsar, a most daring, wise, and valiant general, was accused of being ambitious, and not over-cleanly in his customs or apparel; Alexander, who, by his achievements acquired the name of Great, was said to be a drunkard; and Hercules, renowned for his labours, reported to have been lewd and effeminate; Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, was grumbled at for being excessively quarrelsome; and Amadis himself ridiculed as an arrant whiner. Therefore, son Sancho, among so many aspersions thrown upon such great men, I may well overlook what is said against me; since it is no worse than what thou hast repeated.' 'That's the very thing, body of my father!' replied Sancho. 'What, is there any thing more?' said his master. 'More!' cried the squire, 'the tail is yet unfleaed. What you have heard is but cakes and gingerbread; but, if your worship would know all the backslidings we suffer, I will this moment bring hither one who can inform you of every circumstance, without losing a crumb; for, last night, the son of Bartholomew Carrasco arrived from Salamanca, where he has been at his studies, and got a batchelor's degree; and when I went to welcome him home, he told me there was a printed book of your worship's history, in which you go by the name of The Ingenious Squire

Don Quixote de La Mancha; and that I am mentioned in it by my own name of Sancho Panza, as well as my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with other things that passed between you and me only; at hearing of which I crossed myself through fear, wondering how they should come to the knowledge of the historian.' 'You may depend upon it, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'the author of our history must be some sage enchanter; for nothing is hid from writers of that class.' 'How can he be a sage enchanter,' said Sancho, 'when batchelor Sampson Carrasco (for that's the name of him who told me) says the author of our history is called Cid Hamet Bean-and-jelly?' 'That name is Moorish,' replied Don Quixote. 'Very like,' said the squire; for I have often heard that the Moors are very fond of beans and jellies.' 'Thou must certainly be mistaken, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'in the surname of that Cid, which, in Arabick, signifies Signior.' 'Very possible,' answered the squire; 'but if your worship desires to see the batchelor, I will bring him hither in a twinkling.' 'Thou wilt oblige me very much, my friend,' said Don Quixote: 'for what thou hast told me has bred such doubts and suspense within me, that I cannot eat a morsel with any satisfaction, until I am informed of the whole affair.' 'Then I'll go seek him,' replied Sancho: who, leaving his master, went in quest of the batchelor, with whom he returned in a little time, and a most pleasant dialogue ensued.

C H A P. III.

The ludicrous Conversation that passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the Batchelor Sampson Carrasco.

DON Quixote remained extremely pensive, in expectation of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear news of himself, in print, according to Sancho's information; though he could hardly persuade himself that there could be such a history extant; the blood of his enemies whom he had slain, being scarce,

as yet, dry upon the blade of his sword, and yet they would have his high achievements already recorded in printed books. He therefore imagined that some sage, either friend or foe, had cast them off, by the power of enchantment: if a friend, in order to aggrandize and extol them above the most distinguished exploits of knight-errantry; if an enemy, to annihilate and depress them beneath the meanest actions that ever were recorded of any squire. 'Although,' said he, within himself, 'the deeds of squires are never committed to writing; and if my history actually exists, seeing it treats of a knight-errant, it must, of necessity, be pompous, sublime, surprising, magnificent, and true.' This reflection consoled him a little; but he became uneasy again, when he recollected that his author was a Moor, as appeared by the name of Cid; and that no truth was to be expected from that people, who are all false, deceitful, and chimerical. He was afraid that his amours were treated with some indecency, that might impair and prejudice the honour of his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, wishing for nothing more than a true representation of his fidelity, and the decorum he always preserved, in refusing queens, empresses, and damsels of all ranks, thus keeping the impulse of his passions under the rein. Tossed, therefore, and fluctuating on these and many other fancies, he was found by Sancho and Carrasco, whom the knight received with great courtesy.

The batchelor, though his name was Sampson, was not very big, but a great wag, of a pale complexion, and excellent understanding; he was about the age of four and twenty; had a round visage, flat nose, and capacious mouth; all symptoms of a mischievous disposition, addicted to jokes and raillery; as appeared when he approached Don Quixote, before whom he fell upon his knees, saying, 'Permit me to kiss your most puissant hand, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha; for, by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though I have received no other orders than the first four, your wor-

ship

ship is one of the most famous knights-errant that ever were, or ever will be, within the circumference of the globe! Blessed be Cid Hamet Benengeli, who wrote the history of your greatness! and thrice blessed that curious person who took care to have it translated from the Arabick into our mother-tongue, for the entertainment of mankind!’ Don Quixote, raising him up, said, ‘Tis true, then, that there is a history of me, and that the sage who composed it is a Moor.’ ‘So true, Signior,’ said Sampson, ‘that to my certain knowledge, there are twelve thousand volumes of it this day in print; let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they were printed, contradict me if they can. It is even reported to be now in the press at Antwerp; and I can easily perceive, that there is scarce a nation or language into which it will not be translated.’ ‘One of the things,’ said Don Quixote on this occasion, ‘which ought to afford the greatest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to live and see himself celebrated in different languages, and his actions recorded in print, with universal approbation; I say, with approbation; because, to be represented otherwise, is worse than the worst of deaths.’ ‘In point of reputation and renown,’ said the batchelor, ‘your worship alone bears away the palm from all other knights-errant; for the Moor in Arabick, and the Christian in his language, have been careful in painting the gallantry of your worship to the life; your vast courage in encountering dangers, your patience in adversity, your fortitude in the midst of wounds and mischance, together with the honour and chastity of your platonick love for my Lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso.’

Here Sancho interposing, said, ‘I never heard my lady called Donna Dulcinea, but simply the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; so that there the history is wrong.’ ‘That is no material objection,’ answered Carrasco. ‘No sure,’ replied the knight. ‘But tell me, Mr. Batchelor, which of my exploits is most esteemed in this history.’ ‘As to that particular,’ said the batchelor,

‘there

‘there are as many different opinions as there are different tastes. Some stick to the adventure of the wind-mills, which to your worship appeared monstrous giants; others to that of the fulling-mills; this reader to the description of the two armies, which were afterwards metamorphosed into flocks of sheep; while another magnifies that of the dead body, which was carrying to the place of interment at Segovia: one says, that the deliverance of the galley-slaves excels all the rest; and a second affirms, that none of them equals the adventure of the Benedictine giants, and your battle with the valiant Biscayner.’

Here Sancho interrupting him again, said, ‘Tell me, Mr. Batchelor, is the adventure of the Yanguelians mentioned, when our modest Rozinante longed for green peas in December *.’—‘Nothing,’ replied Sampson, ‘has escaped the pen of the sage author, who relates every thing most minutely, even to the capers which honest Sancho cut in the blanket.’—‘I cut no capers in the blanket,’ answered Sancho; ‘but in the air, I grant you, I performed more than I desired.’—‘In my opinion,’ said Don Quixote, ‘there is no human history that does not contain reverses of fortune, especially those that treat of chivalry, which cannot always be attended with success.’—‘Nevertheless,’ refused the batchelor, ‘some who have read your history, say they should not have been sorry, had the author forgot a few of those infinite drubbings which, in different encounters, were bestowed on the great Don Quixote.’—‘But in this consists the truth of history,’ said the squire.

Don Quixote observed, that they might as well have omitted them; for those incidents, which neither change nor affect the truth of the story, ought to be left out, if they tend to depreciate the chief character. ‘Take my

* *Pedir cotufas en el golfo*, signifies to look for tartuffles in the sea; a proverb applicable to those who are too sanguine in their expectations, and unreasonable in their desires.

my word for it,' said he, 'Æneas was not so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so prudent as he is exhibited by Homer.'—'True,' said Sampson; 'but it is one thing to compose as a poet, and another to record as an historian: the poet may relate or rehearse things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; whereas an historian must transmit them, not as they ought to have been, but exactly as they were; without adding to, or subtracting the least tittle from, the truth.'—'Since this Moorish gentleman hath told all the truth,' said Sancho, 'I don't doubt that, among the drubbings of my master, he has mentioned mine also; for they never took the measure of his shoulders, without crossing my whole body: but at this I ought not to wonder, since, as he observes, when the head aches, the members ought to have their share of the pain.'—'You are a sly rogue, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'and I find you don't want memory, when you think proper to use it.'—'If I had all the mind in the world,' said Sancho, 'to forget the blows I have received, the marks, which are still fresh upon my carcase, would by no means allow me.'

'Hold your peace, Sancho,' said the knight, 'and don't interrupt Mr. Batchelor, whom I entreat to proceed; and let me know what more is said of me in this same history.'—'Aye, and of me too,' said Sancho; 'who, they say, am one of the principal personages of it.'—'You mean persons, and not personages, friend Sancho,' said Sampson. 'What! have we got another reprimander of words?' said the squire; 'since it is come to this, we shall never have done.'—'Plague light on me! Sancho!' replied the Batchelor, 'if you are not the second person of the history; and there are many who would rather hear you speak than the first character in the book; though some there be also, who say you are excessively credulous, in believing there could be any foundation for the government of that island, which was promised to you by Signior Don Quixote,

ôte, here present.’—‘ There is no time lost *,’ said Don Quixote ; ‘ while thou art advancing in years, Sancho, age will bring experience ; and then thou wilt be more qualified and fit to govern than thou art at present.’—‘ ‘Fore God ! Sir,’ said Sancho, ‘ the island which I cannot govern with these years, I shall never govern, were I as old as Methusalem : the mischief is, that this same island is delayed I don’t know how ; not that I want noddle to govern it.’—‘ Recommend it, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ to the direction of Heaven, which does all for the best, and may, perhaps, exceed your expectation ; for not a leaf can move upon a tree without the permission of God.’—‘ True,’ said Sampson ; ‘ if it be the will of God, Sancho shall not want a thousand islands, much less one, to govern.’—‘ I have seen governors in my time,’ quoth Sancho, ‘ who, to my thinking, did not come up to the sole of my shoe, and yet they were called your lordship, and served in plate.’—‘ Those were not governors of islands,’ replied Sampson, ‘ but of other governments more easily managed ; for such as govern islands ought at least to have some grammatical knowledge.’—‘ I know very well how to cram †,’ said Sancho ; ‘ but as to the matted cawl, I will neither meddle nor make, because I don’t understand it ; but leaving this government in the hands of God, who will dispose of me the best for his own service, I am, Mr. Batchelor Sampson Carrasco, infinitely pleased and rejoiced that the author of our history has spoke of me in such a manner as not to give offence ; for, by the faith of a good squire ! if he had said any thing of me, that did not become an old Christian, as I am, the deaf should have heard of it.’—‘ That were a miracle, indeed !’ answered Sampson.

‘ Miracle,

* *Aun ay sol en las bardas.* There is still sun-shine on the wall i. e. It is not yet too late.

† Finding it impossible to translate the original pun or blunder, I have substituted another in its room, on the word Grammatical, which I think has at least an equally good effect.

‘Miracle, or no miracle,’ said Sancho, let every man take care how he speaks or writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes into his jolter-head.’

‘One of the faults that are found with the history,’ added the Batchelor, ‘is, that the author has inserted in it a novel, entitled, *The Impertinent Curiosity*. Not that the thing itself is bad, or poorly executed, but because it is unseasonable, and has nothing to do with the story of his worship Signior Don Quixote.’—‘I’ll lay a wager,’ cried Sancho, ‘that this son of a cur has made a strange hodge-podge of the whole.’—‘Now, I find,’ said the knight, ‘that the author of my history is no sage, but some ignorant prater, who, without either judgment or premeditation, has undertaken to write it at random, like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he painted, answered, “Just as it happens;” and when he would sometimes scrawl out a mishapen cock, was fain to write under it in Gothic letters, “This is a cock;” and my history being of the same kind, will need a commentary to make it intelligible.’—‘Not at all,’ answered Sampson; ‘it is already so plain, that there is not the least ambiguity in it; the very children handle it, boys read it, men understand it, and old people applaud it: in short, it is so thumbed, so read, so well known by every body, that no sooner a meagre horse appears, than they say, “There goes Rozinante!” But those who peruse it most, are your pages; you cannot go into a nobleman’s antichamber where you won’t find a Don Quixote, which is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes it up, some struggling, and some entreating for a sight of it; in fine, this history is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen; for in the whole book there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good Catholic.’—‘To write otherwise,’ said Don Quixote, ‘were not to publish truth, but to propagate lies; and those historians who deal in such, ought to be burnt like coiners

coiners of false money ; but I cannot imagine what induced the author to avail himself of novels and stories that did not belong to the subject, when he had such a fund of adventures to relate : he, doubtless, stuck to the proverb, So the gizzard is crammed, it matters not how * ; for truly, had he confined himself to the manifestation of my reveries, my sighs, my tears, my benevolence, and undertakings, he might have compiled a volume larger, or as large, as all the works of Tostatus bound together †. Really, Mr. Batchelor, according to my comprehension, it requires great judgment, and a ripe understanding, to compose histories, or indeed any books whatever ; for to write with elegance and wit, is the province of great geniuses only. The wittiest person in the comedy is he that plays the fool ; for he must be no simpleton who can exhibit a diverting representation of folly. History is a sacred subject, because the soul of it is truth ; and where truth is, there the divinity will reside : yet there are some who compose and cast off books as if they were tossing up a dish of pancakes.'

' There is no book so bad,' said the Batchelor, ' but you may find something good in it.'—' Doubtless,' replied the knight ; ' but it frequently happens, that those who have deservedly purchased and acquired great reputation by their writings, lose it all, or at least forfeit a part of it, in printing them.'—' The reason,' said Sampson, ' is, that printed works are perused with leisure, consequently their faults easily observed ; and the greater the reputation of the author is, the more severely are they scrutinized ; men celebrated for their genius,

* The original is, '*De paja, y di beno, el jergonelleno*;' i. e. The bed is filled, though it be with hay and straw.'

† Alphonfus Tostatus, bishop of Avila, was said to have known every thing that could be known. He made a figure at the council of Basil ; wrote twenty-seven volumes ; and dying in the fortieth year of his age, was interred in the church of Avila, with this epitaph :—*Hic super orbis mundi, qui scibile discutis omne.*

genius, great poets, and illustrious historians, are, for the most part, if not always, envied by those whose pleasure and particular entertainment consists in criticising the works of others, without having obliged the world with any thing of their own.'—'That is not to be wondered at,' said Don Quixote; 'for there are many theologists who make but a poor figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent in discerning the faults and superfluities of those who preach well.'—'That is all true, Signior Don Quixote,' said Carrasco; 'and I could wish that those censurers were either a little more compassionate, or something less scrupulous, than to insist upon such blemishes of the work they decry, as may be compared to little spots in the sun, and as *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, consider how long the author watched, in order to display the light of his performance, with as little shade as possible. Perhaps, too, those things which disgust them are no other than moles, that sometimes add to the beauty of the face on which they grow; and therefore I affirm, that he who publishes a book runs an immense risk; because it is absolutely impossible to compose such a one as will please and entertain every reader.'—'I believe few will relish that which treats of me,' said the knight. 'Quite the contrary, answered Sampson; 'for, as *salutorum infinitus est numerus*, the number of those who are delighted with your history is infinite; though some accuse the author's memory as false or faulty, because he has forgot to tell you who the thief was that stole Sancho's Dapple, of whom there was not a word mentioned: we can only infer from the history, that he was stolen; and by-and-by we find the squire mounted on the same beast, without knowing how he was retrieved. They say, likewise, that he has omitted telling what Sancho did with those hundred crowns which he found in the portmanteau in Sierra Morena; and which are never mentioned, though many people desire to know what use he made of them; and this is one of the chief defects in the work.'

Mr.

‘ Mr. Sampson,’ answered the squire, ‘ I am not in a humour at present to give accounts and reckonings of that affair; for I feel a certain qualmishness in my stomach, and if I don’t recruit it with a couple of draughts of old stingo, I shall be in a most grievous taking; * I have a cordial at home, and my dame waits for me; but when I have filled my belly, I will return and satisfy your worship, and all the world, in whatever they shall desire, both with regard to the loss of my beast, and the spending of the hundred crowns.’ So, without expecting a reply, or speaking another word, he hied him home, while Don Quixote desired and entreated the Batchelor to stay and do penance with him. The Batchelor accepting the invitation, stayed; a pair of pigeons was added to the knight’s ordinary; he talked of nothing but chivalry at table, and Carrasco encouraged the discourse. The repast ended, they took their afternoon’s nap, Sancho returned, and the former conversation was renewed.

CHAP. IV.

In which Sancho Panza satisfies the Doubts, and answers the Questions, of Batchelor Sampson Carrasco; with other Incidents worthy to be recited and known.

SANCHO returning to his master’s house, resumed the former conversation, to gratify Mr. Sampson, who said he wanted to know when, in what manner, and by whom, his ass had been stolen. ‘ You must know, then,’ said he, ‘ that very night we fled from the holy brotherhood, and got into the Brown Mountain, after the misventuresome adventure of the galley-slaves, and the corpse that was carrying to Segovia, we took up our quarters in a thicket, where my master and I, being both fatigued, and sorely bruited in the frays we had just finished, went to rest, he leaning upon his lance, and

* In Spanish, *Me pondra en la espina de Santa Lucia*: i. e. Will put me on St. Lucia’s thorn? applicable to any uneasy situation.

and I lolling upon Dapple, as if we had been stretched upon four feather-beds: I, in particular, slept so sound, that the thief, whosoever he was, had an opportunity of coming and propping me up with four stakes, fixed under the corner of my pannel, on which I was left astride; so that he slipped Dapple from under me without my perceiving it in the least.'—'And this is no difficult matter, nor new device,' said Don Quixote; 'for the same thing happened to Sacripante at the siege of Albracia, where, by this contrivance, his horse was stolen from between his legs by the famous robber Brunelo *.'—'When morning came,' proceeded Sancho, 'I no sooner began to stretch myself than the stakes gave way, and down I came to the ground with a vengeance: I looked for my beast, and finding he was gone, the tears gushed from my eyes, and I sent up a lamentation, which, if the author of our history has not set down, you may depend upon it he hath neglected a very excellent circumstance. A good many days after this mischance, as I chanced to be travelling with my lady the Princess Micomicona, descrying a person riding towards me in the habit of a gypsy, I immediately knew my own ass, and discovered the rider to be Gines de Passamonte, that impostor and notorious malefactor, whom my master and I delivered from the galley chain.'

'The error lies not in that part of the history,' replied the batchelor, 'but consists in the author's saying, that Sancho rode on the same ass before it appears that he had retrieved him.'—'As to that affair,' said the squire, 'I can give you no satisfactory answer; perhaps it was an oversight in the historian, or owing to the carelessness of the printer.'—'Doubtless it was so,' replied Sampson; 'but what became of those hundred crowns? were they laid up or laid out?'—'I laid them out,' answered Sancho, 'in necessities for my own person, my wife, and children; and those crowns were the

P. 2

cause

* As related in the famous poem of Orlando Inamorato, composed by Boyardo, of which the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto is the continuation.

cause of my gossip's bearing patiently my ramblings and roavings in the service of my lord and master Don Quixote; for if, after such a long absence, I had come home without my ass, and never a cross in my pocket, I might have expected a welcome the wrong way. Now, if you have any thing else to ask, here I am ready to answer the king in person; and it matters not to any person, whether I did or did not bring them home, or whether I spent them or lent them; for if the blows I have received in our peregrinations were to be repaid with money, rated at no more than four maravedis a piece, another hundred crowns would not quit one half of the score; therefore, let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and not pretend to mistake an hawk for a hand-saw *; for we are all as God made us, and a great many of us much worse.'

'I will take care,' said Carrasco, 'to apprise the author of the history, that, if it should come to another edition, he may not forget to insert what honest Sancho observes, as it will not a little contribute to raise the value of the work.'—'Mr. Batchelor,' said the knight, 'did you, in reading it, perceive any thing else that ought to be amended?'—'There might be some things altered for the better,' replied Carrasco; 'but none of such consequence as those already mentioned.'—'And pray,' resumed Don Quixote, 'does the author promise a second part?'—'Yes,' said Sampson; 'but he says he has not yet found it, nor does he know in whose possession it is; so that we are still in doubt, whether or not it will see the light: on that account, therefore, and likewise because some people say, that second parts are never good, while others observe, that too much already hath been written concerning Don Quixote, it is believed that there will be no second part; though there is a third sort more jovial than wise, who cry, "Quixote for ever! let the knight engage, and Sancho Panza harangue; come what will, we shall be satisfied."—'And how does the author seem inclined?' said the knight. 'How?'

* In the original, Black for white."

‘How?’ answered Carrasco; ‘to set the press a-going, as soon as he can find the history, for which he is now searching with all imaginable diligence; thereto swayed by interest, more than by any motive of praise.’— ‘Since the author keeps interest and money in his eye,’ said Sancho, ‘it will be a wonder if he succeeds; for he’ll do nothing but hurry, hurry, like a taylor on Easter-eve; and your works that are trumped up in a haste, are never finished with that perfection they require: I would have Mr. Moor take care, and consider what he is about; for my master and I will furnish him with materials, in point of adventures and different events, sufficient to compose not only one, but a hundred second parts. What! I suppose the honest man thinks we are now sleeping among straw; but let him lift up our feet, and then he will see which of them wants to be shod: all that I shall say is, if my master had taken my advice, we might have been already in the fields, redressing grievances, and righting wrongs, according to the use and custom of true knights-errant.’

Scarce had Sancho pronounced these last words, when their ears were saluted by the neighing of Rozinante, which Don Quixote considered as a most happy omen, and determined in three or four days to set out on his third expedition; accordingly, he declared his intention to the Batchelor, whose advice he asked with regard to the route he should take. Sampson said, that in his opinion, he ought to direct his course towards the kingdom of Arragon, and go to Saragossa, where, in a few days, was to be held a most solemn tournament on the festival of St. George; there he would have an opportunity of winning the palm from the Arragonian knights, which would raise his reputation above that of all the champions upon earth. He applauded his design as a most valiant and honourable determination, and begged he would be more cautious in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but the property of all those who had occasion for protection and succour in distress.

‘That

‘ That is the very thing I repose, Mr. Sampson, said the squire; ‘ for my master thinks no more of attacking a hundred men in arms, than a hungry boy would think of swallowing half a dozen pippins *. Body of the universe! Mr. Batchelor, if there are times for attacking, there are also seasons for retreating; the cry must not always be “ St. Jago! charge Spain, † ” especially as I have heard, and, if I remember aright, my master himself has often observed, that valour lies in the middle, between the extremes of cowardice and rashness; this being the case, I would not have him fly without good reason, nor give the assault when he is likely to be overpowered by numbers; but, above all things, I gave my master notice, that if he carries me along with him, it shall be on condition that he fight all the battles himself, and I be obliged to do nothing, but tend his person, that is, take care of his belly, and keep him sweet and clean; in which case, I will jig it away with pleasure ‡; but to think that I will put hand to sword, even against the base born plebeians with cap and hatchet, is a wild imagination: for my own part, Mr. Sampson, I do not pretend to the reputation of being valiant, but I being the best and loyalist squire that ever served a knight-errant; and if my master Don Quixote, in consideration of my great and faithful services, shall be pleased to bestow upon me one of those many islands which his worship says will fall in his way, I shall very thankfully receive the favour; and even if he should not keep his word, here stand I, simple as I am, and one man must not depend upon another, but trust in God alone; besides, the bread I eat, without a government, mayhap will relish better than

* Literally, *badeas*, a kind of water melon.

† This is the cry uttered by the Spaniards when they charge in battle.

‡ *Baylar el agua delante*, is a phrase applicable to those who do their duty with alacrity, taken from the practice of watering the courts in Spain, an office which the maids perform with a motion that resembles dancing.

than the dainties of a governor ; and how do I know but the devil may, in these governments, raise some stumbling-block, over which I shall fall, and beat out my grinders ? Sancho I was born, and Sancho will I die ; but, nevertheless, if, by the favour of Providence, I could fairly and softly, without much risk or anxiety, obtain an island, or some such matter, I am not such a ninny as to throw it away ; for, as the saying is, When the heifer is offered, be ready with the rope ; and, When good fortune comes to thy door, be sure to bid it welcome.'

' Brother Sancho,' said the batchelor, you have spoke like a professor ; but for all that, put your trust in God, and Signior Don Quixote, who, instead of an island, will give you a whole kingdom.' ' The one is as likely as the other,' answered Sancho ; ' though I dare venture to assure Signior Carrasco, that the kingdom, which my master shall bestow upon me, will not be put into a rotten sack ; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health sufficient to rule kingdoms and govern islands, as I have, upon many other occasions, hinted to my master.' ' Consider, Sancho,' said the batchelor, ' that honours often change the disposition ; and, perhaps, when you come to be governor, you will not know the mother that bare you.' ' That may be the case,' answered the squire, ' with those who were born among mallows ; but not with me, who have got four inches of old christian suet on my ribs ; then if you come to consider my disposition, you will find I am incapable of behaving ungratefully to any person whatever.' ' God grant it to be so,' said the knight ; ' but this will appear when you arrive at the government, which methinks I have already in my eye.'

He then entreated the batchelor, if he was a poet, to favour him with a copy of verses on his intended parting from his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, and desired that every line might begin with a letter of her name, so that the initials being joined together might make Dulcinea del Toboso. Carrasco, though he owned he was

not

not one of the famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three and a half, * promised to compose such an acrostic as he desired, which, by the bye, he foresaw would be no easy task, because the name consisted of seventeen letters, and if he should make four stanzas of four lines each, one must be left out; or should they be composed of five, called decimas or roundelays, three letters would be wanting to complete the number; however, he would endeavour to sink one letter as much as he could, so that in four stanzas the name Dulcinea del Toboso should be included. 'That must be done, at all events,' said Don Quixote; 'for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe that she was the subject of the poem.' This affair being thus settled, as also the time of their departure, which was fixed at the distance of eight days, Don Quixote charged the hatcher to keep it secret, especially from the curate, Mr. Nicholas, his niece, and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valiant determination. Carrasco, having promised to observe this caution, took his leave of the knight, whom he begged to favour him on every occasion with an account of his good or evil fortune; and Sancho went home, to provide every thing necessary for their expedition.

CHAP. V.

Of the sage and pleasant Dialogue between Sancho Panza and his Wife Teresa Panza, with other Incidents worthy to be most happily recorded.

THE translator says he looks upon this chapter as apocryphal, because it represents Sancho Panza speaking in a stile quite different from that which might be expected from his shallow understanding, and making such ingenious observations, as he thinks it impossible

* Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the *Auracuna*; Juan Rufo de Cordova, author of the *Austriada*; Christopher Verves de Valentia, author of the *Montferrat*; and as for the half, Cervantes in all probability meant himself.

impossible he should know ; but he would not leave it out, that he might punctually perform the duty of a faithful translator, and therefore proceeds in these words.

Sancho returned to his own house in such high spirits, that his wife perceived his gait at the distance of a bow-shot, and could not help saying, 'What is the matter, friend Sancho, that you seem so joyful?' To this question the squire answered, 'An it pleased God, wife, I should be very glad if I were not so joyful as I seem to be.' 'Truly, husband,' replied Teresa*, 'I do not understand you ; and cannot conceive what you mean, by saying you should be very glad, an it pleased God, you were not so joyful ; for simple though I be, I am always glad with what makes me joyful.' 'Mark me, Teresa,' said the squire ; 'I am rejoiced, because it is determined, that I shall return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is going to make a third rally in quest of adventures, and I must accompany him in his expedition ; for so my destiny will have it, together with the comfortable and lively hope of finding another hundred crowns like those I have expended : on the other hand, sorry am I to part with thee and my children ; and if God would permit me to eat my bread dry-shod at home, without dragging me over cliffs and cross-paths, (and this might be done at a small expence, if he would only say the word,) it is plain that my joy would be more firm and perfect ; whereas that which I feel at present, is mingled with the melancholy thoughts of leaving thee, my duck ; wherefore I justly said I should be glad, an it pleased God, I were less joyful.' 'Verily, Sancho,' said his wife, 'ever since you made yourself a member of knight errantry, you talk in such a roundabout manner, that there is no understanding what you say.' 'Let it suffice,' answered the squire, 'That I am understood

* Sancho's wife has already been mentioned under the names of Juana and Mary, and now she is called Teresa.

derstood by God, who is the understander of all things; and there let it rest: mean while, take notice, gossip, it will be convenient for you to tend Dapple for these two or three days with special care; let his allowance be doubled, that he may be enabled to carry arms; and look for the pannel and the rest of the tackle; for we are not going to a wedding, but to traverse the globe, and give and take dry blows with your giants, dragons, and hobgoblins, and hear nothing but hissing, roaring, bellowing, and bleating; and all this would be but flowers of lavender, were it not our doom to encounter with Yanguessians and enchanted Moors.' 'I very well believe that squires-errant do not eat the bread of idleness,' replied Teresa; 'and therefore, husband, I shall continually pray to our Lord, to deliver you from such misfortunes.' 'I tell thee, wife,' said Sancho, 'if I did not expect to see myself in a little time governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot.' 'By no means, dear husband,' cried Teresa; 'Let the hen live, though she have the pip; and I hope you will live, though the devil run away with all the governments upon earth: without a government did you come from your mother's womb; without a government have you lived to this good hour; and without a government shall you go or be carried to your grave, in God's own time: there are many in the world who have no governments, and yet, for all that, they live and are numbered among the people. Hunger is the best sauce, and as that is never wanting among the poor, they always relish what they eat; but take care, Sancho, if you come to a government, that you do not forget me and your children: consider, Sanchico has already fifteen good years over his head, and that it is time for him to go to school, if in case his uncle the abbot has a mind to breed him to the church: consider too, that your daughter Mary Sancha will not break her heart if we marry her, for I am much mistaken if she does not long for a husband as much as you do for a government; and the short and

long

long of it is, you had better have your daughter ill buckled as a wife than well kept as a concubine.'

'Take my word for it,' answered Sancho, 'if by the blessing of God I come to any sort of government, I intend, my dear, to marry Mary Sancha so high, that nobody shall come near her, without calling her, *your ladyship*.'—'Never think of that, Sancho!' cried Teresa; 'match her with her equal, which will be more prudent than to raise her from clogs to pattens, from good fourteen-penny hoyden grey to farthingales and petticoats of silk, and from *Molly* and *thou* to *Donna* and *my lady such a one*; the girl's head would be quite turned, and she would be continually falling into some blunder, that would discover the coarse thread of her home-spun breeding.'—'Shut that foolish mouth of thine,' said Sancho; 'in two or three years practice, quality and politeness will become quite familiar to her; or, if they should not, what does it signify? Let her first be a lady, and then happen what will.'—'Meddle, Sancho, with those of your own station,' replied Teresa, 'and seek not to lift your head too high; but remember the proverb that says, When your neighbour's son comes to the door, wipe his nose, and take him in. It would be a fine thing, truly, to match our Mary with a great count or cavalier, who would, when he should take it in his head, look upon her as a monster, and call her country wench, and clod-breaker's and hemp-spinner's brat: that shall never happen in my lifetime, husband; it was not for that I brought up my child; do you find a portion, and as to her marriage, leave that to my care: there is Lope Tocho, old John Tocho's son, a jolly young fellow, stout and wholesome, whom we all know, and I can perceive that he has no dislike to the girl; besides, he being our equal, she will be very well matched with him; for we shall always have them under our eye, and the two families will live together, parents and children, sons-in-law and grandsons, and the peace and blessing of God will dwell amongst us; wherefore you shall not match me her in
your

your courts and grand palaces, where she will neither understand nor be understood.'—'Hark ye, you beast and yoke-fellow for Barrabas!' replied Sancho; 'why wouldst thou now, without rhyme or reason, prevent me from matching my daughter, so as that my grandchildren shall be persons of quality? Remember, Teresa, I have often heard my elders and betters observe, He that's coy when fortune's kind, may after seek but never find. And should not I be to blame, if, now that she knocks at my door, I should bolt it against her? Let us, therefore, take the advantage of the favourable gale that blows.'

It was this uncommon stile, with what Sancho says below, that induced the translator to pronounce the whole chapter apocryphal.

'Can't you perceive, animal, with half an eye,' proceeded Sancho, 'that I shall act wisely, in devoting this body of mine to some beneficial government that will lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha according to my own good pleasure: then wilt thou hear thyself called Donna Teresa Panza, and find thyself seated at church upon carpets, cushions and tapestry, in despite and defiance of all the small gentry in the parish; and not be always in the same moping circumstances, without increase or diminution, like a picture in the hangings: but no more of this; Sanchica shall be a countess, though thou shouldst cry thy heart out.'—'Look before you leap, husband,' answered Teresa: 'after all, I wish to God this quality of my daughter may not be the cause of her perdition; take your own way, and make her duchess or princess, or what you please, but I'll assure you, it shall never be with my consent or good will; I was always a lover of equality, my dear, and can't bear to see people hold their heads high without reason. Teresa was I christened a bare and simple name, without the addition of garniture, and embroidery, of Don or Donna; my father's name is Cascajo; and mine, as being your spouse Teresa Panza, though by rights I should be called Te

resa Cascajo: but as the king minds, the law binds; and with that name am I contented, though it be not burdened with a Don, which weighs so heavy, that I should not be able to bear it; neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess, or governor's lady, to say, "Mind Mrs. Porkfeeder; how proud she looks! it was but yesterday she toiled hard at the distaff, and went to mass with the tail of her gown about her head instead of a veil; but now, forsooth, she has got her fine farthingales and jewels, and holds up her head as if we did not know her." If God preserve me in my seven or five senses, or as many as they be, I shall never bring myself into such a quandary: as for your part, spouse, you may go to your governments and islands, and be as proud as a peacock; but as for my daughter and me, by the life of my father! we will not stir one step from the village; for, The wife that deserves a good name, stays at home as if she were lame; and, The maid must be still a doing, that hopes to see the men come a wooing. You and Don Quixote may therefore go to your adventures, and leave us to our misventures; for God will better our condition, if we deserve his mercy; though truly I cannot imagine who made him a Don; I am sure neither his father nor grandfather had any such title."—"I tell thee, wife," replied the squire, "thou hast certainly got some devil in that carcase of thine; the Lord watch over thee, woman! what a deal of stuff hast thou been tacking together, without either head or tail! What the devil has your Cascajos, jewels, proverbs, and pride, to do with what I have been saying? Hark ye, you ignorant beast, for such I may call thee, as thou hast neither capacity to understand my discourse, nor prudence to make sure of good fortune when it lies in thy way, were I to say, that my daughter shall throw herself from the top of a steeple, or go strolling about the world, like the Infanta Donna Uraca, thou wouldst have reason to contradict my pleasure; but if, in two turnings of a ball, and one twinkling of an eye, our good fortune should

lay a title across our shoulders, and, raising thee from the stubble, set thee in a chair of state, under a canopy, or lay thee upon a sofa, consisting of more velvet almohadas * than there are Moors in all the family of the Almohadas in Morocco; wherefore wouldst not thou consent, and with me enjoy the good luck that falls?— ‘I’ll tell thee wherefore, husband,’ replied Teresa, ‘because, as the saying is, What covers, discovers thee; the eyes of people always run slightly over the poor, but make an halt to examine the rich; and if a person so examined was once poor, then comes the grumbling and the slander; and he is persecuted by backbiters, who swarm in our streets like bees.’

‘Give ear, Teresa, and listen to what I am going to say,’ answered Sancho: ‘for mayhap thou hast never heard such a thing in all the days of thy life; and I do not now pretend to speak from my own reflection, but to repeat the remarks of the good father who preached last Lent in our village. He said, if I right remember, that all objects present to the view, exist, and are impressed upon the imagination, with much greater energy and force, than those which we only remember to have seen.’ (The arguments here used by Sancho contributed also to make the translator believe this chapter apocryphal; because they seem to exceed the capacity of the squire, who proceeded thus:) ‘From whence it happens, that when we see any person magnificently dressed, and surrounded with the pomp of servants, we find ourselves invited, and, as it were, compelled to pay him respect; although the memory should, at that instant, represent to us some mean circumstances of his former life; because that defect, whether in point of family or fortune, is already past and removed, and we only regard what is present to our view; and if the person whom fortune hath thus raised from the lowness of oblivion to the height of prosperity be well-bred, liberal, and courteous, without pretending to vie with the ancient nobility, you may take it for granted, Teresa,

that

* Almohada signifies a cushion. }

that nobody will remember what he was, but reverence what he now is, except the children of Envy, from whom no thriving person is secure.'—'I really do not understand you,' said Teresa: 'you may do what you will; but seek not to distract my brain with your rhetoric and haranguing, for, if you be revolved to do what you say'—'You must call it resolved, woman, and not revolved,' cried Sancho. 'Never plague yourself to dispute with me, husband,' answered Teresa: 'I speak as God pleases, and meddle not with other people's concerns. If you are obstinately bent upon this same government, I desire you will carry your son Sancho along with you, and from this hour teach him the art of that profession; for it is but reasonable that the sons should inherit and learn the trade of their fathers.'—'As soon as I have obtained my government,' said Sancho, 'I will send thee money for him by the post, as by that time I shall have plenty; for there are always people in abundance that will lend to a governor who has no money of his own; and be sure you cloath him in such a manner as to disguise his present condition, and make him appear like what he is to be.'—'Send me the money,' answered Teresa, 'and I will dress him up like any branch of palm *.'—'Well then,' said Sancho, 'we are agreed upon making our daughter a countess——' 'That day I behold her a countess,' cried the wife, 'I shall reckon her dead and buried; but, I tell you again, you may use your pleasure; for we women are born to be obedient to our husbands, though they are no better than blocks.'

So saying, she began to weep as bitterly as if she had actually seen her daughter laid in her grave. Sancho consoled her by saying, that, although she must be a countess, he would defer her promotion as long as he could. Thus ended the conversation, and the squire went back to Don Quixote to concert measures for their speedy departure.

CHAP.

Q²

* Alluding to the bough that is adorned and carried in procession on Palm Sunday.

C H A P. VI.

Of what passed between Don Quixote, his Niece, and Housekeeper, being one of the most important Chapters of the whole History.

WHILE this impertinent conversation passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Cascajo, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle; for, collecting from a thousand symptoms that their master wanted to give them the slip a third time, and return to the exercise of his unlucky knight-errantry, they endeavoured, by all possible means, to divert him from his extravagant design; but all they could say was like preaching to the desert, or hammering cold iron. However, among many other arguments, the housekeeper said to him, "As I hope to be saved, dear master, if your worship will not settle at home in your own house, but are resolved to stray about the mountains and vallies, like a troubled ghost, in quest of what you term adventures, but what I call mischances, I will complain in person, and raise up my voice to God and the king, that they may apply some remedy to your disorder." To this declaration the knight replied, "Mrs. Housekeeper, how God will accept of thy complaints I know not; neither can I guess in what manner his majesty will answer thy petition: this only I know, that if I were king, I would excuse myself from answering that infinite number of impertinent memorials which are daily presented; for one of the greatest of the many fatigues that attend royalty, is that of being obliged to listen and reply to all petitions; therefore I would not have his majesty troubled with any affair of mine." "Pray, Sir," said the housekeeper, "are there no knights at court?" "Yes, there are many," answered Don Quixote; "and it is reasonable, that there should be always a good number in attendance to adorn the court, and support the pomp and magnificence of majesty." "Would it not be better, then, for your worship," replied the matron, "to be

one of that number, and serve your king and master quietly and safely at court?' 'You must know, good woman,' said Don Quixote, 'all knights cannot be courtiers; neither can or ought all courtiers to be knights-errant: there ought to be plenty of both; and though we are all knights, there is a great difference between the one sort and the other: your courtiers, without crossing the thresholds of their own apartments, travel over the world, in maps, gratis, and never know what it is either to suffer either heat, cold, hunger, or thirst, in their journey; whereas, we real knights-errant measure the whole globe with our own foot-steps, exposed night and day, on horse-back and a-foot, to the summer's sun and winter's cold, and all the inclemencies of the weather; we not only seek to see the picture, but the person of our foe, and on all emergencies and occasions attack him, without paying any regard to the trifling rules of challenges; whether, for example, his sword and lance be shorter or longer than our own; whether he wears about him any relic or secret coat of mail; or whether the sun and wind be equally divided; with other ceremonies of that nature, which are usually observed in duelling, and which, though I know them punctually, thou art little acquainted with: thou must also know, that a good knight-errant, though he sees ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, with legs like lofty steeples, and arms resembling the masts of vast and warlike ships; while each eye, as large as a mill-wheel, beams and burns like a glass furnace, is by no means confounded or abashed; but, on the contrary, with genteel demeanour, and intrepid heart, approaches, assaults, and, if possible, vanquishes and overthrows them in a twinkling, though they are armed with the shell of a certain fish, said to be harder than adamant; and instead of a sword, use a keen scymitar of damasked steel, or a huge club, armed with a point of the same metal, as I have seen on a dozen different occasions. All this I have mentioned, good woman, that thou mayest

see what difference there is between knights of different orders ; and every prince ought, in reason, to pay greater respect to his second, or rather this first species of knights-errant, among whom, as we read in history, there have been some who were the bulwarks not only of one, but of many kingdoms.*

‘ Ah, dear Sir,’ cried the niece, interrupting him, ‘ consider that all those stories of knights-errant are nothing but lyes and invention ; and every one of the books that contain them deserves, if not to be burnt, at least to wear a *san benito**, or some other badge, by which it may be known for an infamous perverter of virtue and good sense.’ ‘ By the God that protects me!’ cried the knight, ‘ wert thou not undoubtedly my niece, as being my own sister’s child, I would chastise thee in such a manner, for the blasphemy thou hast uttered, that the whole world would resound with the example. How ! shall a pert baggage, who has scarce capacity enough to manage a dozen lace-bobbins, dare to wag her tongue in censuring the histories of knights-errant ? What would Signior Amadis say to such presumption ? But, surely, he would forgive thy arrogance ; for he was the most humble and courteous knight of his time, and besides the particular champion and protector of damsels : but thou mightest have been heard by another who would not treat thee so gently ; for all are not affable and well-bred ; on the contrary, some there are extremely brutal and impolite. All those who call themselves knights, are not entitled to that distinction ; some being of pure gold, and others of baser metal, notwithstanding the denomination they assume. But these last cannot stand the touchstone of truth : there are many plebeians, who sweat and struggle to maintain the appearance of gentlemen ; and, on the other hand, there are gentlemen of rank who seem industrious to appear mean and degenerate ; the one sort raise themselves either by ambition or virtue, while the others abate them-

* A dress put upon convicted hereticks.

themselves by viciousness or sloth; so that we must avail ourselves of our understanding and discernment, in distinguishing those persons, who, though they bear the same appellation, are yet so different in point of character.' 'Good God!' said the niece, 'that your worship should be so learned, that even, if need were, you might mount the pulpit, or go a preaching in the streets, and yet remain in such woeful blindness and palpable folly, as to persuade the world that you are a valiant and vigorous righter of wrongs, when you are old, feeble, and almost crippled with age; but, above all things, to give yourself out for a knight, when you are no such thing; for, though rich gentlemen may be knighted, poor gentlemen, like you, seldom are.'

'There is a good deal of truth in what thou hast observed, cousin,' replied Don Quixote; 'and I could tell thee such things, concerning families, as would raise thine admiration; but these I suppress, that I may not seem to mix what's human with what's divine. Take notice, however, my friends, and be attentive to what I am going to say: all the families in the world may be reduced to four kinds, which are these; one that, from low beginnings, hath extended and dilated to a pitch of power and greatness; another, that from great beginnings hath continued to preserve and maintain its original importance; a third, that from vast beginnings hath ended in a point, diminishing and decaying from its foundation, into an inconsiderable point like that of a pyramid, which, in respect of its base, is next kin to nothing; a fourth, and that the most numerous, had neither a good foundation, nor reasonable superstructure, and therefore sinks into oblivion, unobserved; such are the families of plebeians and ordinary people. The first, that from low beginnings hath mounted to power and greatness, which it preserves to this day, is exemplified in the house of Ottoman, that from an humble shepherd, who gave rise to it, attained that pinnacle of grandeur on which it now stands: the second sort of pedigree, that without augmentation hath
preserved

preserved its original importance, is exhibited in the persons of many princes, who are such by inheritance, and support their rank without addition or diminution, containing themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions: of those who, from illustrious beginnings, have dwindled into a point, there are a thousand examples in the Pharaohs and Ptolemys of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the tribe, if they may be so called, of our Median, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Barbarian princes, monarchs, and great men. All these families and states, together with their founders, have ended in a very inconsiderable point; since, at this day, it is impossible to trace out one of their descendants; or, if we could, he would be found in some base and low degree. I have nothing to say of the plebeians, who only serve to increase the number of the living, without deserving any other fame or panegyrick. From what I have said, I would have you infer, my precious wife-acres, that there is a great confusion of pedigrees; and that those only appear grand and illustrious, whose representatives abound with virtue, liberality, and wealth: I say, virtue, liberality, and wealth; because the vicious great man is no more than a great sinner; and the rich man without liberality, a mere covetous beggar; for happiness does not consist in possessing, but in spending riches; and that not in squandering them away, but in knowing how to use them with taste. Now a poor knight has no other way of signalizing his birth, but the practice of virtue, being affable, well-bred, courteous, kind, and obliging; a stranger to pride, arrogance, and slander; and, above all things, charitable; for, by giving two farthings cheerfully to the poor, he may shew himself as generous as he that dispenses alms by sound of bell: and whosoever sees him adorned with these virtues, although he should be an utter stranger to his race, will conclude that he is descended of a good family. Indeed, it would be a sort of miracle to find it otherwise; so that praise is always the reward of virtue, and never fails

to attend the righteous. There are two paths, my children, that lead to wealth and honour: one is that of learning, the other that of arms; now I am better qualified for the last than for the first; and (as I judge from my inclination to arms) was born under the influence of the planet Mars; so that I am, as it were, obliged to chuse that road, which I will pursue in spite of the whole universe: you will therefore fatigue yourselves to no purpose, in attempting to persuade me from that which Heaven inspires, fortune ordains, reason demands, and, above all things, my own inclination dictates: knowing, as I do, the innumerable toils annexed to knight errantry, I am also well acquainted with the infinite benefits acquired in the exercise of that profession. I know the path of virtue is very strait, while the road of vice is broad and spacious. I know their end and issue is different: the wide extended way of vice conducts the traveller to death; while the narrow toilsful path of virtue leads to happiness and life—not that which perisheth, but that which hath no end; and I know, as our great Castilian poet observes,

‘By these rough paths of toil and pain,
Th’ immortal seats of bliss we gain,
Deny’d to those who heedless stray
In tempting pleasure’s flow’ry way.’

‘Ah! woe is me!’ cried the cousin, ‘my uncle is a poet too! he knows every thing, and can do every thing: I’ll lay a wager, if he should turn bricklayer, he could build a house like any cage.’ ‘I do assure thee, niece,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘if those knightly sentiments did not wholly engross my attention, there is not a thing on earth that I could not make, nor a curiosity that should not go through my hands, especially bird-cages and tooth-picks.’

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knocking at the gate; which, as they found upon enquiry, was made by Sancho; whose presence was no sooner intimated, than the housekeeper ran away to hide herself,
that

that she might avoid the sight of him whom she abhorred: the niece, therefore, opened the door, and his master came out to receive him with open arms; then, shutting themselves up together, another dialogue passed, no ways inferior to the former.

C H A P. VII.

Of what passed between Don Quixote and his Squire; with other surprising Incidents.

THE housekeeper seeing that her master and Sancho were locked up together, immediately guessed the subject of their conversation; and imagining, that the result of this consultation would be a third sally, she put on her veil, and, full of trouble and anxiety, went in quest of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, thinking, that as he was a well spoken man, and her master's new friend, he might persuade him to lay aside such an extravagant design: accordingly, she found him taking a turn in his own yard, and fell upon her knees before him, in a cold sweat, occasioned by her vexation. Carrasco seeing her appear with such marks of sorrow and consternation, said, 'What is the matter, Mrs. Housekeeper? what hath befallen you? something seems to have harrowed up your very soul!' 'Nothing at all, dear Mr. Sampson,' cried the housekeeper, 'only my master is breaking out; he is certainly breaking out!' 'How breaking out?' said Sampson; 'is any part of his body unsound?' 'Where should it break out?' replied the other, 'but through the gate of his madness? My meaning, dear batchelor of my soul! is, that he is going to make another sally, (and that will be the third,) searching up and down the world for what he calls adventures, though I cannot imagine why they should have that name*: the first time he returned so battered and bruised, that they were fain to lay him across an ass, like a sack of oats, because he could not sit upright; the second time, he was brought home in a waggon,

* The original, *ventura*, signifies good luck as well as adventures.

a waggon, stretched and cooped up in a cage, in which he imagined himself enchanted, in such a woful plight, that he could scarce be known by the mother that bore him, so lank and meagre, with his eyes sunk into the lowest pit of his brain; so that before I could bring him to any tolerable degree of strength, I expended more than six hundred new-laid eggs, as God and all the world know, as well as my hens, that will not suffer me to tell a lye.' 'That I verily believe,' said the batchelor; 'your hens are so good, plump, and well-bred, that they would rather burst than say one thing, and mean another. Well, then, Mrs. House-keeper, nothing else hath happened, neither have you met with any other misfortune, but the apprehension of what your master Don Quixote will do?' 'Nothing else,' said she. 'Give yourself no trouble then,' resumed the batchelor, 'but go home a-God's name, and get ready something hot for my breakfast; and in your way, repeat St. Apollonia's prayer, if you can; I will follow in a little time, and then you shall see wonders.' 'Dear heart!' cried the house-keeper, 'St. Apollonia's prayer, say you? that I should repeat if my master had the tooth-ach; but, lack-a-day! his distemper lies in his skull.' 'I know what I say,' answered Sampson: 'take my advice, Mrs. Housekeeper, and do not pretend to dispute with me; for I would have thee to know that I am a batchelor of Salamanca; there's no higher batcheleering than that.' She accordingly moved homeward, while Sampson went to communicate to the curate that which will be in due time disclosed.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were closetted together, there passed between them a conversation which the history recounts with great punctuality and truth. 'Signior,' said the squire, 'I have at length traduced my wife to consent that I shall attend your worship wheresoever you please to carry me.' 'Say reduced, and not traduced, Sancho,' replied the knight. 'I have once or twice, if my memory serves me,' said Sancho, 'intreated

‘intreated your worship not to correct my words, if you understand my meaning; and when you can’t make it out, I desire you would say, ‘Sancho,’ or ‘devil, I don’t understand thee:’ then if I fail in explaining myself, you may correct me as much as you please; for I am so fossible.’ ‘I do not understand thee now’, cried Don Quixote, ‘nor can I comprehend what thou wouldst be at, in saying I am so fossible.’ ‘So fossible!’ said the squire; ‘that is, whereby as how I am just so. ‘Nay, now thou art more and more unintelligible,’ replied the knight.’ ‘If your worship does not understand me now,’ answered Sancho, ‘I know not how to express it; for I am already at my wit’s end, and Lord have mercy upon me.’ ‘O! now I conceive thy meaning,’ said the knight; ‘thou wouldst say that thou art so docile, gentle, and tractable, as to comprehend every thing I say, and retain whatsoever I shall teach thee.’ ‘I’ll lay a wager,’ said the squire, ‘that from the beginning, you knew my meaning by my mumping, but wanted to confound me by leading me into a thousand more blunders.’ ‘It may be so,’ said the knight; but in reality, what says Teresa?’ ‘Teresa,’ answered Sancho, ‘says I must be sharp with your worship. Fast bind, fast find; he that shuffles does not always cut; and that, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush: now I know that a wife’s counsel is bad, but he that will not take it is mad.’ ‘So say I,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘proceed, friend Sancho, you speak like an oracle to-day.’ ‘Why then the case is this,’ resumed Sancho; ‘your worship very well knows we are all mortal, here to day, and gone to-morrow; for the lamb goes as fast as the dam; and no man in this world can promise himself more hours of life than God is pleased to grant him; because death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door of life is always in a hurry, and will not be detained either by fair means or force, by sceptres or mitres, as the report goes, and as we have often heard it declared from the pulpit.’ ‘All this is very true,’ said the knight; ‘but I cannot guess what

you drive at.' 'What I drive at,' answered Sancho, 'is, that your worship would appoint me a certain monthly salary for the time I shall serve you, to be paid out of your estate; for I do not chuse to depend upon recompences that come late, or slow, or never. God will protect me with my own. In short, I would know what I have to trust to, whether little or much; for, the hen clucks though but on one egg; many littles make a mickle; and, he that is getting aught, is losing nought. True it is, if it should happen, which I neither believe nor expect, that your worship can give me that island you have promised me so long; I am not so greedy or ungrateful, but that I will suffer my rent to be appraised, and my salary deducted in due portion*.' 'To be sure, friend Sancho,' said the knight, 'all portions ought to be proportioned. 'I understand you,' replied the squire; 'I should have said proportion instead of portion; but that is of no signification, since my meaning is comprehended by your worship.' 'Aye,' and so thoroughly comprehended,' said Don Quixote, 'that I have penetrated into the inmost recesses of thy thoughts, and perceive the mark at which those innumerable shafts of thy proverbs are aimed. Look you, Sancho, I would appoint thee a salary, if I could find in any history of knights-errant, one precedent, by which I might discover, or have the least glimpse of what they used to give monthly or yearly; but I have carefully perused all, or the greatest part of those histories, and cannot remember to have read, that any knights-errant ever paid a certain salary to his squire. I only know that all of them trusted to favour, and when it was least in their thoughts, provided their master's chanced to be fortunate, they found themselves rewarded with an island, or something equivalent, and at least were honoured with rank and title. If with these hopes and expectations you are willing to return to my service, do it a-God's name; but if you

VOL. III.

R

think

* I have substituted this play upon the word proportion, in lieu of Sancho's blundering on *rata*.

think I will unhinge and deviate from the ancient customs of chivalry, you are grievously mistaken: wherefore, friend Sancho, you may go home again, and declare my intention to your wife Teresa; and if she is pleased, and you are willing to depend upon my favour, *bene quidem*; if not, let us shake hands and part: while there are peas in the dove-house, I shall never want pigeons; and remember, my child, that it is better to be rich in hope than poor in possession; and that a good claim is preferable to bad pay. I talk in this manner, Sancho, to shew that I can pour forth a volley of proverbs as well as you; and finally, I must and will give you to understand, that if you do not chuse to serve me on those terms, and share my fortune, whatsoever it may be, I pray God may prosper and make a saint of you; for my part, I shall not want squires more obedient and careful, though less troublesome and talkative than your worship.'

When Sancho heard this firm resolution of his master, the sky began to lour, and down flagged the wings of his heart in a moment: for he had believed that the knight would not set out without him for all the wealth in the world. While he thus remained pensive and dejected, in came Sampson Carrasco, followed by the niece, who was very desirous to hear with what arguments he would dissuade her uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, no sooner entered, than embracing the knight, as at first, he pronounced with an audible voice, 'O flower of knight-errantry, resplendent sun of arms, thou glory and mirror of the Spanish nation! may it please the Almighty, of his infinite power, that if any person or persons shall raise any impediment to obstruct thy third sally, they may never extricate themselves from the labyrinth of their desires, or accomplish what they so unjustly wish!' Then turning to the duenna, 'Mrs. Housekeeper,' said he, 'you need not now repeat St. Apollonia's prayer; for I know it is the precise determination of the stars, that Signior Don Quixote

ote shall again execute his new and lofty plan: and I should greatly burden my conscience if I forbore to intimate, and desire, that this knight will no longer withhold and detain the force of his valiant arm, and the virtue of his heroic soul; because, by his delay he retards the righting of wrongs, the protection of orphans, the honour of maidens, the favour of widows, the support of wives, with many other things of that nature, which regard, concern, depend upon, and appertain, to the order of knight-errantry. Courage! Signior Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; may your worship and grandeur set out before to-morrow morning; and if any thing be wanting to forward your expedition, here am I, ready to make it good with my person and fortune; and, if need be, to serve your magnificence in quality of squire; an office, in the execution of which I should think myself extremely happy.'

Don Quixote hearing this proffer, turned to Sancho, saying, 'Did not I tell thee, Sancho, that I should not want for squires? Take notice who it is that offers to attend me; who, but the unheard-of batchelor Sampson Carrasco; the perpetual darling and delight of the court-yards belonging to the Salamancan schools; sound of body, strong of limb, a silent sufferer of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, and endued with all those qualifications which are requisite in the squire of a knight-errant: but Heaven will not permit me, for my own satisfaction, to break and demolish this pillar of learning, this urn of sciences, and to hew down such an eminent branch of the liberal arts. No, let this new Samson stay at home, and honour the place of his nativity, together with the grey hairs of his ancient parents; while I make shift with any sort of squire, since Sancho will not vouchsafe to go along with me.'

'Y—yes, I do vouchsafe!' cried Sancho, blubbering; 'it shall never be said of me, dear master, that when the victuals were eaten up, the company ineaked off; I am not come of such an ungrateful stock; for all

the world, and especially my own townsmen, know what sort of people the Panzas were, of whom I am descended ; besides, I have perceived, and am sensible, by many good works, and more good words, that your worship is actually inclined to do for me ; and if I have haggled more than enough about my wages, it was to please my wife, who, if she once takes in hand to persuade me to any thing, no cooper's adze drives the hoops of a barrel as she drives at her purpose, until she hath gained it ; but, after all, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman : now I being a man every inch of me, when or wheresoever I please to shew myself, (that I cannot deny) I am resolved to be master in my own house, in spite of the devil, the world, and the flesh ; and therefore your worship has no more to do but prepare your will, with the codicil, so as that it cannot be rebuked ; and then let us take our departure, that we may not endanger the soul of Mr. Sampson, whose conscience, he says, prompts him to persuade your worship to make a third rally through the world ; and here I promise again to serve your worship faithfully and lawfully, as well as, and better than, all the squires that ever attended the knights-errant, either in past or present time.'

The Batchelor was astonished at hearing the manner and conclusion of Sancho's speech ; for although he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed him so diverting as he is there represented ; but now, hearing him talk of the will and codicil that could not be rebuked, instead of revoked, he was convinced of the truth of what he had read, and confirmed in the opinion of his being one of the most solemn simpletons of the present age ; saying, within himself, two such madmen as the master and his squire are not to be paralleled upon earth. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho were reconciled, and embraced each other ; and, in consequence of the opinion and assent of the great Carrasco, whom they looked upon as an oracle, it was determined that they should depart in three days, during which they would

would have time to provide themselves with necessaries for the journey, and find a complete helmet for the knight, who insisted upon carrying one along with him into the field. Sampson, accordingly, undertook to accommodate him, saying he could command an helmet that was in the possession of a friend of his ; though the brightness of the metal was not a little obscured by the rust and mould which it had contracted.

Innumerable were the curses which were vented against the batchelor by the housekeeper and niece, who tore their hair, and scratched their faces ; and, like the hired mourners, formerly in use, lamented the departure as if it had been the death of their master. But Sampson's view in persuading him to another sally, was to execute a design which he had concerted with the curate and barber, as will appear in the sequel. In short, during those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with every thing they thought they should have occasion for ; the squire pacified his wife, the knight appeased his niece and housekeeper ; and on the evening of the fourth day, without being perceived by any living soul but the Batchelor, who insisted upon accompanying them half a league out of town, they set out, and took the road to Toboso ; Don Quixote mounted on his trusty Rozinante, and Sancho throned upon his old friend Dapple, with a pair of bags well lined with belly-timber, and a purse of money, which his master deposited in his hands, in case of accidents in their expedition.

Sampson, embracing the knight, entreated him to write an account of his good or evil fortune, that he might congratulate or sympathize with him, as the laws of friendship require. Don Quixote assuring him he would comply with his request ; the Batchelor returned to the village, and the other two pursued their way towards the great city of Toboso.

C H A P. VIII.

An Account of what happened to Don Quixote in his Journey to visit his Mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

‘**BLESSED** be the Almighty Ala,’ saith Cid Hamet Benengeli, in the beginning of this chapter; and this benediction he repeats three times, in consequence of finding Don Quixote and Sancho in the field again; observing, that the readers of this agreeable history may assure themselves that, from this period, the exploits of the knight and his squire begin. He therefore persuades them to forget the former adventures of our sage hero, and fix their attention upon those which are to come; and which now begin in the road to Toboso, as the others took their origin in the field of Montiel; and truly his demand is but reasonable, considering the fair promise he makes. Thus, therefore, he proceeds.

Scarce had Sampson left Don Quixote and Sancho by themselves, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray most melodiously; a circumstance which was looked upon by both our adventurers as a fortunate signal and most happy omen; though, to deal candidly with the reader, the brayings of the ass exceeded in number the neighings of the horse; from whence Sancho concluded, his fortune would surmount and overtop that of his master. But whether or not he founded his belief on his knowledge in judicial astrology, I cannot determine, the history being silent on that subject; yet certain it is he had been heard to say, when he stumbled or fell, that he wished he had not stirred over his own threshold; for nothing was to be got by a stumble or fall but a torn shoe or broken bone; and truly, simple as he was, he had some reason for making that observation.

‘Friend Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘the night is so far advanced, that we shall not be able to reach Toboso by day-light; yet thither I am determined to go, before I engage in any other adventure, that I may receive the benediction and good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, by the help of which I shall certainly achieve,

chieve, and happily perform, the most perilous exploits; for nothing in this life exalts the valour of knights-errant so much as the favour of their mistresses.' 'I am of the same way of thinking,' replied the squire; 'but I believe your worship will find some difficulty in seeing her in a proper place for courtship, or indeed for receiving her blessing, unless she throws it over the pales of the yard through which I saw her for the first time, when I carried the letter that gave an account of the folly and mad pranks I left your worship committing in the heart of the brown mountain.' 'Didst thou then actually imagine,' said Don Quixote, 'that those were the pales of a yard, over or through which thou sawest that paragon of gentleness and beauty? Certainly they could be no other than galleries, arcades, or corridors, such as belong to rich and royal palaces.' 'It may be so,' answered Sancho; 'but either my memory fails me very much, or to me they seemed no better than the pales of a farmer's yard.' 'Be that as it will,' resumed Don Quixote, 'thither we will go, and at any rate get sight of her: for be it through pales, windows, crannies, or the rails of a garden, so the least ray of that sun of beauty reach mine eyes, it will enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart in such a manner, that I shall remain the unequalled phoenix of valour and discretion.' 'Truly, Sir,' said the squire, 'when I saw that same sun of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays at all; but the case was, the wheat that her ladyship was winnowing, as I told you before, raised such a cloud of dust about her, as quite darkened her countenance.' 'Wilt thou still persist, Sancho,' replied the knight, 'in saying, thinking, believing, and affirming, that my mistress Dulcinea was employed in such a mean office, so wide of all that is or ought to be practised by persons of rank, who are created and reserved for other exercises and amusements, that denote their quality at the distance of a bow-shot? Thou seemest to forget, O Sancho! those verses of our poet, in which he paints the labours

labours that in the chrystal bowers engrossed the four nymphs, who, raising their heads above the waves of their beloved Tagus, sat down to work in the verdant meadow those rich and silken webs, which, as the ingenious poet describes, were with gold and pearls adorned and interweaved. In this manner my mistress must have been employed when thou sawest her; but some wicked enchanter, envious of my happiness and fame, converts and perverts every thing that yields me pleasure, into shapes and figures different from its real appearance; and in that history of my achievements which they say is printed, if the author be some sage who is an enemy to my success, I am afraid he hath confounded one thing with another, and clogged every fact with a thousand falsehoods; straying from his subject, to recount actions quite foreign to the skilful detail of a true history! O envy! thou root of infinite mischief, and canker-worm of virtue! The commission of all other vices, Sancho, is attended with some sort of delight; but envy produces nothing in the heart that harbours it but rage, rancour, and disgust.' 'So say I, master,' answered Sancho: 'and I suppose, in this legend or history of us, which Batchelor Carrasco says he has seen, my reputation goes like a jolting hackney-coach, and is tossed above, as the saying is, like a tennis-ball; though, in good faith, I never spoke an ill word of any enchanter whatsoever; nor am I rich enough to stir up envy in any living soul: true it is I am a little waggish, and have a small spice of knavery, at bottom; but all this is crowned and covered with the broad cloak of my simplicity, which is always natural, and never affected; and if there was nothing else but my believing, as I always do firmly and sincerely, in God, as well as in all that is owned and believed by the holy Roman catholic church, and my being a mortal enemy, as I certainly am, to the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and use me tenderly in their writings: but let them say what they will, I naked was born, and naked remain; and if I lose nothing,

as little I gain : though, provided I see myself mentioned in a book, and circulate through the world from hand to hand, I don't value what they say to me a fig's end.'

'That observation,' said Don Quixote, 'puts me in mind of what happened to a famous poet of this age, who having composed a severe satire against the court ladies, omitted to insert one in particular, by name, so that it was doubtful whether or not she was implied in any part of the performance. The lady, thus neglected, complained to the poet, asking what he had seen in her character unworthy of being described among the rest, and desired him to enlarge the satire, that she might be included in the supplement, or look to himself. The author complied with her request, lashing her in terms not fit to be named ; and she was perfectly satisfied with the fame of being infamous. Of a piece with this ambition was that reported of the shepherd, who set fire to the celebrated temple of Diana, reckoned one of the wonders of the world, with no other view than to render his name immortal ; and although there was a severe edict, prohibiting all persons whatever from making mention of his name, either by word or writing, that he might not accomplish his aim, it is very well known at this day, that his name was Erostratus. This likewise bears an affinity to that occurrence which passed at Rome, between that great emperor Charles the Fifth and a certain knight. The emperor went to visit the famous temple of the Rotunda, which was of old called the Pantheon, but is now more happily named the Church of All-Saints, the most entire edifice that remains in heathen Rome, and which most of all evinces the grandeur and magnificence of its founders. It is built in the shape of half an orange, of a vast extent, and very well lighted, though it has but one window, or rather a round lanthorn at its top, from whence the emperor considered the inside of the structure, being attended by a Roman knight, who described the excellence and ingenious contrivance of that vast and memorable work ;

work; and, after they had descended, said to him, "Sacred Sir, a thousand times was I seized with an inclination to clasp your majesty in my arms, and throw myself down from the lanthorn, in order to eternize my name." "I thank you," replied the emperor, "for having resisted such a wicked suggestion, and henceforward will never give you an opportunity of repeating such a proof of your loyalty: avoid my presence, and never presume to speak to me again." But, notwithstanding this severe command, he conferred upon him some extraordinary favour. My meaning, Sancho, is, that the desire of fame is a most active principle in the human breast. What dost thou imagine was the motive that prevailed on Horatius to throw himself from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the river Tyber? what induced Mutius to burn his hand and arm? what impelled Curtius to dart himself into the flaming gulph which opened in the midst of Rome? what prompted Cæsar to pass the Rubicon, in spite of all the unfavourable omens that appeared? and, to give you a more modern instance, what consideration bore the ships, and left on shore, encompassed with enemies, those valiant Spaniards in the new world, under the conduct of the courteous Cortez? All these, and many other great and various exploits, are, were, and shall be performed, in consequence of that desire of fame, which flatters mortals with a share of that immortality which they deem the merited reward of their renowned achievements: although we catholick Christian knights-errant ought to pay greater attention to that glory which is to come, and eternally survives within the ethereal and celestial mansions, than to the vanity of that fame, which is obtained in this present perishable state, and which, considered in its longest duration, must end at length with the world itself, which hath its appointed period. Wherefore, Sancho, our works must not exceed the limits prescribed by the Christian religion which we profess. We must, in slaying giants, extirpate pride; get the better of envy by benevolence and virtue; resist

resist anger with patience and forbearance; conquer gluttony and sloth by temperance and watchfulness; luxury and lewdness by our fidelity to those whom we constitute mistresses of our inclination; and idleness by travelling through all parts of the world in quest of opportunities to evince ourselves not only Christians, but, moreover, renowned knights. Thus, Sancho, thou seest the means of acquiring that superlative praise which produces fame and reputation.

‘All that your worship hath hitherto said,’ replied the squire, ‘I understand perfectly well; but, for all that, I wish you would dissolve me one doubt, which hath this moment struck me in the noddle.’ ‘Thy meaning is resolve, Sancho,’ said the knight: ‘in good time, out with it, and I will give thee satisfaction, as far as my own knowledge extends.’ ‘Tell me, then, Signior,’ proceeded Sancho, ‘where now are all those Julys and Augusts, and adventuresome knights, who died so long ago?’ The Heathens,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘are doubtless in hell; and the Christians, if they were good catholicks, either in purgatory or in heaven.’ ‘Right,’ said the squire: ‘let us next enquire, if the tombs that contain the bodies of that sort of gentry are lighted with silver lamps; or the walls of their chapels adorned with crutches, winding-sheets, periwigs, legs, and eyes, made of wax; if not, pray in what manner are they adorned?’ To this question Don Quixote answered, that the sepulchres of the heathen heroes were, for the most part, sumptuous temples; the ashes of Julius Cæsar were placed upon the top of a stone pyramid, of vast dimensions, still to be seen at Rome, under the name of St. Peter’s obelisk; the emperor Adrian’s tomb was a building as large as a good village, formerly called Moles Adriani, but at present the Castle of St. Angelo; and Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a monument, that was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world; but none of these sepulchres, nor any other belonging to the heathens, were adorned with shrouds, offerings, or marks, to de-

note the sanctity of the persons there buried. 'So I perceive,' said Sancho; 'and now tell me, whether it be more meritorious to slay a giant, or raise up the dead to life again?' 'The answer is plain,' replied the knight; 'it is more meritorious to re-animate the dead.' 'Then I have caught you fairly,' cried the squire; he who revives the dead, restores sight to the blind, straightens the crooked, heals the sick; before whose tomb the lamps continually burn, whose chapels are filled with devout people, who adore his relicks upon their knees; I say, he shall have more fame in this world, and that which is to come, than all the heathen emperors and knights-errant that ever lived have left or will leave behind them.' 'I am very sensible of the truth of what you alledge,' answered the knight. 'Now this fame, this grace, this prerogative, or what you call it,' resumed the squire, 'is vested in the bodies and relicks of the saints; and with the approbation and licence of our holy mother church, they have their lamps, tapers, shrouds, crutches, pictures, periwigs, eyes, and legs, whereby the devotion of the people is increased, and their own Christian fame promulgated; the bodies and relicks of saints are carried upon the shoulders of kings, who kiss the very fragments of their bones, with which they enrich and adorn their most precious altars and oratories.' 'What wouldst thou have me infer from all this?' said Don Quixote. 'My meaning,' replied Sancho, 'is, that we should turn saints immediately, and so with the greater dispatch acquire that fame which we are in search of; and pray take notice, Signior, it was but yesterday, or t'other day, as one may say in comparison, that they canonized and beatified two bare-footed friars; and people now think it a great happiness to be allowed to touch and kiss the iron chains with which they girded and tormented their poor bodies; and which are of greater esteem than the sword of Orlando, which, as the report goes, is kept in the armoury of our lord the king, whom God in Heaven bless: wherefore, dear master, it is better to be an humble friar

of

of any order whatever, than the most valiant knight that ever breathed; for, with God, two dozen of disciplines will more avail than as many thousand back-strokes, whether they be bestowed on giants, dragons, or hobgoblins.' 'All this is very true,' answered Don Quixote; 'but we cannot all be friars; and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to Heaven. Chivalry itself is a religious order, and some that were knights are now saints in glory.' 'True,' resumed the squire; 'but I have often heard it observed, that there are more friars than knights in Heaven.' 'The reason,' said the knight, 'is because there is a greater number of monks than of the other order.' 'And yet there are many knights-errant,' replied the squire. 'There is, indeed, a good number,' answered Don Quixote; 'but very few that deserve the name.'

In this, and other such discourse, they passed that night and the following day, without encountering any thing worthy of being mentioned; a circumstance that chagrined our knight not a little. Next day, however, in the twilight, they descried the great city of Toboso; at sight of which Don Quixote's spirits were exhilarated, and Sancho's depressed, because he did not know where to find the house of Dulcinea, whom he had never seen; neither had his master ever beheld this peerless princess; so that the one suffered perturbation from the desire of seeing her, and the other because he had not seen her; and, indeed, Sancho could not contrive how to manage the affair, when his master should send him to Toboso. In fine, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city in the dark: and with this view they tarried in a grove of oaks, not far from the gate, till the night was advanced; then entered the town, where they met with things which amount to things indeed.

C H A P. IX.

Which contains what you will see in the perusal of it.

IT was midnight, or thereabout, when Don Quixote and Sancho, leaving their covert, entered the city of Toboso, which was then in profound silence, all it's in-

habitants being asleep, and lying with outstretched legs, as the saying is. The night was clear, though Sancho wished it otherwise, that in the darkness he might find an excuse for his imposition; and nothing was heard in the whole town but the barking of dogs, which thundered in Don Quixote's ears, and very much disturbed the heart of Sancho; yet, from time to time, they were saluted by the braying of asses, the grunting of hogs, and the mewing of cats; which different notes being augmented by the stillness of the night, were considered as ill omens by the enamoured knight, who nevertheless said to his squire, 'Son Sancho, lead on to the palace of Dulcinea, whom, perhaps, we shall find awake.' 'Body of the sun!' cried Sancho, 'what palace shall I lead to? When I saw her highness she was in a very small cottage.' 'Then she must have been retired,' answered the knight, 'to some small apartment of her castle, to divert herself with her damsels, according to the use and custom of princesses and ladies of rank.' 'Signior,' said the squire, 'since your worship, in spite of all that I can say, will have my lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gate open? and will it be decent for us to throw the whole family into confusion and uproar, by making a racket, and demanding entrance, at this time of night? Do you think we are going to a bawdy-house, like your fornicators, who rap and knock, and enter at any hour of the four-and-twenty?' 'First of all, let us fairly find the castle,' replied the knight, 'and then I will tell thee what is to be done; and take notice, Sancho, for either mine eyesight fails me, or that great shadowy building before us is the palace of Dulcinea.' 'Advance then,' answered Sancho; 'perhaps it may be so; and yet, though I should see it with mine eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it as much as I believe it twelve o'clock at noon.'

Don Quixote, however, proceeded; and having gone about two hundred paces, came up with the building that produced the shadow, and perceiving it an high

steep,

steeple, found it was no castle, but in reality the principal church in town. 'We are arrived at the cathedral, Sancho,' said he. 'So I perceive,' replied the squire, 'and God grant we be not arrived at our graves! for it is no good sign to be strolling about church-yards at these hours; besides, I have already told your worship (if my memory serves me right) that my lady's house stands in a blind alley.' 'The curse of God light on thee for a blockhead as thou art!' cried Don Quixote; 'where didst thou ever hear of castles and royal palaces built in blind alleys?' 'Signior,' answered Sancho, 'every country has its own customs; and perhaps it is the custom here, in Toboso, to raise palaces and grand edifices in blind alleys; I therefore humbly beseech your worship to let me search all the streets and alleys I shall meet with; and who knows but in some corner I may light on this same castle, which I wish the dogs had devoured before it had brought us to such perplexity and confusion?' 'Talk respectfully, Sancho, of those things that appertain to my mistress,' said the knight; 'let us spend our holiday in peace, and not throw the helve after the hatchet.' 'Well, I will be pacified,' answered the squire; 'though how can I endure your worship should expect that I, who have seen my lady's house but once, should know it always, and even find it out in the middle of the night, when you yourself are at a loss, though you must have seen it a thousand times?' 'You distract me, Sancho,' cried Don Quixote. 'Hark ye, heretick, have not I told you a thousand times, that, in all the days of my life, I never saw the peerless Dulcinea, nor ever crossed the threshold of her palace, being only enamoured by hearsay, and the great reputation of her beauty and discretion?' 'I hear your worship say so now,' replied Sancho; 'and tell you in my turn, that if you have not seen her, no more have I.' 'That is impossible,' resumed the knight; 'at least, you told me you had seen her winnowing wheat, when you brought back an answer to the letter with which I sent you to her habitation.'

‘Truly, Signior, you must not depend upon that,’ answered Sancho; ‘for you must know, my seeing her, and bringing back the answer, was also upon hearsay; and I am as incapable of giving any account of the Lady Dulcinea, as I am of pulling the moon by the nose.’ ‘Sancho! Sancho!’ said Don Quixote, ‘there is a time for jesting, and a time when jokes are very unseasonable: though I say I have never seen or spoke with the mistress of my soul, there is no reason for thy making the same declaration, which thou knowest is so contrary to the truth.’

While they thus conversed together, they perceived a person passing that way with a couple of mules; and by the noise of a plough-share, which they dragged along, justly concluded that he was a peasant who had risen before day to go to labour: they were not mistaken; it was actually a labourer, who went along singing the ballad of Roncevalles*; which the knight no sooner heard, than he exclaimed, ‘Let me die, Sancho! if any thing lucky will befall us to night; don’t you hear what that peasant is singing?’ ‘Yes,’ said Sancho; ‘but what has the defeat at Roncevalles to do with our affair? If he had sung the ballad of Calaynos, it would have been the same thing with regard to our good or evil fortune.’

Don Quixote said to the peasant, who was by this time come up, ‘Can you tell me, honest friend, and the blessing of God attend you, in what part of this city stands the palace of the peerless princess Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?’ ‘Signior, answered the young man, ‘I am a stranger, and have been but a few days in town, in the service of a rich farmer, whose land I till; but in that house that fronts you live the curate and sexton of the parish, and either or both can give your worship an account of that same princess, for they keep a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso; though I believe there is no such thing as a princess in the whole place: there are, indeed, many ladies of fashion, and every

* Like our Chevy Chase.

every one may be a princess in her own house.' 'She whom I ask for must be one of these,' said the knight. 'It may be so,' answered the peasant; 'but I shall be overtaken by the morning.' So saying, he drove on his mules, without waiting for any more questions.

Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and over and above dissatisfied, 'Signior,' said he, 'day begins to break, and it will not be altogether convenient to let the sun find us here in the street: we had better quit the city, and look out for some wood in the neighbourhood, where your worship may enjoy the cool shade; and I will return by day, and search every hole and cranny in Toboso for this house, castle, or palace of my lady, and it will be very unfortunate, indeed, if I cannot find it; and if I have the good luck to meet with her ladyship, I will tell her where and how I have left your worship, in expectation of her contriving some means whereby you may visit her, without any prejudice to her honour and reputation.' 'Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, 'thou hast uttered a thousand sentences within the compass of a few words; the counsel thou hast given me I relish, and most willingly receive. Come, my son, let us go in quest of some thicket, where I may embower myself, while thou shalt return to seek, see, and talk with my mistress, from whose courtesy and discretion I hope to receive more than miraculous favours.

Sancho burned with impatience to see his master fairly out of town, that he might not detect the falshood of the answer which he pretended to bring from Dulcinea, while he remained in the Brown Mountain: he therefore pressed him to depart, and about two miles from the city they found a thicket or wood, where Don Quixote took up his residence, while Sancho went back to commune with Dulcinea; and, in the course of his embassy, met with adventures that demand new credit and fresh attention.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

Gives an Account of the Stratagem which Sancho practised, in order to enchant the Lady Dulcinea; with other Circumstances equally ludicrous and true.

THE author of this stupendous history, when he comes to relate what is contained in this chapter, says, he would have willingly passed it over in silence, because he was afraid that it would not be believed; for here the madness of Don Quixote soars to the highest pitch of extravagance that can be imagined, and even by two bow-shots, at least, exceeds all credit and conception: yet, notwithstanding this jealousy and apprehension, he has recounted it in the same manner as it happened, without adding to the history, or detracting one tittle from the truth, undervaluing the risk he runs of being deemed apocryphal: and surely he was in the right; for truth may bend, but it will never break, and always surmounts falsehood, as oil floats above water. Wherefore he proceeds in the narrative, saying—

Don Quixote having taken his station in the forest, grove, or wood, near to the great city of Toboso, ordered Sancho to go back to town, and not return to his presence before he should have spoken to his mistress; and begged, in his name, that she would be pleased to grant an interview to her captive knight, and deign to bestow upon him her blessing, through which he might expect the most happy issue to all his attempts and enterprises.

The squire, having undertaken to execute this command, and to bring back as favourable an answer as he had brought the first time; ‘Go, my son,’ said the knight, ‘and be not confounded when you find yourself beamed upon by that resplendent sun of beauty, which is the object of your enquiry: happy thou, above all the squires that ever lived! Be sure to retain in thy memory every circumstance of thy reception; observe if she changes colour, while thou art delivering my message; if she is discomposed, and under confusion at the

the mention of my name ; whether she sinks upon her cushion, or happens at the time to be seated under the rich canopy of her authority : if she be standing, take notice whether or not she sometimes supports herself on one foot, sometimes on the other ; and if she repeats her answer more than once, changing it from kind to harsh, from sour to amorous ; and if she lifts up her hand to adjust her hair, although it be not disordered : finally, son, mark all her gestures and emotions ; and if thou bringest me an exact detail of them, I shall be able to divine her most abstruse sentiments, touching the concerns of my passion : for know, Sancho, if thou art still to learn, among lovers, the least gesticulation in their external behaviour, while the conversation turns upon their amours, is, as it were, a messenger that brings a most certain account of what passes within the soul. Go, friend, and enjoy thy fate, so much more favourable than thy master's ; and return with much more success than that which I dread and expect in this cruel solitude, where I now remain.' ' I go,' replied Sancho, ' and will return in a twinkling ; therefore, good your worship, do encourage that little heart of yours, which, at present, must be no bigger than a hazle-nut ; and consider, as the saying is, a stout heart flings misfortune ; where you meet with no hooks, you need expect no bacon ; and again, the hare often starts where the hunter least expects her. This I observe, because, though we did not find the palace and castle of my lady in the night ; now, that it is day, I hope to stumble upon it, when I least expect to see it ; and if so be I once catch it, let me alone with her.' ' Sancho,' said the knight, ' God grant me better fortune in my desires than you have in the application of the proverbs you utter.'

This was no sooner said, than Sancho, switching Dapple, quitted the knight, who remained on horseback, resting his legs upon his stirrups, and leaning upon his lance, his imagination being engrossed by the most melancholy suggestions. Here let us leave him, and proceed with Sancho Panza ; who, parting from his master,

master, in equal perplexity and confusion, no sooner found himself clear of the wood, than looking back, and perceiving that Don Quixote was not in sight, he alighted from his ass, and sitting down at the root of a tree, began to catechise himself in these words: 'Brother Sancho, be so good as to let us know where your worship is going: are you in search of some stray beast?' 'No, truly!' 'What then is your errand?' 'Why, really, I am going in search of a thing of nought, a princess, God wot! and in her, the sun and the whole heaven of beauty.' 'And, pray, where may you expect to meet with this that you mention, Sancho?' 'Where, but in the great city of Toboso.' 'Well, and by whose order are you going upon this enquiry?' 'By order of the renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, the righter of wrongs, who gives thirst to the hungry, and food to those that are dry.' 'All this is mighty well; but do you know the house, Sancho?' 'My master says, it must be some royal palace, or stately castle.' 'But have you never once seen this same princess?' 'Neither I nor he ever set eyes on her.' 'And do you think it will be well bestowed, if the inhabitants of Toboso, getting notice that you are come with an intention to wheedle away their princesses, and disturb their dames, should break every bone of your skin, and grind your ribs to a paste, with pure cudgelling?' 'Verily they would not be much to blame, unless they considered, that I do nothing but execute my master's command, and being only a messenger, am not in fault.' 'Never trust to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are as cholerick as honourable, and will not suffer themselves to be tickled by any person whatever. Ecod! if you are once smacked, you will come but scurvily off.' 'Bodikins! since that be the case, why should I plague myself, seeking a cat with three legs, for another man's pleasure?' 'Besides, you may as well seek for a mag-pye in Rabena, or a batchelor in Salamanca, as for Dulcinea in Toboso.' 'The devil, and none but the devil, has sent me on this fool's errand.'

The

The result of this soliloquy was another, that broke out in these words : ‘ There is a remedy for every thing but death, under whose yoke we must all pass, will we nill we, when this life is at an end. This master of mine, as I have perceived by a thousand instances, is mad enough to be shackled among straw ; and truly I am not much behind him in folly ; nay, indeed, I am more mad than he, seeing I serve and follow him, if there be any truth in the proverb that says, tell me your company, and I will tell you your manners : and the other, not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are fed. Now he being, as he certainly is, a madman ; aye, and so mad as for the most part to mistake one thing for another, affirming white to be black, and black to be white ; as plainly appeared when he took the windmills for giants, the mules of the friars for dromedaries, the flocks of sheep for opposite armies, and a great many other things in the same stile ; I say, it will be no difficult matter to make him believe the first country wench I shall meet with to be his mistress Dulcinea ; and if he boggles at swallowing the cheat, I will swear lustily to the truth of what I affirm ; and if he swears also, I will swear again ; and if he is positive, I will be more positive ; so that, come what will, my obstinacy shall always exceed his. Perhaps, by this stubborn behaviour, I shall get rid of all such troublesome messages for the future, when he finds what disagreeable answers I bring ; or perhaps, which I rather believe, he will think that one of those inchanters, who, he says, bears him a grudge, hath transmogrified her shape, in order to vex and disquiet him.’

Sancho having found out this expedient, was quite calm and satisfied in his mind ; and thinking he had brought the business to a good bearing, remained where he was till the evening, that Don Quixote might think he had sufficient time to execute his orders, and return. Every thing succeeded so well to his wish, that when he got up to mount Dapple, he descried three country wenches riding from Toboso, towards the place where he stood, upon three young he or she asses, for the author
does

does not declare their sex ; though in all likelihood they were of the female gender, as your village maidens commonly ride upon she-asses ; but this being a circumstance of small importance, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to ascertain it.

In short, Sancho no sooner perceived the wenches, than he rode back at a round trot to his master, whom he found sighing bitterly, and pouring forth a thousand amorous complaints. The knight seeing him arrive, ‘ Well, friend Sancho,’ said he, ‘ is this day to be marked with a white or black stone ? ’—‘ Your worship,’ answered the squire, ‘ had better mark it with red ochre, like the titles on a professor’s chair, that it may be seen the better by those who look at it.’ ‘ At that rate,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘ thou bringest me good news.’ ‘ So good,’ answered Sancho, ‘ that your worship has nothing to do but to mount Rozinante, and gallop into the plain, where you will see my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso and two of her damsels coming this way to pay you a visit.’ ‘ Gracious God ! ’ cried the knight, ‘ what is that you say, friend Sancho ? Take care how you deceive me ! endeavouring, by feigned joy, to enliven my real sadness.’ ‘ What should I get by deceiving your worship ? ’ said the squire. ‘ Besides, you can easily be satisfied of the truth of what I say. Make haste, Signior ; come and see our mistress the princess, arrayed and adorned ; in short, as she ought to be ; her damsels and she are all one flame of gold ; all covered with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and brocade, more than ten hands deep ; their hair flowing loose about their shoulders, like so many sun-beams waving with the wind ; and moreover they are mounted on three pied belfreys, that it would do one’s heart good to see them.’ ‘ Palfreys, you mean, Sancho,’ said the knight. ‘ There is no great difference,’ answered the squire, ‘ between palfreys and belfreys ; but, be that as it will, they are the finest creatures one would desire to see, especially my Lady Dulcinea, who is enough to stupify the five senses.’ ‘ Come, then, my son,’ replied

plied Don Quixote; 'and, as a gratuity for bringing this piece of news, equally welcome and unexpected, I bestow upon thee the spoils of the first adventure I shall atchieve; and if thou art not satisfied with that recompense, I will give unto thee the foals that shall this year be brought forth by my three mares, which thou knowest we left with young upon our town common.' 'I stick to the foals,' cried the squire; 'for as to the spoils of our first adventure, I question whether or not they will be worth accepting.'

By this time they were clear of the wood, and in sight of the three country-maidens; when the knight lifting up his eyes, and surveying the whole road to Toboso, without seeing any thing but them, began to be troubled in mind, and asked Sancho if the ladies had got out of town when he left them. 'Out of town!' said Sancho. 'What! are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you don't see them coming towards us, glittering and shining like the sun at noon?' 'I see nobody,' replied the knight, 'but three country wenches, riding upon asses.' 'God deliver me from the devil!' cried the squire: 'is it possible that three belfreys, or how-d'ye-call-ums, white as the driven snow, should appear no better than asses in your worship's eyes? By the Lord! I'll give you leave to pluck off every hair of my beard if that be the case.' 'Then I tell thee, Sancho,' said his master, 'they are as certainly he or she asses as I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panza; at least, so they seem to me.' 'Hold your tongue, Signior,' replied Sancho, 'and never talk in that manner, but snuff your eyes, and go and make your reverence to the mistress of your heart, who is just at hand.'

So saying, he advanced towards the damsels, and alighting from Dapple, seized one of their beasts by the halter; then fell upon his knees before the rider, to whom he addressed himself in this manner: 'Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, will your highness and greatness be pleased to receive into grace and favour your captive knight, who sits there stupified to stone,
utterly

utterly confounded and deprived of pulse, at seeing himself in presence of your magnificence. I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is the perplexed and down trodden knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, alias the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'

By this time Don Quixote having placed himself on his knees, by Sancho, gazing with staring eyes and troubled vision, upon the object which the squire called queen and princess; and perceiving nothing but a country-wench's visage, and that none of the most agreeable, for it was round and flat-nosed; he remained in the utmost confusion and surprize, without daring to open his lips. The other two damsels were equally astonished at seeing a couple of such different figures kneeling before their companion, whom they had detained; but she, breaking silence, pronounced, in a most ungracious and resentful manner, 'Get out of the way, and let us pass, for we are in a hurry.' To this apostrophe Sancho replied, 'O princess and universal Lady of Toboso! do not your magnificent bowels yearn, to see upon his marrow-bones before your sublimated presence, the very pillar and prop of knight-errantry!' One of the other two hearing this pathetick remonstrance, bawled aloud, 'Would I had the currying that ass's hide of thine: mind, forsooth, how your small gentry come and pass their gibes upon us country-folks; as if we could not give them as good as they bring. Go about your business, friend, and leave us to mind our'n; and so God b'w'ye.'

Here the knight interposing, said, 'Rise, Sancho: I can plainly perceive that fortune, not yet tired of persecuting me, hath barred every avenue by which any comfort could arrive at the miserable soul that this carcase contains: and thou! the essence of every thing that is desirable in nature, thou sum of human perfection, and sole remedy of this afflicted heart, by which thou art adored! although that malicious enchanter, my inveterate enemy, hath spread clouds and cataracts before mine eyes, to them and them only changing and transforming

transforming thy unequalled beauty into the appearance of a poor country-wench; if he hath not also altered my figure into that of some frightful spectre, horrid to thy view, deign to look upon me with complacency and love; because thou mayest perceive, by this submissive posture I have assumed, even before thy person thus disguised, the humility with which my soul adores thy charms.' 'You may go kiss my grannam,' cried the damsel. 'I am a fine madam, truly, to hear such gibberish: we should be more obliged to you if you would get out of our way, and let us go about our own affairs.'

Sancho accordingly quitted his hold, leaving her free to go whither she would, and highly pleased with the issue of his stratagem. The suppositious Dulcinea no sooner found herself at liberty, than pricking her palfrey with a goad which was in the end of a stick she had in her hand, the creature galloped across the field with great speed, and feeling the application more severe than usual, began to plunge and kick in such a manner, that my lady fell to the ground. Don Quixote perceiving this accident, ran with great eagerness to raise her up, and Sancho made haste to adjust and gird on the pannel, which had got under the ass's belly. This affair being set to rights, the knight went to lift his enchanted mistress in his arms, and place her on her seat again; but she, starting up from the ground, saved him that trouble; for, retreating a few paces backwards, she made a small run, and clapping both hands upon the crupper, leaped upon the pannel as nimble as a falcon, seating herself astride like a man.

'By St. Roque!' cried Sancho, 'my lady mistress is as light as a hawk, and can teach the most dextrous horseman to ride; at one jump she has sprung into the saddle, and, without spurs, made her palfrey fly like any zebra: and truly, her damsels are not a whit behind; for they go scouring along as swift as the wind.' This was actually true; for Dulcinea was no sooner remounted than the other two trotted after her, and at

last disappeared, after having gone more than half a league, at full speed, without once looking behind them.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes until they vanished; then turning to his squire, 'Sancho,' said he, 'thou seest how I am persecuted by enchanters, and mayest perceive how far the malice and grudge they bear me extends; seeing they have deprived me of the pleasure I should have enjoyed at the sight of my mistress in her own beauteous form. Surely, I was born to be an example of misery; the very mark and butt for all the arrows of misfortune: nay, thou art also to observe, Sancho, that those traitors were not contented with a simple metamorphosis of my Dulcinea, but have transformed and changed her into the base and homely figure of that country-wench; robbing her, at the same time, of that which is so peculiar to ladies of fashion, I mean, that sweet scent which is the result of their living among flowers and perfume; for know, my friend, when I went to lift Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as thou sayest it was, though to me it seemed neither more nor less than a she ass, I was almost suffocated and poisoned with a whiff of undigested garlick!'

'O ye miscreants!' cried Sancho, 'O ye malicious and mischievous enchanters! would to God, I could see you all strung by the gills, like so many haddocks! much you know, much you can, and much more will you still be doing. Was it not enough, ye knaves, to change the pearls of my lady's eyes into a couple of cork-tree galls, and her hair of shining gold into the bristles of a red cow's tail; and, in short, so transmutation every feature of her countenance; without your meddling with the sweetness of her breath, by which they might have discovered what was concealed beneath that bark of homeliness? Though, to tell the truth, I saw not her homeliness, but beauty, which was exceedingly increased by a mole upon her upper lip, something like a whisker, consisting of seven or eight red hairs, like threads of gold, as long as my hand.'—'According

to the correspondence which the moles of the face have with those of the body,' said Don Quixote, 'Dulcinea must have just such another on the brawney part of her thigh, of the same side; but hairs of such a length are, methinks, rather too long for moles.' 'I do assure your worship,' answered Sancho, 'they seemed as if they had come into the world with her.' 'I very well believe what you say, my friend,' replied the knight; 'for nature hath bestowed nothing on Dulcinea but what is perfectly finished; wherefore, if thou hadst seen an hundred such moles, in her would they be so many moons and resplendent stars: but tell me, Sancho, that which you adjusted, and which to me seemed a pannel, was it a plain pad or a side-saddle?'—'It was a great side-saddle,' answered the squire, 'so rich that half the kingdom would not buy it.'—'And why could not I see all this!' said the knight. 'I say again, Sancho, and will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men.'

The rogue Sancho, finding his master so dextrously gulled, and hearing him talk in this mad strain, could scarce refrain from laughing in his face: in fine, a great deal more of this sort of conversation having passed between them, they remounted their beasts, and took the road to Saragossa, where they expected to arrive time enough to be present at the solemn festival yearly celebrated in that famous city; but, before they accomplished their journey, they met with adventures, which, for their variety, novelty, and greatness, deserve to be read and recorded, as in the sequel.

C H A P. XI.

Of the strange Adventures which befall the valiant Don Quixote, with the Cart or Waggon containing the Parliament of Death.

DON QUIXOTE jogged along exceedingly pensive, his thoughts being engrossed by the scurvy trick which the enchanter had played him, in transforming his mistress Dulcinea into the disagreeable figure

of a country wench; and he could not conceive what remedy he should find for restoring her to her former shape. So much was he absorbed in this reflection, that he insensibly dropped the reins upon the neck of Rozinante, who, being sensible of the liberty he enjoyed, at every two steps turned aside to take a pluck at the inviting pasture with which those fields abounded. At length Sancho Panza roused him from this fit of musing, saying, 'Signior, melancholy was not made for beasts, but for men; and yet if men encourage melancholy too much, they become no better than beasts: good your worship, be contented, mind what you're about, take hold of Rozinante's reins, rouse up, awake, and shew that gaiety which all knights-errant ought to have. What the devil is the meaning of all this faint-heartedness? Sure you don't know whether we are here or in France! Let Satan rather run away with all the Dulcineas upon earth; for the health of one single knight is of more value than all the enchanted persons or transformations that ever were known.'—'Peace, Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, with a voice that was none of the faintest; 'Peace, I say; and utter not such blasphemies against that enchanted lady, of whose disgrace and misfortune I am the sole cause: for, from the envy of my wicked foes her mischance hath sprung.'—'So I say,' answered Sancho; 'for, He that hath seen her before, let him look at her now, and her fortune deplore.'—'Well mayest thou make that observation, Sancho,' said the knight, 'seeing that thou sawest her in the full perfection of her beauty; as the enchantment did not extend so far as to disturb thy vision, or conceal her charms from thy view. No! against me alone, and my longing eyes, was the force of its poison directed! Yet, nevertheless, Sancho, I cannot help observing, that you made but an indifferent picture of her beauty; for, if I rightly remember, you likened her eyes to pearls: now, eyes resembling pearls are more peculiar to dead whittings than to living beauties; and, in my conjecture, Dulcinea's must be rather like green emeralds, arched

arched over with two celestial rainbows: those pearls, therefore, must be compared to her teeth, which, without doubt, you have mistaken for her eyes.'—'Nothing more likely,' answered the squire; 'for I was as much confounded by her beauty, as your worship by her ugliness: but let us recommend this whole business to God, who fore-ordains every thing that is to happen in this vale of tears, in this evil world of ours, where scarce any thing is to be had without a mixture of falsehood, knavery, and sin. One thing, dear Sir, of all others, gives me the greatest pain; and that is, to think what method is to be fallen upon, when your worship, after having vanquished some giant or knight, shall command him to go and present himself before the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea, where will this poor giant, or this poor miserable object of a vanquished knight, find out the person to whom he is sent? Methinks I see them strolling up and down, and gaping about through the streets of Toboso, in quest of my Lady Dulcinea; and if they should stumble upon her in their way, they would no more know her than they would know my father.'—'Sancho,' resumed Don Quixote, 'perhaps the enchantment will not extend so far as to disguise Dulcinea to the eyes of those vanquished giants and knights who shall present themselves before her; and in one or two of the first whom I shall conquer and send thither, we will make the experiment, commanding them to return, and give me an account of what shall happen to them with regard to that affair.'—'Truly, Signior,' said Sancho, 'I heartily approve of your worship's scheme; because, by this artifice, we shall soon learn what we want to know; and if so be that she is only concealed from your worship, you are the most unfortunate person of the two; for as my Lady Dulcinea enjoys good health and satisfaction, we will comfort ourselves, and make the best of a bad bargain, going about in quest of adventures, and leaving the rest to time, who is the best physician for these and other greater calamities.'

Don

Don Quixote would have replied, but was prevented by the appearance of a sort of waggon that crossed the road, full of the strangest figures that can be imagined, and conducted by a frightful dæmon that drove the mules. The cart being altogether open, without tilt or cover, the first figure that struck the eyes of Don Quixote, was Death itself in human shape; next to which appeared an angel with broad painted wings: on one side stood an emperor with a crown (seemingly) of gold upon his head; and hard by Death, was the god Cupid, with his bow, quiver, and arrows, but without the bandage on his eyes: there was likewise a knight armed cap-a-pee, except that he wore neither helmet nor head-piece, but a hat adorned with a plume of variegated feathers. Besides these, there were other personages of different countenance and dress; so that the whole groupe appearing of a sudden, discomposed our hero a little, and filled the heart of Sancho with fear; but Don Quixote soon recollected himself, and rejoiced, because he looked upon it as some new and perilous adventure. On this supposition, and with an effort of courage capable of encountering the greatest danger, he placed himself before the wain, and, with a loud and threatening voice, pronounced, ‘Driver, coachman, devil, or whatsoever thou art, tell me straight whither thou art going, and who those people are whom thou drivest in that carriage, which looks more like Charon’s bark than any modern vehicle.’ The devil, stopping his waggon, very courteously replied, ‘Signior, we are players belonging to the company of Angulo el Malo, and have, this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, been representing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, the piece called The Parliament of Death, which we are going to act over again this very evening, in that other village now in sight; we therefore travel in our habits, to save ourselves the trouble of undressing and dressing anew. This young man plays the part of Death; that other represents an angel; the woman, who is the author’s wife,

wife, acts the queen; he with the plume of feathers is our hero; the emperor you may distinguish by his gilded crown; and I am the devil, which is one of the best characters in the performance, for I myself am the chief actor of this company. If your worship is desirous of knowing any thing else concerning our affairs, question me freely, and I will answer with the utmost punctuality; for being a devil, I understand every thing.

‘By the faith of a knight-errant!’ said Don Quixote, ‘when I first descried the waggon, I thought myself on the eve of some great adventure; and now I affirm, that a man ought to examine things with more senses than one, before he can be assured of the truth. Proceed, my honest friends, a God’s name, in order to exhibit your entertainment; and if I can serve you in any respect, you may command my endeavours, which shall be heartily and freely exerted for your advantage; for, from my childhood, I have been a great lover of masques and theatrical representations.’

While this conversation passed between them, they chanced to be overtaken by one of the company, dressed in motley, hung round with a number of morrice bells, with a pole in his hand, to the end of which were tied three blown ox bladders. This merry-andrew advancing to Don Quixote, began to fence with his pole, beating the ground with his bladders, and skipping about, so that his bells rung continually; till at length Rozinante, being disturbed at the uncommon apparition, took the bridle between his teeth; and the knight, being unable to restrain him, began to gallop across the plain with more nimbleness than could have been expected from the bones of his anatomy. Sancho, seeing his master in danger of falling, leaped from Dapple, and ran with all dispatch to give him all possible assistance; but before he came up, the knight was overthrown close by Rozinante, who had come to the ground with his lord; and this was the usual end and consequence of all his frolicksome adventures. Scarce had Sancho quitted his beast, to run to the assistance of his master, when
the

the bladder-shaking devil jumped upon Dapple, and began to belabour him with his rattle; so that being frightened at the noise, rather than with the smart of the application, he took to his heels, and flew towards the village where they intended to perform. Sancho seeing, at the same time, the career of Dapple, and his master's fall, scarce knew which of these misfortunes he ought first to remedy; but at length, as became a loyal servant and trusty squire, his love for his master prevailed over his tenderness for the beast; though every time he saw the bladders raised aloft, and discharged upon Dapple's buttocks, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and would rather have received every thwack upon the apple of his own eye, than have seen it fall upon the least hair of his ass's tail.

In this state of perplexity and tribulation, he arrived at the place where Don Quixote lay in a very indifferent plight, and helping him to mount Rozinante, 'Signior,' said he, 'the devil has run away with Dapple.'—'Which devil?' cried the knight. 'He with the bladders,' answered the squire. 'I will retrieve him,' replied Don Quixote, 'even if he should conceal him in the darkest and deepest dungeon in hell. Follow me, Sancho; the waggon moves slowly, and the mules shall atone for the loss of Dapple.'

'There is no occasion for putting ourselves to that trouble,' said the squire: 'good your worship, be pacified! for I see the devil has quitted my ass, and returned to the rest of his crew.'

This observation was actually true; Dapple and his new rider had come to the ground, in imitation of the knight and Rozinante; upon which the devil trudged on foot to the village, and the ass returned to his right owner. 'For all that,' said Don Quixote, 'it will not be amiss to punish the troop for that devil's incivility, though it should be in the person of the emperor himself.'—'I hope your worship's imagination will harbour no such thoughts,' answered Sancho; 'take my advice, and never meddle with players, who are a set

of people in such high favour with the public, that I have known an actor taken up for two murders, and yet 'scape scot-free: your worship must know, that being the ministers of mirth and pleasure, they are favoured, protected, assisted, and esteemed, by every body; especially if they belong to the king's company, or to some grandee; in which case all, or most of them, look like princes in their manners and dress.'—'Nevertheless,' replied the knight, 'that farcical devil shall not escape unpunished, or applaud himself for what he has done, though all mankind should appear in his favour.'

So saying, he rode towards the waggon, which was by this time pretty near the village, and called aloud, 'Stay, my merry men; halt a little, and I will teach you how to treat the asses and cattle belonging to the squires of knights-errant.'—Don Quixote hallooed so loud as to be heard and understood by the people in the waggon, who judging, by his words, the intention of the speaker, Death instantly jumped out of the cart, and was followed by the Emperor, the Devil-driver, and the Angel, with the Queen and Cupid in their train: in short, the whole company armed themselves with stones, and, drawing up in order of battle, stood without flinching, to receive the assailant at point of pebble.

The knight perceiving them arranged in such a formidable squadron, their arms lifted up in a posture that threatened a powerful discharge of stones, checked Rozinante, and began to consider in what manner he should attack them with least hazard to his person. During this pause, Sancho came up, and seeing him bent upon assaulting such a well compacted brigade, 'It will be the height of madness,' said he, 'to attempt any such adventure. Consider, dear Sir, that there is no kicking against the pricks; and that there is no armour upon earth sufficient to defend your body from such a shower, unless your worship could creep into a bell of brass: you ought also to remember, that it favours more of rashness than of true valour, for one man to attack a whole army, in which Death and Emperors fight in person,

person, being aided and assisted both by good and evil angels; and if that consideration will not prevail upon you to be quiet, you ought to be diverted from your purpose, by knowing certainly, that, among all those enemies in the appearances of kings, princes, and emperors, there is not so much as one single knight-errant.' 'Now, indeed,' cried Don Quixote, 'thou hast hit upon the sole reason that can and ought to dissuade me from my determined design; I neither can nor ought to draw my sword (as I have told thee on many other occasions) against any person who hath not received the honour of knighthood: to thee, Sancho, it belongs if so thou art inclined, to take vengeance for the injury done to Dapple, while I from hence will assist and encourage thee with salutary advice.'—'Signior,' answered the squire, 'there is no occasion to take vengeance of any person whatever; for it is not the part of a good Christian to revenge the wrongs he hath suffered: besides, I will prevail upon my ass to leave the affair to my inclination, which is to live peaceably all the days that Heaven shall grant me in this life.'—'Since that is thy determination,' replied the knight, 'honest Sancho, discreet Sancho, christian and sincere Sancho, let us leave these phantoms, and go in quest of adventures more dignified and substantial; for this country seems to promise a great many, and those very extraordinary too.'

He accordingly turned his horse; and Sancho went to catch Dapple; while Death, with his whole flying squadron, returned to their waggon, and proceeded on their journey. Thus was the dismal adventure of the waggon of Death happily terminated by the wholesome advice which Sancho Panza gave to his master; who next day met with another equally surprising, in the person of an enamoured knight-errant. C H A P.

C H A P. XII.

*Of the strange Adventure that happened to the valiant
Don Quixote, in his Encounter with the
Knight of the Mirrours.*

THE night that followed the rencounter with Death, Don Quixote and his squire passed among some tall and shady trees: the knight, by Sancho's persuasion, having eaten of what was found in the store that Dapple carried. During this meal, Sancho said to his master, 'What a fool should I have been, Signior, if I had chosen, by way of gratification, the spoils of your worship's first adventure, instead of the three foals? Verily, verily, a bird in hand is worth two in the bush.' 'But, for all that,' answered Don Quixote, 'hadst thou suffered me to attack them, as I intended, thou wouldst have enjoyed among the spoils the emperor's golden crown, with Cupid's painted wings, which I would have stripped off against the grain, and put into thy possession.' 'The sceptres and crowns of your stage emperors are never made of pure gold, but of tin or tinsel,' replied the squire. 'True,' said the knight, 'the ornaments of comedy ought not to be rich and real, but feigned and artificial, like the drama itself, which I would have thee respect, Sancho, and receive into favour, together with those who represent and compose it; for they are all instruments of great benefit to the commonwealth, holding, as it were, a looking-glass always before us, in which we see naturally delineated all the actions of life; and no other comparison whatever represents to us more lively what we are, and what we ought to be, than comedy and her attendants: for example, hast thou never seen a play acted, in which kings, emperors, popes, knights, ladies, and many other characters, were introduced? One acts the ruffian, another the sharper, a third the merchant, a fourth the soldier, a fifth the designing fool, and a sixth the simple lover; but the play being ended, and the dresses laid
aside,

aside, all the actors remain upon an equal footing.' 'Yes, I have seen all this,' answered Sancho. 'Then the very same thing,' said the knight, 'happens in the comedy and commerce of this world, where one meets with some people playing the parts of emperors, others in the characters of popes; and, finally, all the different personages that can be introduced in a comedy; but when the play is done, that is, when life is at an end, Death strips them of the robes that distinguished their stations, and they become all equal in the grave.' 'A brave comparison!' cried Sancho, 'though not so new but I have heard it made on divers and sundry occasions as well as that of the game of chess, during which every piece maintains a particular station and character; and when the game is over, they are all mixed, jumbled, and shaken together in a bag, like mortals in the grave.' 'Sancho,' resumed the knight, 'every day you become less simple and more discreet.' 'Yes,' said the squire, 'some small portion of your worship's discretion must needs stick to me; as lands which are, in their own nature, sapless and barren, being well dunged and cultivated, come to yield excellent fruit. My meaning is, that your worship's conversation hath fallen like dung upon the barren desert of my understanding, which being cultivated by the time of my service and communication, will, I hope, produce blessed fruit, such as shall not disgrace nor stray from the path of that good breeding which your worship hath bestowed on my narrow capacity.'

Don Quixote could not help smiling at the affected terms with which Sancho delivered himself, though what he said of his own improvement was actually true: for at certain times he talked to admiration; and yet, when he attempted to argue, or speak in a polite style, his efforts always, or for the most part, ended in precipitating himself from the pinnacle of simplicity to the depth of ignorance; his chief talent laying in his memory, which never failed to furnish him with proverbs that he lugged into his discourse, whether they were pat

to the purpose or not, as may be seen and observed through the whole course of this history.

In this, and other such conversation, the greatest part of the night elapsed, when Sancho began to be inclined to let fall the portcullices of his eyes, as he termed it, when he wanted to go to sleep: he therefore unpannelled Dapple, to let him graze among the rich pasture with which the place abounded; but Rozinante's saddle he would not remove, in consequence of his master's express order, which was never to unsaddle his steed while they were in the field, or did not sleep under cover; being an ancient established custom, observed by all knights-errant, in these cases, to take the bridle out of the horse's mouth, and hang it upon the pommel of the saddle, but to leave the saddle itself untouched. This expedient was accordingly performed by Sancho, who turned Rozinante loose with Dapple; and between these two animals such a strict reciprocal friendship subsisted, that, according to tradition from father to son, the author of this true history wrote particular chapters on this very subject; but, in order to preserve the decency and decorum which belongs to such an heroick composition, omitted them; though sometimes he seems to neglect this precaution, and writes, that these two friends used to approach and scrub each other most lovingly; and after they had rested and refreshed themselves, Rozinante would stretch his head more than half a yard over Dapple's neck, while the two were wont to stand in this posture, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, three whole days together; at least, till they were parted, or compelled by hunger to go in quest of sustenance: nay, it is confidently reported, that the author had compared their mutual attachment to the friendship of Nisus or Euryalus, or that which subsisted between Pylades and Orestes. If this be the case, we may with admiration conceive how firm the fellowship of those two pacific animals must have been; to the utter confusion of mankind, who so little regard the laws of friendship and society, according to the common saying,

‘there is no trust in profession; the staff will turn into a spear*’; and, as the song goes, ‘the modes of the court so common are grown, that a true friend can hardly be met.’ Let no man imagine the author went out of his road, in comparing the friendship of brutes with that of the human species; for men have received valuable hints, and learned many things of importance, from beasts; such as the clyster from storks, gratitude and the use of vomits from dogs, vigilance from the crane, foresight and frugality from the ant, honesty from the elephant, and loyalty from the horse.

In fine, Sancho went to sleep at the root of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote began to slumber under an oak; but being in a very little time awaked by a noise behind him, he started up, and employing both eyes and ears to distinguish whence it proceeded, he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom, letting himself drop, as it were, from the saddle, said to the other, ‘Alight, my friend, and unbit the horses; for this place seems to abound with pasture for them, and with silence and solitude, which are the necessary food of my amorous thoughts.’ He had no sooner pronounced these words, than he threw himself upon the ground, and his armour rattled as he fell, furnishing Don Quixote with a manifest proof of his being a knight-errant: he therefore approached Sancho, who was asleep, and shaking him by the arm, with no small difficulty brought him to himself; saying, in a low voice, ‘Brother Sancho, here is an adventure.’ ‘God grant it may be a good one,’ answered the squire; ‘and pray, Signior, whereabouts may her ladyship be?’ ‘Where?’ said Don Quixote: ‘turn thine eyes this way, and behold lying upon the grass a knight-errant, who, by what I have already observed, cannot be over and above easy in his mind; for I saw him throw himself upon the ground with evident marks of vexation, and heard his armour clatter in his fall.’ ‘But how has

* As the original quotation is a fragment that will not complete the sense, I have taken the liberty to make the allusion altogether English.

has your worship found that this is an adventure?' replied the squire. 'I will not positively say that it is altogether an adventure,' answered the knight, 'but rather the beginning of one; for thus they usually commence: but hark! he seems to tune a lute or rebeck, and, by his hawking and hemming, I suppose he is going to sing.' 'In good faith, it is even so,' said Sancho, 'and he must be some knight-errant in love.' 'All knights errant are so,' resumed Don Quixote; 'but let us listen, and, by the thread of his song, discover the clue of his thoughts; for, from the abundance of the heart the tongue speaketh.'

Sancho would have made some reply, but was prevented by the voice of the Knight of the Wood, which was neither very sweet nor disagreeable; and, listening with surprize, they heard him sing the following song:

I.

- 'SUBJECTED to thy sov'reign will,
 'Ah, cruel maid! my fate decree;
 'The sentence, tho' inhuman, still
 'Shall never be declin'd by me.

II.

- 'Say, that my death thy joy would move,
 'My breath with freedom I'll resign—
 'Or wouldst thou listen to my love,
 'The God himself shall whisper mine.

III.

- 'This heart, thy vassal whilst I live,
 'Like ductile wax, and di'mond hard,
 'Thy stamp will yieldingly receive,
 'And keep th' impression unimpair'd.'

The Knight of the Wood finished this complaint with an 'Ah!' that seemed to be heaved from the bottom of his soul, and soon after exclaimed, in a sorrowful tone, 'O thou most beautiful and ungrateful woman upon earth! is it possible that the most serene

Casildea de Vandalia has doomed this her captive knight to consume and exhaust himself in continual periprinations, in harsh and rugged toils? Is it not enough that I have established the fame of thy beauty above all comparison, by the extorted confession of all the knights of Navarre, Leon, Tartesia, Castile, and finally of La Mancha?’

‘Not so, neither,’ cried Don Quixote, interposing; ‘for I, who am of La Mancha, never made any such acknowledgment; neither could I, or ought I, to make a confession so prejudicial to the beauty of my own mistress: therefore, Sancho, this knight must certainly be disordered in his judgment; but let us listen, perhaps he will explain himself.’ ‘Very like,’ answered the squire; ‘he seems to be in the humour of complaining for a whole month.’

But this was not the case; for the Knight of the Wood, hearing people talk so near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but starting up, called with a courteous and sonorous voice, ‘Who is there? Are you of the number of the happy or afflicted?’—‘Of the afflicted,’ replied Don Quixote. ‘Come hither, then,’ resumed the stranger, ‘and depend upon it you will find the very essence of sorrow and affliction.’

Don Quixote hearing him speak in such civil and pathetic terms, went towards him, with Sancho at his back, when the complaining knight took him by the hand, saying, ‘Sit down, Sir Knight; for that you are one of those who profess knight-errantry, I am convinced by finding you in this place, accompanied by solitude and the dews of night, which are the peculiar companions of those who belong to our order.’

To this address Don Quixote replied, ‘I am a knight of that order you mention; and though melancholy, mischance, and misfortune, have taken up their habitation in my soul, they have not been able to banish from it that compassion which I feel for the unhappy. From the soliloquy you just now uttered, I gather that your misfortunes are of the amorous kind; I mean, that they

they proceed from the passion you entertain for that beautiful ingrate whom you named in your complaint.' While this conversation passed, they sat down together upon the grass, with all the marks of amity and good fellowship, as if at break of day they had not been doomed to break each other's head. 'Perchance, Sir Knight,' said the stranger, 'you are in love?' 'By mischance I am so,' answered Don Quixote; 'though the vexation that proceeds from well-placed affection ought rather to be deemed a benefit than misfortune.' 'True,' said the Knight of the Wood, 'if our judgment and reason are not disturbed by disdain, which, if exerted severely, seems a-kin to revenge.' 'I never was disdained by my mistress,' replied Don Quixote. 'No, indeed,' (cried Sancho, who stood hard by,) 'my lady is as meek as a lamb, and as soft as butter.'

The stranger knight asked if that was his squire; and the other answering in the affirmative, 'I never saw a squire,' said he, 'that, like him, durst intrude upon his master's conversation; at least, I can say so much for mine, who, though as tall as his father, was never known to open his lips when I was engaged in discourse.' 'In good faith!' cried Sancho, 'I have spoke, and will speak again, before as good a man—but let that rest—the more you stir it, the more it will——.'

Here the other squire took hold on Sancho by the arm, saying, 'Let you and I go somewhere, and talk our bellies full, in our own way, and leave our masters at liberty to recount their amours; for sure I am, the night will be spent before they are done.' 'With all my heart,' replied Sancho; 'and I will tell your worship who I am, that you may see whether or not I am qualified to be ranked among your talking squires.' They accordingly retired together, and between them passed a conversation every bit as merry as that of their masters was grave.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

In which is continued the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood; with a sage, uncommon, and agreeable Dialogue that passed between the two Squires.

THE knights and their squires being thus parted, the first entertained each other with the story of their loves, while the last indulged themselves with a reciprocal account of their own lives: but the history first of all records the conversation of the domesticks, and then proceeds to relate what passed between the masters. The squires, therefore, having chosen a situation at a convenient distance from the knights, he of the wood accosted Sancho in these words: ‘Signior, this is a troublesome life that we squires to knights-errant lead; in good soothe, we earn our bread by the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses that God denounced against our first parents.’—‘It may also be said,’ replied Sancho, ‘that we earn it with the frost of our bodies; for no creatures on earth suffer more heat and cold than the miserable squires of knight-errantry; and even that would be more tolerable, if we had any thing good to eat; for, Hearty fare lightens care, as the saying is; but we often pass a whole day, nay, sometimes two, without ever breaking our fast, except upon the winds of heaven.’ ‘All this,’ said the other, ‘may be endured, with the hope of reward: for if the knight-errant is not extremely unfortunate, his squire must, in a very little time, see himself recompensed with the handsome government of some island, or with the possession of a profitable earldom.’ ‘For my own part,’ answered Sancho, ‘I have already told my master, that I should be satisfied with the government of an island, which he has been so noble and generous as to promise me divers and sundry times.’—‘And I,’ said the stranger, ‘am contented with a canonship, which my master has already bespoke for me, on account of my faithful services.’ ‘It seems, then, your master must be an ecclesiastical knight,’ replied Sancho, ‘seeing
he

he can provide for his squire in the church : but as for mine, he is a mere layman ; though I remember that certain very wise persons (and yet I believe not very honest at bottom) advised him to procure for himself an archbishoprick ; but he would be nothing but an emperor : and I was then in a grievous quandary, for fear he should take it in his head to be of the church ; in which case, I should not have been qualified to hold a benefice ; for your worship must know, though I look like a man, I am no better than a beast at church matters.' ' Verily,' said he of the wood ' your worship mistakes the matter quite ; your governments of islands are not at all desirable ; some are vexatious, some are beggarly, others attended with much melancholy and fatigue ; in short, the most creditable and orderly brings along with it a load of care and inconvenience, that lies heavy on the shoulders of the unhappy person whose lot it is to bear it : it would be abundantly better for us to forego this accursed slavery, to return to our own homes, and there amuse ourselves with more agreeable pastime ; such, for example, as hunting or fishing ; for what squire is there on earth, so poor as to want a horse, a couple of hounds, and a fishing rod ; wherewith to entertain himself at his own habitation ?'

For my own part,' answered Sancho, ' I want none of these conveniencies. True it is I have not a horse, but then I am in possession of an ass, which is worth my master's steed twice over. God let me never see a joyful Easter, if I would truck with him for four bushels of barley to boot : you may laugh, if you will, at the price I set upon Dapple, (for that is the colour of my beast :) then I should never be in want of hounds ; for there are plenty, and to spare, in our town ; and you know nothing is so relishing as to hunt at another's expence.' ' Really and truly, Signior Squire,' resumed the stranger, ' I am fully resolved and determined to quit these knights-errant, with all their crazy pranks, and betake myself to my own town, where I will bring up my children, for, thank God I have three, like as
many

many oriental pearls.' 'And I have a couple,' said Sancho, 'that may be presented to the pope in person; especially my daughter, whom I breed up to be a countess, by the blessing of God, though it be contrary to her mother's inclination.' 'And of what age may this young lady be, whom you are breeding for a countess?' said the squire of the wood. 'Fifteen years, or thereabouts,' answered Sancho; 'but she is as tall as a spear, fresh as an April morn, and strong as a porter.' 'These are qualifications not only for a countess, but even for the nymph of the green-wood-tree,' said the other: 'Ah, the whoreson baggage! what a buxom jade she must be.' Sancho, nettled at this epithet, replied, 'She is no whore, neither was her mother before her; nor shall either of them be so, an please God, whilst I live: so I think you might talk more civilly: for, considering your worship has been bred among knights-errant, who are, as it were, courtesy itself, methinks your words might be better chosen.' 'How little are you acquainted with the nature of commendation, Signior Squire!' answered he of the wood. 'Don't you know, that when any cavalier, at a bull-feast, wounds the bull dexterously, or when any person behaves remarkably well, the people exclaim, 'How cleverly the son of a whore has done it!' and that which looks like reproach, is on such occasions a notable commendation. Take my word, Signior, you ought to renounce all children, if their behaviour does not entitle the parents to such praise.' 'I do renounce them,' answered Sancho: 'at that rate, and for that reason, your worship may call my wife and daughter as many whores as you please; for both in word and deed, they richly deserve the name; and that I may see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from this mortal sin, which will be the case, if he delivers me from this dangerous employment of squire, which I have incurred a second time, being seduced and inticed by a purie of one hundred ducats, which I found one day in the midst of the Brown Mountain; and the devil continually

continually sets before mine eyes, here and there and every where, a bag full of doubloons, which at every step, methinks I have fast in my clutches, hugging it in my arms, and carrying it home to my own house, where I purchase mortgages and estates, and live like any prince; and while I please myself with these notions, I bear, without murmuring, all the toils and fatigues I undergo, in the service of the wiseacre my master, who, I know, is more of a madman than a knight.'

'So that, according to the proverb,' replied the stranger, 'Covetousness bursts the bag. But if you talk of wiseacres, there is not a greater in the universe than my master, who is one of those concerning whom people say, He is burdened like an ass with another man's load; for truly he is turned mad, that another knight may turn wise, and is going about in quest of that which, when he hath found it, may hit him in the teeth.' 'And pray is he in love?' said Sancho. 'Yes,' replied the other; 'he is enamoured of one Calfildea de Vandalia, the most fickle dame that ever was seen; but her cruelty it not the foot that he halts upon at present; he has got other crotchets of greater importance grumbling in his gizzard, which ere long will more plainly appear.' 'There is no road so smooth,' resumed Sancho, 'but you'll meet with rubs and hollows in it. Other people use beans, but I boil whole kettles full. Madness is always more accompanied and followed after than discretion: but if it be true, as it is commonly alledged, that company in affliction lessens the weight of it, I shall comfort myself by reflecting that your worship serves a master who is as distracted as mine.' 'Distracted, I grant you,' said he of the wood, 'but valiant, and still more mischievous than valiant or distracted.' 'That is not the case with my master,' replied Sancho; 'he has nothing at all mischievous about him; on the contrary, is as dull as a beetle, and knows not what it is to harm man, woman, or child, or to harbour the least malice, but seeks to do good unto all mankind. A child may persuade him

him that it is night at noon; and indeed, for that very simplicity, I love him as my own bowels, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, notwithstanding all the mad pranks he is guilty of.' 'But for all that, Signior, and brother of mine,' said the stranger, 'if the blind lead the blind, they are both in danger of falling into the ditch. We had much better retire fair and softly, and return to our own habitations; for they who go in search of adventures do not always find them to their liking.'

About this time Sancho began to hawk a kind of dry spitting; which being observed by the charitable squire of the wood, 'Methinks,' said he, 'we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths; but I have got something that will agreeably moisten them at my saddle-bow.' He accordingly got up, and going aside to his horse, soon returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, and a pye half a yard long: and this is really no exaggeration; for it contained a whole fed rabbit, so large, that when Sancho felt it, he took it for a whole goat, or a large kid at least, crying, as soon as he perceived it, 'How! does your worship usually carry such provisions as this about with you?' 'What d'ye think?' answered the other; 'd'ye take me for a hackney squire *? I carry a better cupboard on my horse's crupper than e'er a general on his march.'

Sancho fell to, without staying for entreaty, and swallowed, in the dark, huge mouthfuls, with as much ease as if it had been flummery, saying between whiles, 'Yes, indeed, your worship is a true and loyal squire, well dammed and grifted, as the saying is, grand and magnificent withal, as plainly appears from this banquet, which, if it did not come hither by the art of enchantment, at least seems so to have done; this is not
the

* Literally, 'a squire of wool and water;' an allusion to a custom among the Spaniards, who sometimes have domesticks to attend them to mafs, and sprinkle them with holy water: these are generally shabby fellows, who have very poor appointments.

the case with such an unlucky poor devil as me, who carry nothing in my bags but a piece of cheese hard enough to knock out a giant's brains, accompanied by three or four dozen of carrobes, and as many hazelnuts; thanks to the niggardliness and opinion of my master, and the rule he observes, by which knights-errant must maintain and support themselves with nothing but dried fruits, and the herbs of the field.' 'In good faith, brother!' resumed he of the wood, 'my stomach was not made for your sweet thistle, wild pear, and mountain roots; let our masters please themselves with their own opinions and rules of chivalry, and live according to their meagre commands; for my own part, I always carry some cold pasty, happen what will, and this bottle hanging to my saddle-bow, which I love so devoutly that I kiss and embrace it almost every minute.' So saying, he handed it to Sancho, who lifting it up to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars a whole quarter of an hour; and when his draught was out, he hung his head on one side, pronouncing with a long sigh, 'Ah, whoreson! how catholic it is!' 'You see now,' said he of the wood, hearing Sancho's whoreson, 'how you have praised the wine by giving it such a title.' 'I am sensible,' replied Sancho, 'and confess that it is no disparagement to any body to be called the son of a whore, when it is understood in the way of commendation: but tell me, Signior, by the life of what you best love, is not this wine from Ciudad Real?'

'You have an excellent taste,' answered he of the wood; 'it comes from no other part, I'll assure you; and has, moreover, some good years over its head.' 'Let me alone for that,' said Sancho; 'you'll never catch me tripping in the knowledge of wine, let it be never so difficult to distinguish: is it not an extraordinary thing, Signior Squire, that I should have such a sure and natural instinct in the knowledge of wine, that give me but a smell of any kind whatever, and I will tell you exactly its country, growth, and age, together with the changes it will undergo, and all other circumstances

stances appertaining to the mystery? But this is not to be wondered at; for, by my father's side, I had two kinsmen who were the most excellent tasters that La Mancha hath known for these many years; as a proof of which, I will tell you what once happened to them. A sample of wine was presented to them out of a hog's-head, and their opinions asked concerning the condition and quality; that is, the goodness or badness of the liquor to which it belonged: one of them tasted it with the tip of his tongue, the other did no more than clap it to his nose: the first said the wine tasted of iron, the other affirmed it had a twang of goat's leather: the owner protested that the pipe was clean, and the contents without any sort of mixture that could give the liquor either the taste of iron, or the smell of goat's leather: nevertheless, the two famous tasters stuck to the judgment they had given: time passed on, the wine was sold, and when the pipe came to be cleaned, they found in it a small key, tied to a leathern thong. By this your worship may perceive, whether or not one who is descended from such a race may venture to give his opinion in cases of this nature.'—'Therefore, I say,' replied the stranger, 'that we ought to quit this trade of going in quest of adventures, and be contented with our loaf, without longing for dainties: let us return to our own cottages, where God will find us, if it be his blessed will.'—'I will serve my master till he arrives at Saragossa,' said Sancho, 'and then we shall come to a right understanding.'

In fine, the two honest squires talked and drank so copiously, that sleep was fain to tie up their tongues, and allay their drought, which it was impossible to remove; each, therefore, grasping the bottle, which by this time was almost empty, fell asleep, with the morsel half chewed in his mouth. In this situation we will leave them for the present, and relate what happened between the knight of the wood, and him of the rueful countenance.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Wherein the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood is continued.

IN the course of the conversation that passed between the two knights, the history relates, that he of the wood said to Don Quixote, ‘Finally, Sir Knight, you must know, my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to place my affection on the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. I call her peerless, because she has no equal, either in point of stature, quality, fortune, or beauty. Now this lady, in return for all my virtuous inclination and amorous desires, like the stepmother of Hercules, employs me in many various toils and dangers, promising, at the conclusion of each, that with the next my cares shall be finished: but thus she goes on, stringing one labour to another, without number, and I know not which will be the last that is to produce the accomplishment of my wishes. At one time she commanded me to go and challenge that famous giantess of Seville, called Giralda *, who is so valiant and strong, (her body being made of brass,) and who, without shifting her station, is the most changeable and fickle female in the whole world. I came, saw, and conquered; fixing her motionless to one point; for, during a whole week, the wind blew from the north. Another time, she ordered me to weigh the ancient figures called the Valiant Bulls of Guisando †; an enterprise more suitable to porters than to knights: nay, she even commanded me to throw myself headlong into the gulph of Cabra, an adventure equally new and dangerous, and bring to her a particular account of what is contained in that dark and deep abyss. I fixed the inconstant Giralda, weighed the bulls

VOL. III.

X

of

* A brass statue on a steeple at Seville, serving for a weathercock.

† These are stone statues of bulls, erected by the Romans at Guisando, a town in Castile: all the inscriptions are effaced, except the name of A. Quintus Cæcilius, Consul II.

of Guisando, precipitated myself into the gulph, and brought to light the secrets of its abyss; and yet my hopes are dead: ah, how dead! while her cruelty and disdain are still alive; ah, how much alive! In short, to conclude, she ordered me to traverse all the provinces of Spain, and compel every knight-errant in the kingdom to confess that she is preferable, in point of beauty, to all the women upon earth; and that I am the most valiant and amorous knight in the world. In consequence of this command, I have travelled over the greatest part of Spain, and vanquished many knights who have presumed to contradict my assertion: but I value and applaud myself chiefly for having conquered, in single combat, that so renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea. Now, in that single conquest, I deem myself superior to all the knights in the universe; for that same Don Quixote hath vanquished all his cotemporaries; and I, in conquering him, have transferred and conveyed to my own person all his honour, glory, and reputation; the victor being always honoured in proportion to the fame of his vanquished foe; wherefore, the innumerable achievements of the said Don Quixote are placed to my credit, as if they were the effects of my own personal prowess.'

Don Quixote was astonished at hearing the knight of the wood talk in this manner, and was a thousand times tempted to give him the lye; nay, 'You lye', was at the very tip of his tongue; but repressing his indignation as well as he could, that he might make the stranger's own tongue convict him of falsehood, he replied very calmly, 'That your worship, Sir Knight, may have vanquished the greatest part of the knights-errant in Spain, and even in the whole world, I do not pretend to question; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de La Mancha, I doubt very much; perhaps it might be another who resembles him, though there are few such.'—'How! not conquer him?' cried he of the wood; 'now, by yon canopy of Heaven, under

which we sit, I engaged, overcame, and subjected that very individual Don Quixote: he is a tall, meagre, long-legged, lanthorn jawed, stalking figure; his hair inclining to grey, his nose hooked and aquiline; with long, straight, black mustachios: in his excursions he assumes the name of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; and is attended by a peasant called Sancho Panza, who serves him in quality of squire; he presses the reins, and governs the reins, of a famous steed light Rozinante; and, in fine, he avows, as the mistress of his heart, one Dulcinea del Toboso, formerly known by the name of Aldonza Lorenzo: in like manner, my own mistress, whose name is Casildea, being a native of Andalousia, is now distinguished by the appellation of Casildea de Vandalia. If all these proofs are not sufficient to evince my veracity, here is my sword, which shall make a convert of incredulity itself.'

'Have a little patience, Sir Knight,' said Don Quixote, 'and give ear unto what I am going to say. You must know, that same Don Quixote, you mention, is the dearest friend I have upon earth; so that I may say, I love him as well as my own individual person: now your description of him is so punctual and exact, that I should never doubt but he is actually the person you have vanquished, did I not see with my eyes, and, as it were, feel with my hands, the impossibility of the fact; and yet, as divers enchanters are his enemies, particularly one who persecutes him incessantly, some one among them may have assumed his figure, and allowed himself to be overcome, in order to defraud the knight of that fame which his gallant exploits has collected and acquired through the whole known world: in confirmation of this conjecture, I must also tell you, that about two days ago, those perverse enchanters transformed the shape and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into that of a mean and plebeian country-wench; so that Don Quixote must have also undergone a transformation. And if all this is not enough to ascertain the truth of what I say, here is Don Quixote himself,

himself, who will maintain it by force of arms, on horseback or on foot, or in any shape you please.'

So saying, he started up, and grasping his sword, stood waiting for the resolution of the Knight of the Wood, who with great deliberation replied; 'A good paymaster needs no pawn, Signior Don Quixote: he who could vanquish you when you was transformed, may well hope to reduce you in *propria persona*; but as it is unseemly for knights to perform their exploits in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for day, that the sun may shine upon our works; and let this be the condition of our combat, that the vanquished shall comply with the will of the victor, and do every thing that he shall desire, provided his commands be such as a knight-errant can decently obey.'

Don Quixote assured him, that he was extremely well satisfied with the condition and proviso; upon which they went in quest of their squires, who were found snoring in the very same attitudes in which sleep had surprized them. They wakened, and ordered them to get their horses ready; for by sun-rise they intended to engage in a most unparalleled and bloody single combat. Sancho was astonished and confounded at this piece of news; despairing of his master's safety, when he recollected what the other squire had told him concerning the valour of the knight of the wood. The two squires, however, without pretending to make any words, went to look for their cattle, and found the three steeds, with Dapple, (for they had smelled each other out,) very sociably met together. While they were thus employed, 'Brother,' said he of the wood to Sancho, 'you must know that it is customary with your warriors of Andalousia, when they are godfathers in any quarrel, not to stand idle, with their arms across, while their godsons are engaged. This I hint, by way of apprizing you that, while our matters are at it, we must exchange a few dry blows, too.'—'That custom, Signior Squire,' answered Sancho, 'may pass current with those ruffians and warriors you mention; but that

it prevails among the squires of knights-errant, I can by no means believe; at least, I have never heard such a custom mentioned by my master, who knows all the ordinances of chivalry by rote. Besides, granting it to be fact, and expressly ordained, that the squires must go to loggerheads while their masters are engaged; I will by no means comply with it, but pay the penalty incurred by peaceable squires, which I am sure cannot exceed a couple of pounds of wax; and that will not cost me so much as the pence I shall expend in the cure of my head, which I should lay my account with having split and divided into two halves; and moreover, it is impossible that I should fight, because I have got no sword, and never wore one in my born days.'—'I know a very good remedy for that inconvenience,' said the stranger: 'here are a couple of linen bags, of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and play away upon each other with equal arms.'—'With all my heart,' answered Sancho; 'that sort of exercise will serve to dust our jackets, without hurting our skins.'—'Not quite so neither,' resumed the other; 'for that the bags may not flap in the air, we will clap into each half a dozen clear smooth pebbles, of equal weight and magnitude; so that we may thwack one another without hurt or damage.'—'Body of my father! cried Sancho, 'mind what fable furs and flakes of carded cotton he would line the bags withal, to prevent them from grinding our skulls, and making a paste of our bones! Hark ye, master of mine, I'll have nothing to do with them, though they were stuffed with balls of silk: let our masters fight as they shall think proper, but for our parts, let us drink and live quietly; for old father Time will take care to rid us of our lives, without our seeking occasions to throw them away before the appointed season, at which, being ripe, they drop off of their own accord.'

'But, for all that,' replied he of the wood, 'we must have a bout, if it should not last half an hour.'—

'By no means,' said Sancho: 'I shall not be so un-

civil and ungrateful as to have any difference, let it be never so small, with a person at whose cost I have both eaten and drank : besides, who the devil do you think can fight in cool blood, without any sort of anger or provocation ?"—‘ I know how to remove that objection,’ resumed the stranger : ‘ before we begin the battle, I will come up fair and softly, and give your worship two or three such hearty boxes on the ear, as will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it should sleep sounder than a dormouse.’—‘ Against that expedient,’ answered Sancho, ‘ I know another twice as good : for I will lay hold on a good cudgel, and, before your worship comes to awaken my choler, give your own such a lullaby of dry beating, that it shall never wake but in the next world, where you’ll have reason to know that I am not a man who will suffer his nose to be handled by any person whatsoever ; wherefore, let every one look to his own affairs. Though it would be the wisest course for every man to let his own choler lie still and sleep : for nobody knows the heart of his neighbour, and some who go out for wool, come home quite shorn. God himself bestowed his blessing upon peace, and curse upon contention ; for if a cat, that is confined, provoked, and persecuted, turns into a lion, the Lord knows what I, who am a man, may turn into : I therefore, Signior Squire, give your worship notice, that all the mischief and damage which shall proceed from our quarrel, must be charged to your account. ‘ Mighty well,’ replied the stranger ; ‘ we shall see what is to be done, when God sends us morning.’

Now a thousand kinds of painted birds began to warble from the trees, and in their various and sprightly notes seemed to welcome and salute the fresh and joyous morn, which already, through the gates and balconies of the east, disclosed her beauteous visage ; while from her hair distilled an infinite number of liquid pearls, in which delicious liquor the herbs being bathed, seemed to sprout and rain a shower of seed pearl upon the earth,

2 JY 58



earth. The willows shed savoury manna, the fountains laughed, the brooks murmured, the woods rejoiced, and the meadows adorned themselves at her approach.

But scarce had the light of day rendered objects distinguishable, when the first thing that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza was the nose of his brother squire, which was so large as almost to over-shadow his whole body. It is actually said to have been of excessive magnitude, crooked in the middle, and studded all over with warts of a mulberry colour, like the fruit called berengena; and it hung down two fingers breadth below his mouth. The size, colour, warts, and curvature of this feature, rendered the face so frightful and deformed, that Sancho no sooner beheld it than he began to shake in every limb, like a child troubled with convulsions; and resolved in his heart, to endure two hundred buffetings, before his choler should be awaked, so as to fight with such a hobgoblin.

Don Quixote surveying his antagonist, found his vizor already down, and closed in such a manner as effectually concealed his face; but he perceived him to be a muscular man, of a middling stature. Over his arms he wore a loose coat or cassock, to all appearance of the finest cloth of gold, powdered with a number of small moons formed of the brightest looking-glass, which had a most magnificent, gay, and shewy effect. Over his helmet waved a great quantity of green, yellow, and white plumes; and his lance, which leaned against a tree, was excessively long and large, armed with above a hand's breadth of pointed steel. All these particulars were observed and considered by Don Quixote, who concluded, from what he saw and observed, that the said knight must be a person of Herculean strength. Nevertheless, far from being afraid, like Sancho Panza, he, with the most gallant intrepidity, thus addressed himself to the Knight of the Mirrours: 'I entreat you, by your courtesy, Sir Knight, if your eager desire of fighting hath not destroyed that quality, to lift up
your



earth. The willows shed savoury manna, the fountains laughed, the brooks murmured, the woods rejoiced, and the meadows adorned themselves at her approach.

But scarce had the light of day rendered objects distinguishable, when the first thing that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza was the nose of his brother squire, which was so large as almost to over-shadow his whole body. It is actually said to have been of excessive magnitude, crooked in the middle, and studded all over with warts of a mulberry colour, like the fruit called berengena; and it hung down two fingers breadth below his mouth. The size, colour, warts, and curvature of this feature, rendered the face so frightful and deformed, that Sancho no sooner beheld it than he began to shake in every limb, like a child troubled with convulsions; and resolved in his heart, to endure two hundred buffetings, before his choler should be awaked, so as to fight with such a hobgoblin.

Don Quixote surveying his antagonist, found his vizor already down, and closed in such a manner as effectually concealed his face; but he perceived him to be a muscular man, of a middling stature. Over his arms he wore a loose coat or cassock, to all appearance of the finest cloth of gold, powdered with a number of small moons formed of the brightest looking-glass, which had a most magnificent, gay, and showy effect. Over his helmet waved a great quantity of green, yellow, and white plumes; and his lance, which leaned against a tree, was excessively long and large, armed with above a hand's breadth of pointed steel. All these particulars were observed and considered by Don Quixote, who concluded, from what he saw and observed, that the said knight must be a person of Herculean strength. Nevertheless, far from being afraid, like Sancho Panza, he, with the most gallant intrepidity, thus addressed himself to the Knight of the Mirrors: 'I entreat you, by your courtesy, Sir Knight, if your eager desire of fighting hath not destroyed that quality, to lift up
your

your beaver a little, that I may see whether or not the grace of your countenance corresponds with the gallantry of your demeanour.' 'Signior cavalier,' replied he of the looking-glasses, 'whether you are victor or vanquished in this enterprize, you will have time and opportunity more than sufficient to consider my visage: my reason for not satisfying your desire at present, is, that I should deem it a notable injury to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, to spend so much time as it would take to lift up my beaver, before I compel you to confess what you know I pretend to maintain.' 'Yet, while we mount our steeds,' said Don Quixote, 'you may easily tell me if I am that same Don Quixote whom you pretend to have overcome.' 'To that question I answer,' said he of the mirrors, 'that you are as like the knight I overcame as one egg is like another; but as you say you are persecuted by enchanters, I will not venture to affirm whether or not you are the same person.' 'That is enough,' replied Don Quixote, 'to convince me that you are mistaken: nevertheless, to persuade you beyond all possibility of doubt, let us have recourse to our horses, and in less time than you would have taken to lift up your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I shall see your face; and you will see I am not that conquered Don Quixote whom you suppose me to be.'

Thus breaking off the conversation, they mounted their horses; and Don Quixote turned Rozinante, in order to take a sufficiency of ground for returning to encounter his antagonist, while he of the mirrors took the same precaution. But the first had not proceeded twenty paces when he was called back by the other, and the two meeting together half way, 'Take notice, Sir Knight,' said he of the looking-glasses, 'the condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I have already observed, must be at the discretion of the conqueror.' 'I know it,' answered Don Quixote, 'provided the commands imposed upon the vanquished be such as do

not

not transgress the bounds of chivalry.' 'So I understand the conditions,' answered he of the mirrors.

At that instant the strange nose of the squire presented itself to the eyes of Don Quixote, who was no less astonished than Sancho at the sight; insomuch that he took him for some monster, or new-fashioned man, such as are not commonly found in this world. Sancho, seeing his master set out, in order to take his career, would not stay alone with nozzle, being afraid, that one flirt of such a snout in his face would determine the quarrel, and lay him stretched along the ground, either through fear or the severity of the blow; he therefore ran after his master, and laying hold of one of Rozinante's stirrups, when he saw him ready to turn, 'I beseech your worship, dear master,' cried he, 'before you turn to begin the combat, help me in climbing this cork-tree, from whence I may behold, more to my liking than from the ground, your worship's gallant encounter with that same knight.' 'I rather believe, Sancho', said Don Quixote, 'that thy motive for clambering up is to see the bull-fight from a scaffold, without any danger to thyself.' 'The truth is,' answered Panza, 'the outrageous nose of that squire fills me with such astonishment and affright, that I dare not tarry along with him.' 'It is such indeed,' replied the knight, 'that were I any other than what I am, I should be scared at its appearance: come, therefore, and I will help thee to ascend to the place you mention.'

While Don Quixote stopped until Sancho should get up into the cork-tree, the Knight of the Mirrors took as much ground as he thought necessary; and imagining that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or other signal, he turned his horse, which was not a whit superior to Rozinante, either in fleetness or appearance, and at his full speed, which was a middling trot, rode forwards to encounter his antagonist; but seeing him busy in the exaltation of Sancho, he pulled in the reins, and halted in the middle of his career; a circumstance that gave infinite joy to his

his steed, which was already so tired, that he could not move another step. Don Quixote perceiving his enemy approaching with such speed, drove his spurs stoutly into the meagre flanks of Rozinante, and made him spring forwards in such a manner, that the history says, this was the only occasion on which he was ever known to gallop; for, at all other times, his swiftest pace was no other than a downright trot; and with this hitherto unseen fury he arrived at the spot where the Knight of the Mirrours sat, thrusting his spurs rowel deep into the sides of his horse, without being able to move him one finger's breadth from the place where he had made his halt. In this confusion and dilemma Don Quixote found his antagonist embroiled with his horse, and embarrassed with his lance, which, either through want of knowledge or of time, he had not as yet fixed in the rest. Our Manchegan, who never minded these incumbrances, safely, and without the least danger to his own person, encountered him of the mirrours with such vigour as to bring him, very much against his inclination, to the ground, over the crupper of his horse, with such a fall, that he lay without sense of motion, to all appearance bereft of life.

Sancho no sooner saw him unhorsed, than sliding down from the cork tree, he ran down to his master, who having alighted from Rozinante, stood over the Knight of the Mirrours, untying his helmet, in order to see whether or not he was actually dead, and to give him air, in case he should be alive. Then it was he saw, who can relate what he saw, without creating admiration, wonder, and affright in those who hear it! He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigies, the very perspective of the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco; and this he no sooner beheld, than raising his voice, he cried, 'Come hither, Sancho, and behold what thou shalt see, but not believe; quick, my child, and contemplate the power of magic: here thou wilt see what those wizzards and inchanters can do.' Sancho accordingly

cordingly approached, and seeing the face of batchelor Carraico, began to cros and bleis himself a thousand times.

Mean while, the overthrown knight, giving no signs of life, Sancho said to Don Quixote, 'in my opinion, master, right or wrong, your worship should thrust your sword through the jaws of this miscreant, who seems to be the batchelor Sampson Carraico, and in him, perhaps, you may slay one of those enchanters who are your enemies.' 'That is no bad advice,' said the knight, 'for the fewer enemies the better.' So saying, he drew his sword, in order to put in execution the advice and counsel of Sancho, when the squire belonging to the Knight of the Mirrours came up without his frightful nose, and cried aloud, 'Take care what you do, Signior Don Quixote: he who lies at your feet is your friend, the batchelor Sampson Carraico, and I am his squire.'

Sancho seeing him without his original deformity, 'And the nose?' said he. 'I have it here,' replied the other; who, putting his hand in his right side-pocket, pulled out a paste-board nose, covered with varnish, such as we have already described. Sancho having considered him more and more attentively, broke out into a loud exclamation of wonder, crying, 'Blessed virgin, watch over me! Sure this is not my neighbour and gossip Tommy Cecial?' 'The very same,' answered the unshouted squire. 'Thomas Cecial I am, your own friend and gossip, Sancho Panza; and I will presently tell you by what round-about conduits, tricks, and mischievous stories, I have been brought hither: in the mean time, supplicate and beseech your master's worship not to treat, maltreat, wound, or slay, the Knight of the Looking-glasses, who now lies at his feet; for, without all doubt, he is no other than our townsman, the inconsiderate and ill-advised batchelor Sampson Carraico.'

About this time the Knight of the Mirrours came to himself: and Don Quixote perceiving he had recovered

covered the use of his senses, clapped the point of his naked sword to his throat, saying, 'Knight, you are a dead man, if you do not instantly confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels your Casildea de Vandalia in beauty; and in the next place, you must promise, (provided you escape with life from this contention and overthrow,) to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her, in my name, that she may dispose of you according to her good pleasure; and if she leaves you at your own disposal, you shall return in quest of me: for the tracks of my exploits will serve as a guide to conduct you to the place where I shall be, and give me an account of what hath passed between you; these conditions being conformable to what we agreed upon before the combat, and not deviating from the customs of knight-errantry.' 'I confess,' said the vanquished knight, 'that the clouted dirty shoe of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso excels the dishevelled though shining locks of Casildea: I promise to go and return from her to your presence, and give you a full and particular detail of what you demand.' 'You must, in like manner, confess and believe,' added Don Quixote, 'that the knight whom you overcame neither was nor could be Don Quixote de La Mancha, but some other who resembled him; as I confess and believe, that although you appear to be the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, you are not really he, but another cloathed in his appearance, with which my enemies have invested you, in order to arrest my arm, and restrain the impetuosity of my rage, so as that I may bear the glory of my conquest with moderation.' 'I confess, judge, and perceive, in all respects, as you believe, judge, and perceive,' answered the discomfited knight; 'and I beseech you to allow me to rise, if the severity of my fall, which hath put me in a miserable plight, will permit me to get up.'

He was accordingly assisted in rising by Don Quixote and his own squire Tommy Cecial, from whose person Sancho could not withdraw his eyes, while he asked a thousand

thousand questions; the answers to which manifestly shewed, that he was really and truly the individual Tommy Cecial, whom he pretended to be; but the apprehension which Sancho had conceived, from what his master said touching the inchanters, who had metamorphosed the Knight of the Mirrours into the Bachelor Carrasco, hindered him from giving credit to the truth of what he saw with his own eyes. Finally, both master and man remained under the influence of that deception, while he of the mirrours, with his squire, in exceeding bad humour and evil plight, took his leave of Don Quixote and Sancho, to go in quest of some place where he might beplaster and besplinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to the prosecution of their journey; in which the history leaves them, to explain the mystery of the knight of the looking-glasses and his snouted squire.

C H A P. XV.

Which gives an Account and Information of the Knight of the Mirrours and his Squire.

DON Quixote went on his way rejoicing; he gloried, he triumphed, in the importance of his conquest, imagining the knight of the mirrours to be the most redoubtable of all knights that had yet ever appeared; and what afforded him likewise great matter of comfort was, that this knight, having engaged himself by the ties of honour, from which he could not deviate, without forfeiting his title to the order, he conceived hopes of hearing soon from Dulcinea, and of being certainly informed whether the enchantment of that princess still continued; though, indeed, it happened, that he and the knight of the mirrours thought, at that time, differently upon this subject; inasmuch as the latter was solely intent upon thinking how he should repair the damage done to his carcase.

And here the historian informs his readers, that when Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume the profession of knight-errantry, it was in consequence of

mature consultation between him, the curate, and the barber, when they deliberated upon the means of keeping him in peace and quiet at home, so that his brains, for the future, should not be disturbed in pursuit of those wild extravagancies; the result of which was, that the only way to cure the frenzy of this unhappy man, was at present not to check his ungovernable obstinacy, but to humour it, and encourage him to go out again, as they saw it was impossible to prevent him; that Sampson should arm himself, and take an opportunity of meeting and challenging him as a knight-errant; that he should settle the terms with him, that the vanquished should be at the disposal of the conqueror; that, in consequence of this agreement, Don Quixote, when overcome, (which they looked upon as a matter of little doubt and difficulty,) should be ordered to return home, and not to pass the bounds of his own village for the space of two years, without the good-will and permission of the other; that, no doubt, this he would religiously comply with, as not daring to violate the laws of the order; and that there might be hopes, he would either in that space of time be naturally cured of those extravagant follies, or they might find out some method of diverting his mind from the farther pursuit of them. Carrasco undertook the affair very readily; and this Thomas Cecial, an intimate friend and companion of Sancho, and a queer sort of fellow, proffered his service to go upon the expedition, in the quality of squire. Sampson got himself accoutred in the manner you have read, and Cecial appeared in the terrors of that tremendous paste-board nose, to disguise himself from Sancho; and being thus equipped, they followed him so close, that they were very near coming up with him at the adventure of the waggon of Death; they met him however in the wood, where ensued what the attentive reader must already be acquainted with; and where, had it not been for Don Quixote's heated imagination, which hurried him into the belief that the batchelor was not the batchelor Signior

nior Sampson Carrasco, he would have been effectually stopped in the progress of his university degrees, and would not even have found a nest where he expected a flight of sparrows.

Thomas Cecial, finding the unhappy success that attended their undertaking, said, 'Mr. Carrasco, I cannot in my conscience see why we ought to complain; it is one thing to undertake, but another thing to finish: we looked upon Don Quixote as mad, and ourselves as hugely wise; but, behold the end! we take our march back again, both from a fool's errand, and you most handsomely drubbed to boot, while he pursues his journey in safety and triumph; and I should really be curious to know which is the greatest fool, he who is made so by nature, or he who makes himself one?'

'There is this difference,' replied the bachelor, 'between a natural and a wilful fool; that the former will always remain so, but the latter may cease to be so when he has a mind.' 'As that is the case,' said Thomas, 'I think I have been a monstrous fool in coming here to attend you as your squire; and therefore, that I may be so no longer, I will this instant hie me to my own habitation.' 'In that particular, you may do what seems good unto you,' replied Sampson; 'but as for me, I will not see the place of my dwelling, until I shall have taken bodily vengeance upon Don Quixote: 'tis not now from motives of charity or benevolence; no, 'tis revenge, and the anguish of my ribs, that prompt me to persevere in attempting the work of his reformation.'

They entertained one another in this manner till they came to a village, where they had the good fortune to find a bone-setter, who put the bachelor's ribs somewhat to rights; and Cecial took the route for his own village, leaving Carrasco deep in his meditations, projecting schemes of revenge. In due time, the history will again mention him; but, at present, let us share with Don Quixote in the transports of his joy.

2 JUL 58

